THE SYREN:

CONTAINING A COLLECTION OF

Four Hundred and Thirty Two of the most Celebrated

English SONGS.

None of which are contain'd in the COLLECTION of the same Size, call'd, *The NIGHTINGALE.*

The THIRD EDITION, with the Addition of many new Songs

The Soul in Raptures feels the Song,
And dwells upon the Sound:
So SYRENS *draw the list'ning Throng,*
And please them while they wound.

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MDCCXXXIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
60
MAY

AN ALPHABETICAL TABLE.

AH ſtay! ah! turn! ah! whither, &c. 15
Alexis ſhunn'd his Fellow Swains 17
All in the *Downs* the Fleet was moor'd 23
As *Chloris* full of harmleſs Thought 29
At Noon on a ſultry Summer's Day 47
As tippling *John* was jogging on 63
A Quire of bright Beauties in Spring 64
A trifling Song you ſhall hear 68
A Nymph of the Plain 72
Apollo I will not implore 75
At *Winchester* was a Wedding 78
A Dean and Prebendary 83
A Pox on the Times 86
Arch *Cupid* gathering a Roſe 90
Ah! bright *Belinda* hither fly 93
A Maxim this amongſt the Wiſe 95
As *Cælia* in her Garden ſtray'd 101
Amongſt the Willows on the Graſs 123
A very pretty Fancy 129
Apollo once finding fair *Daphne* alone 135
Ask not the Cauſe why ſudden Spring 141
A Soldier and a Sailor 147
Ah! how ſweet it is to love 156
As the *Delian* God 166
Awake thou faireſt thing in Nature 167
A *Tory*, a *Whig*, and a *Moderate Man* 169

As *Cælia* near a Fountain lay 174
A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a Stall 189
As I beneath the Myrtle Shade lay musing 195
A Cuckold it is thought 213
A Beggar got a Beadle 217
As I law fair *Chloe* walk alone 220
As *Sylvia* in a Forest lay 224
As *Damon*, who had hardly sped 232
Arise, arise, Great Dead, for Arms renown'd 234
A Maid is like the golden Ore 242
As near a Fountain's flow'ry Side 245
At a Maypole down in *Kent* 218
Ah! *Chloris*, could I now but sit 247
As after Noon one Summer's Day 253
Alas! when charming *Sylvia*'s gone 263
As *Ariana* young and fair 270
As naked almost, and more fair you appear 274
As it fell out on a Holy-day 275
A Swain untaught in Arts of Love 276
Ah! sacred Boy, desist; for I 292
As *Cupid* roguishly, one Day 296
Away, away, we've crown'd the Day 308
A lovely Lass to a Fryar came 312
As *Sparabella* pensive lay 313
Ah! the Shepherd's mournful Fate 314
A Maiden of late 320
Ah! *Phillis*! why are you less *tendre* 325
Ah! *Cælia* that I were but sure *Ibid.*
As walking forth to view the Plain 336
All the Materials are the same 351
A silly Shepherd woo'd but wist not 359
As musing I rang'd in the Meads alone 363
Bright was the Morning, cool was the Air 51
Behold I fly on Wings of soft Desire 112
By the Mole on your Bubbies 113
Bacchus one Day gaily striding 117
Busy curious thirsty Fly 126

Bacchus muſt now his Pow'r reſign	176
Blow, blow *Boreas*, blow	194
Believe my Sighs, my Tears, my Dear	222
Begone, old Care, I prithee begone	*ibid.*
Beauty is not what I pray	294
Blythe *Jocky* young and gay	335
Beauty and Love once fell at odds	358
Chloe ſure the Gods above	7
Come hither, my Country Squire	8
Chloe a Coquet in her Prime	23
Come, Neighbours, now we've made our Hay	40
Chloe, be kind, no more perplex me	49
Come fair one be kind	62
Chloe bluſh'd, ſhe frown'd, and ſwore	71
Come follow, follow me	99
Come Beaus, Virtuoſo's, rich Heirs, &c.	106
Crown your Bowls, loyal Souls	117
Cupid with *Ganymede* to play	138
Come let us drink, and drown all Sorrow	150
Come let's be merry	161
Can then a Look create a Thought	167
Chloe proves falſe, but ſtill ſhe is charming	168
Cupid, God of pleaſing Anguiſh	180
Come, let us prepare	*ibid.*
Come, all you Sons of *Adam*	208
Chloe's the Wonder of her Sex	264
Cruel *Amynta* can you ſee	272
Clorinda does at Fifty ſix	288
Cælia, hoard thy Charms no more	309
Chloris, farewel, I now muſt go	315
Chloris, 'twill be for either's Reſt	317
Cecilia, when with artful Note	326
Cupid! inſtruct an am'rous Swain	367
Dear *Chloe*, while thus, beyond Meaſure	1
Deſpairing beſide a clear Stream	21
Diogenes ſurly and proud	24
Did ever Swain a Nymph adore	186

Do not ask me charming *Phillis*	212
Did you not once, *Lucinda*, vow	265
Dejected as true Converts die	272
Damon, if you will believe me	342
Diſtracted with Care	*Ibid.*
Europa fair, Love's chiefeſt Care	229
For haughty *Phillis Thyrſis* pines	13
From native Stalk the Province Roſe	31
From roſie Bow'rs, where ſleeps the God, &c.	46
From grave Leſſons and Reſtraint	48
Fair *Iris* and her Swain	84
Fly from *Olinda*, young and fair	90
Flavia's Eyes, like Fires ſuppreſs'd	91
Freedom is a real Treaſure	92
From *White*'s and *Will*'s	109
From good Liquor ne'er ſhrink	118
From ſilent Shades, and the *Elyſian*, &c.	182
Forth from my dark and diſmal Cell	196
Fill, fill the Glaſſes, fill 'em high	202
Four and twenty Fidlers all in a Row	246
Fly, fly ye happy Shepherds, fly	253
Fair *Venus*, they ſay	258
Fair Maidens O beware	276
From Fifteen Years fair *Chloe* wiſh'd	303
For many unſucceſsful Years	310
Fair and ſoft, and gay and young	328
Fair, ſweet and young, receive a Prize	341
Gay *Bacchus* liking *Eſtcourt*'s Wine	9
Go, lovely Roſe	32
Ghoſts of ev'ry Occupation	44
Gentle Love, this Hour befriend me	81
Gentle Zephyrs, ſilent Glades	101
Grim King of the Ghoſts, make haſte	156
Go, Virgin Kid, with lambent Kiſs	171
Go, vind the Vicar of *Taunton-Dean*	202
Gentle Air, thou Breath of Lovers	302
How happy a State does the Miller poſſeſs	43

Here all People and Sports 119
Hark the bonny *Chriſt-Church* Bells 131
Here lies old *Hare* 150
Happy is a Country Life 151
How pleaſant a Sailor's Life paſſes 175
How much, egregious *Moore*, are we 193
How bleſt are Beggars Laſſes 199
Here's to thee, my Boy, my Darling, &c. 207
He that will not merry, merry be 223
How cruel is a Parent's Care 233
Hark! the Cock crows, 'tis Day all abroad 236
How hardly I conceal my Tears 252
How happy am I the Fair Sex can defy 255
Here end my Chains, and Thraldom ceaſe 263
Hark! away, 'tis the merry-ton'd Horn 283
How wretched is the Slave to Love 295
How ſilly's the Heart of a Woman 296
How bleſt are Lovers in Diſguiſe 298
How bleſt he appears 311
Hear me, ye Nymphs, and ev'ry Swain 332
Hearken and I will tell you how 353
If *Phillis* denies me Relief 31
In ſpite of Love at length I find 69
It is not *Cælia*, in our Pow'r 81
In vain by Parallels you ſtrive 97
I burn, my Brain conſumes to Aſhes 94
If ſhe be not kind as fair 98
In vain you tell your parting Lover 110
I am a jolly Toper 114
I'll tell thee *Dick*, where I have been 131
I grant a thouſand Oaths I ſwore 140
In *Kent* ſo fam'd of old 142
In the Fields in Froſt and Snow 143
I am a jolly Bowler 177
I have been in Love, and in Debt, &c. 198
I go to the *Elyſian* Shade 205
In vain, dear *Chloe*, you ſuggeſt 219

In my triumphant Chariot hurl'd 223
In vain, fond Youth, thy Tears give o'er 227
I'll ſing you a Song was never in Print 231
In vain poor *Damon* proſtrate lies 235
If any Wench *Venus'* Girdle wear 241
If Love the Virgin's Heart invade 242
In Pimps and Politicians 244
I hate theſe cowardly Tribes *Ibid.*
It was the charming Month of *May* 250
If Wine and Muſick have the Pow'r 252
I gently touch'd her Hand, ſhe gave 256
If any ſo wiſe is 262
I love thee by Heav'ns, I cannot ſay more 290
Injurious Charmer of my vanquiſh'd Heart 293
Impatient with Deſire, at laſt 318
I ſigh'd and I writ 320
In *Lancaſhire* where I was born 322
In good King's *Charles's* Golden Days 327
In *April*, when Primroſes 340
If I live to grow old, as I find 352
In a dark ſilent ſhady Grove 357
If Wealth a Man cou'd keep alive 358
Joy to Great *Cæſar* 124
Kindneſs hath reſiſtleſs Charms 295
Kind *Ariadne*, drown'd in Tears 311
Lately on yonder ſwelling Buſh 32
Laſt *Sunday* at St *James's* Pray'rs 60
Let's be jovial, fill our Glaſſes 61
Love, the Sweets of Love 94
Let us revel and roar 116
Liberia's all my Thought and Dream 135
Love's a Dream of mighty Treaſure 145
Liſten all, I pray, to the Words I've to ſay 151
Let us drink and be merry 154
Let Ambition fire thy Mind 204
Leave off this idle Prating 207
Lord! what's come to my Mother 233
Love and Folly were at Play 235

Love's an idle childiſh Paſſion 300
Love's Goddeſs in a Myrtle Grove 344
Let *Jug* in ſmiles be ever ſeen 368
My Paſſion is as Muſtard ſtrong 5
My Name is honeſt *Harry* 34
My Days have been ſo wond'rous free 70
Maidens beware ye 137
My *Chloe*, why d'ye ſlight me 165
My Love was fickle once and changing 254
My Maſters give Ear 281
My Time, O ye Muſes, was happily ſpent 283
Now the hungry Lions roar 128
Now the good Man's from home 248
No longer boaſt your healing Tides 291
No, *Delia*, no, what Man can range 294
Not an Angel dwells above 304
Now God alone that made all Things 141
Of all the Girls that e'er were ſeen 15
Of all the ſimple things we do 35
Obſerve the num'rous Stars which grace 90
On the Brow of *Richmond*-Hill 108
Of all Comforts I miſcarry'd 120
Of a noble Race was *Shenkin* 143
Old Poets have told us 148
O *Venus!* Beauty of the Skies 163
Of all the Girls in our Town 180
One *April* Morn, when from the Sea 197
Oh! happy happy Groves! 205
Of all the Things beneath the Sun 210
Of all the Joys we e'er poſſeſt 228
Oh! I'll have a Husband, ah! marry 229
Oh! *London* is a fine Town, &c. 236
O fly from this Place, dear *Flora* 249
Of all the Torments, all the Care 255
Once I lov'd a charming Creature 301
Of *Anna*'s Charms let others tell 323
O *Bell*, thy Looks have pierc'd my Heart 331
O *Beſſy Bell*, and *Mary Gray* 334

Oft on the troubled Ocean's Face	362
One Evening having loſt my Way	364
One Night when all the Village ſlept	366
Peggy in Devotion	80
Prithee, Friend, leave off thy Thinking	99
Pious *Selinda* goes to Pray'rs	160
Poor ſighing *Damon* courts in vain	301
Princes that rule, and Empire ſway	306
Phœbus now ſhortning e'vry Shade	*ibid.*
Phillis, the faireſt of Love's Foes	342
Ring, ring the Bar-bell of the World	26
Rottin ungua Goſſinina	241
Remember, *Damon*, you did tell	369
Strephon when you ſee me fly	7
Says my Uncle, I pray now diſcover	27
The Anſwer	28
See from the ſilent Grove *Alexis* flies	29
Send home my long-ſtray'd Eyes to me	30
See, ſee my *Seraphina* comes	36
See Sirs! ſee here's a Doctor rare	67
Smooth was the Water calm the Air	82
Sylvia, methinks you are unfit	88
Say, lovely *Sylvia*, lewd and fair	91
So num'rous *Flavia*'s Charms appear	92
Swain, thy hopeleſs Paſſion ſmother	95
Some hoiſt up Fortune to the Skies	98
Still *Chloe*, ply thy courtly Art	108
Some liken Man to brittle Glaſs	111
Stella and *Flavia* ev'ry Hour	112
Say good Maſter *Bacchus*	130
Sweet *Nelly*, my Heart's Delight	184
Since Times are ſo bad, I muſt, *&c.*	191
Should I die by the Force of good Wine	198
Stay Shepherd, ſtay, I prithee ſtay	203
She tells me with Claret ſhe cannot agree	230
Some ſing *Molly Mogg* of the *Roſe*	257
Stript of their Green our Groves appear	267
Since the Day of poor Man	268
Since from my dear *Aſtræa*'s Sight	269

Say all ye Friends that now are met 277
She ſung——with ſuch a Sweetneſs ſung 289
Since Love has kindled in our Eyes 291
Since you will needs my Heart poſſeſs 296
Since, *Cælia* 'tis not in our Power 306
Sad *Mucidora*, all in Woe 312
Stay, *Phœbus*, ſtay 317
Sylvia the Fair, in the Bloom of Fifteen 356
Saw you the Nymph whom I adore 367
The Sun had juſt withdrawn his Fires 15
The Sun was ſunk beneath the Hill 16
The Play of Love is now begun 19
The Sequel 20
'Twas when the Seas were roaring 37
To all you Ladies now at Land 38
The Charms of *Florimel* 43
Thus *Damon* knock'd at *Cælia*'s Door 45
'Twas on a River's verdant Side 49
To Lordlings proud I tune my Song 54
Tranſported with Pleaſure 59
The Charms of bright Beauty 72
To me you made a thouſand Vows 85
'Twas Fancy firſt made *Cælia* fair 87
The Danger is over, the Battle is paſt 89
The waking Nightingale that takes no Reſt 90
To love and to languiſh 93
Tell me *Hamilla*, tell me why 97
Troy had a Breed of brave ſtout Men 116
Tho' cruel you ſeem to my Pain 122
There was and a Swain full fair *Ibid.*
The Sun was juſt ſetting, the Reaping, &c. 159
The Sun was now withdrawn 162
Tho' *Flavia* to my warm Deſire 167
Tobacco's but an *Indian* Weed 170
Then as it fell out on a Holiday 172
That all Men are Beggars, we plainly, &c. 17[illegible]
The ſweet Roſie Morning 18[illegible]
There was a certain Uſurer 372

The Wheel of Life is turning quickly round 187
There was three Lads in our Town 188
Thus *Kitty*, beautiful and young *ibid.*
This great World is a Trouble 211
To Friend and to Foe 225
Thro' all the Employments of Life 240
'Tis Woman that ſeduces all Mankind 241
The Modes of the Court ſo common, &c. 243
The Nymph that undoes me is fair, &c. 249
Thus mighty Eaſtern Kings, and ſome *ibid.*
The rolling Years the Joys reſtore 271
Too plain, dear Youth, thoſe Tell-tale Eyes 287
Tell me *Dorinda*, why ſo gay 290
The Lark now leaves his wat'ry Neſt 292
The Spring's a coming 300
Tell me, *Aurelia*, tell me, pray 305
The Minute's paſt, appointed by the Fair *ibid.*
Tho' envious old Age ſeems in part, &c. 311
Tho' I'm a Man in ev'ry Part 319
Tell me, gentle *Strephon*, why 329
The Collier has a Daughter 330
The laſt time I came o'er the Moor 337
The Laſs of *Peatie*'s Mill 338
Tho' Beauty like the Roſe 339
Upbraid me not, capricious Fair 22
Upon *Clarinda*'s panting Breaſt 163
Virgins are like the fair Flow'r in its Luſtre 242
Who has e'er been at *Paris*, &c. 2
Waft me ſome ſoft and cooling Breeze 14
What tho' they call me Country Laſs 18
When mighty Roaſt-Beef was the *Engliſhman*'s Food 41
When *Fanny* blooming fair 42
When as Corruption hence did go 52
When *Chloe* we ply 59
When bright *Aurelia* tript the Plain 60
Wou'd you know how we meet o'er our, &c. 62
What ſhall I do to ſhew how much, &c. *ibid.*

Whilſt I fondly view the Charmer	65
When the bright God of Day	66
When all was wrapt in dark Midnight	73
While the Lover is thinking	82
What art thou Love	88
Were I to chuſe the greateſt Bliſs	89
Whilſt the Town's brim-full of Folly	92
When Love-ſick *Mars*, the God of Wars	97
Who wou'd not gaze away his Heart	105
Winter, thy Cruelty extend	109
Why cruel Creature, why ſo bent	110
What care I for Affairs of State	113
Wou'd you have a young Virgin	120
Wine, Wine in a Morning	127
When *Delia* on the Plain appears	139
What a Pother of late	161
When *Sylvia* in Bathing her Charms	164
While on thoſe lovely Looks I gaze	171
With an honeſt old Friend, and, *&c.*	174
Why will *Florella*, when I gaze	191
When *Sol* had loos'd his weary Teams	215
Wine's a Miſtreſs gay and eaſy	221
While *Phillis* is drinking, *&c.*	*ibid.*
With artful Voice, young *Thyrſis*, you	227
Who comes there, ſtand!	228
Woman's like the flatt'ring Ocean	245
When firſt I laid Siege to my *Chloris*	254
What tho' I am a Country Laſs	261
When *Orpheus* ſweetly did complain	264
When wilt thou break, my ſtubborn Heart	266
Whilſt I am ſcorch'd with hot Deſire	267
Whilſt I'm carouſing to chear up my Soul	269
Why, lovely Charmer, tell me why	270
While gentle *Partheniſſa* walks	271
Why all this Pride and Scorn, Miſs *P*——	273
Without Affectation, gay, youthful, *&c.*	*ibid.*
When *London*'s famous Town	274
White as her Hand fair *Julia* threw	286

When first I sought fair *Celia*'s Love 287
Where could coy *Aminta* run 294
Why so cold, and why so coy 303
What! put off with one Denial 326
What Beauties does *Flora* discloſe 343
With an old Song made by an old, &c. 347
Whence comes it, Neighbour *Dick*, 360
Young *Corydon* and *Phillis* 33
Young I am, and yet unskill'd 36
Young *Philoret* and *Celia* met 45
Young *Cupid* one Day wily 46
Ye twice ten hundred Deities 52
Young *Cupid* I find to ſubdue me inclin'd 66
Ye Sons of the Platter give Ear, 102
Young *Bacchus*, when merry beſtriding, &c. 146
You meaner Beauties of the Night 158
Ye fair injur'd Nymphs, and ye Beaus, &c. 200
Young Virgins love Pleaſure 204
Ye Maidens, ye Wives, and young Widows 213
Youth's the Seaſon made for Joy 243
Ye Minutes bring the happy Hour 251
Ye Swains that are courting a Maid 256
Young *Roger* of the Mill 259
You Fair, who play Tricks to be fairer 278
Ye beauteous Ladies of this Land 299
Ye little Loves that hourly wait 324
Ye Gales that gently wave the Sea 333
Young *Roger* came tapping at *Dolly*'s &c. 368
Ye Fools, come all hither, both aged, &c. 371

THE

SYREN.

SONG I.

DEAR CHLOE, while thus beyond Measure
You treat me with Doubts and Disdain;
You rob all your Youth of its Pleasure,
And hoard up an old Age of Pain:

Your Maxim, That Love is still founded
On Charms that will quickly decay;
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its Dictates obey.

The Passion from Beauty first drawn
Your Kindness wou'd vastly improve;
Your Sighs and your Smiles are the Dawn,
Fruition's the Sun-shine of Love:

And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes
Shou'd be clouded, that now are so gay,
And Darkness possess all the Skies,
Yet we ne'er can forget it was Day.

Old *Darby*, with *Joan* by his Side,
You've often regarded with Wonder:

He's dropſical, ſhe is ſore-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneaſy aſunder;

Together they totter about,
Or ſit in the Sun at the Door,
And at Night, when old *Derby*'s Pot's out,
His *Joan* will not ſmoke a Whiff more.

No Beauty nor Wit they poſſeſs,
Their ſeveral Failings to ſmother;
Then, what are the Charms, can you gueſs,
That make them ſo fond of each other?

'Tis the pleaſing Remembrance of Youth,
The Endearments which Youth did beſtow;
The Thoughts of paſt Pleaſure and Truth,
The beſt of our Bleſſings below.

Thoſe Traces for ever will laſt,
Where Sickneſs and Time can't remove;
For when Youth and Beauty are paſt,
And Age brings the *Winter of Love:*

A Friendſhip inſenſibly grows,
By Reviews of ſuch Raptures as theſe,
The Current of Fondneſs ſtill flows,
Which decrepit old Age cannot freeze.

SONG II. *King* John.

WHO has e'er been at *Paris* muſt needs know the *Greve*,
The fatal Retreat of th' unfortunate Brave,
Where Honour and Juſtice moſt oddly contribute
To eaſe Heroes Pains by a Halter and Gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There Death breaks the Shackles which Force had put on,
And the Hangman compleats what the Judge had begun:

There the 'Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Poſt,
Find their Pains no more baulk'd, and their Hopes no more croſt.
Derry down, &c.

Great Claims are there made, and great Secrets are known;
And the King, and the Law, and the Thief has his own:
But my Hearers cry out, what a duce doſt thou ail,
Put off thy Reflections, and give us the Tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then in civil Reſpect to harſh Laws,
And for Want of falſe Witneſs to back a bad Cauſe,
A *Norman*, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear,
And who to aſſiſt, but a grave *Cordelier*?
Derry down, &c.

The 'Squire whoſe good Grace was to open the Scene,
Seem'd not in great Haſte that the Show ſhou'd begin:
Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart,
And often took leave, but was loath to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good Son, ſays the Prieſt,
You murther'd, are ſorry, and have been confeſt,
O Father! my Sorrow will ſcarce ſave my Bacon,
For 'twas not that I murther'd, but that I was taken. *Derry down*, &c.

Pough! prithee ne'er trouble thy Head with ſuch Fancies,
Rely on the Aid you ſhall have from St. *Francis*:

If the Money you promis'd be brought to the Cheſt,
You have only to die, let the Church do the reſt.
Derry down, &c.

And what will Folks ſay, if they ſee you afraid;
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my Trade:
Courage, Friend; to-day is your Period of Sorrow,
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow? our Heroe reply'd, in a Fright,
He that's hang'd before Noon ought to think of to-night.
Tell your Beads, quoth the Prieſt, and be fairly truſs'd up,
For you ſurely to-night ſhall in *Paradiſe* ſup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'Squire, howe'er ſumptuous the Treat,
Parblew, I ſhall have little Stomach to eat:
I ſhou'd therefore eſteem it great Favour and Grace,
Wou'd you be ſo kind as to go in my Place.
Derry down, &c.

That I wou'd, quoth the Father, and thank you to boot,
But our Actions, you know, with our Duty muſt ſuit:
The Feaſt I propos'd to you I cannot taſte,
For this Night by our Order is mark'd for a Faſt.
Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the Hangman, he ſaid,
Diſpatch me, I pr'ythee, this troubleſome Blade;
For thy Cord, and my Cord both equally tie,
And we live by the Gold for which other Men die.
Derry down, &c.

SONG III. *Children in the Wood.*

MY Paſſion is as Muſtard ſtrong,
I ſit all ſober ſad,
Drunk as a Piper all Day long,
Or, like a *March* Hare, mad.

Round as a Hoop the Bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For tho' as drunk as *David*'s Sow,
I love her ſtill the better.

Pert as Pewr-monger I'd be,
If *Molly* were but kind.
Cool as a Cucumber would ſee
The reſt of Womankind.

Like a ſtuck Pig I gaping ſtare,
And eye her o'er and o'er,
Lean as a Rake with Sighs and Care,
Sleek as a Mouſe before.

Plump as a Partridge I was known,
And ſoft as Silk my Skin,
My Cheeks as fat as Butter grown,
But as a Groat now thin.

I, melancholly as a Cat,
Am kept awake to weep,
But ſhe, inſenſible of that,
Sound as a Top can ſleep.

Hard is her Heart, as Flint or Stone,
She laughs to ſee me pale;
And merry as a Grig is grown,
And briſk as bottl'd Ale.

The God of Love, at her Approach,
Is buſy as a Bee;
Hearts ſound as any Bell or Roach,
Are ſmit, and ſigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as Hopps or Hail,
The fine Men crowd about her,
But ſoon as dead as a Door Nail,
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my Leg her Shape appears,
O! were we join'd together,
My Heart would ſoon be free from Cares,
And lighter than a Feather.

As fine as Five-pence is her Mien,
No Drum was ever tighter;
Her Glance is as a Razor keen,
And not the Sun is brighter.

As ſoft as Pap her Kiſſes are,
Methinks I feel them yet,
Brown as a Berry is her Hair,
Her Eyes as black as Jet.

As ſmooth as Glaſs, as white as Curds,
Her pretty Hand invites,
Sharp as a Needle are her Words,
Her Wit like Pepper bites.

Brisk as a Body-Louſe ſhe trips,
Clean as a Penny dreſt,
Sweet as a Roſe her Face and Lips,
Round as a Globe her Breaſt.

Full as an Egg was I with Glee,
And happy as a King;
Good lack! how all Men envy'd me,
She lov'd like any thing.

But falſe as Hell, ſhe, like the Wind,
Chang'd, as her Sex muſt do,
Tho' ſeeming as the Turtle kind,
And as the Goſpel true.

If I and *Molly* could agree,
Let who will take *Peru*,

Great as an Emp'ror I ſhould be,
And richer than a *Jew*.

Till you grow tender as a Chick,
I'm dull as any Poſt,
Let us like Burrs together ſtick,
As warm as any Toaſt.

You'll know me truer than a Die,
And with me better ſped,
Flat as a Flounder when I lie,
And as a Herring dead.

Sure as a Gun ſhe'll drop a Tear,
And ſigh, perhaps, and wiſh,
When I'm as rotten as a Pear,
And mute as any Fiſh.

SONG IV.

CHLOE, ſure the Gods above
For our Joys did you compoſe,
Graceful as the Queen of Love,
Wanton as the billing Dove,
Fragrant as the blowing Roſe.

Wit and Beauty both we find,
Striving which ſhall arm you moſt:
Doubly, *Chloe*, thus you bind,
Had not Nature made you kind,
We, alas! were doubly loſt.

SONG V.

STrephon when you ſee me fly,
Let not this your Fear create,
Maids may be as often ſhy,
Out of Love, as out of Hate:
When from you I fly away,
It is becauſe I dare not ſtay.

Did I out of Hatred run,
Leſs you'd be my Pain and Care;
But the Youth I love, to ſhun,
Who can ſuch a Trial bear?
Who, that ſuch a Swain did ſee,
Who could love and fly like me?

Cruel Duty bids me go,
Gentle Love commands me ſtay:
Duty's ſtill to Love a Foe,
Shall I This or That obey?
Duty frowns, and *Cupid* ſmiles,
That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever by theſe Chryſtal Streams
I could ſit, and hear thee ſigh;
Raviſh'd with theſe pleaſing Dreams,
Oh! 'tis worſe than Death to fly:
But the Danger is ſo great,
Fear gives Wings inſtead of Hate.

Strephon, if you love me, leave me,
If you ſtay, I am undone;
Oh! with eaſe you may deceive me,
Prithee, charming Swain, be gone:
Heaven decrees that we ſhould part,
That has my Vows, but you my Heart.

SONG VI.

COME hither, my County 'Squire,
Take friendly Inſtructions from me,
The Lords ſhall admire
Thy Taſte in Attire,
The Ladies ſhall languiſh for thee.

CHORUS.

Such Flaunting,
Gallanting,
And Jaunting,

Such Frolicking thou ſhalt ſee,
Thou ne'er like a Clown
Shalt quit London *ſweet Town,*
To live in thine own Country.

A Skimming-Diſh Hat provide,
With little more Brim than Lace;
Nine Hairs on a Side
To a Pig's Tail ty'd,
Will ſet off thy jolly broad Face.
Such Flaunting, &c.

Go get thee a Footman's Frock,
A Cudgel quite up to thy Noſe,
Then frizz like a Shock,
And plaiſter thy Block,
And buckle thy Shoes at thy Toes.
Such Flaunting, &c.

A Brace of Ladies fair,
To pleaſure thee ſhall ſtrive,
In a Chaiſe and Pair
They ſhall take the Air,
And thou in the Box ſhalt drive.
Such Flaunting, &c.

Convert thy Acres to Caſh,
And ſaw thy Timber Trees down,
Who'd keep ſuch Traſh,
And not cut a Flaſh,
Or enjoy the Delights of the Town?
Such Flaunting, &c.

SONG VII.

GAY *Bacchus*, liking *Eſtcourt's* Wine,
A noble Meal beſpoke;
And for the Gueſts that were to dine,
Brought *Comus*, *Love*, and *Joke*.

The God near *Cupid* drew his Chair,
And *Joke* near *Comus* plac'd;
Thus *Wine* makes *Love* forget its Care,
And *Mirth* exalts a Feaſt.

The more to pleaſe each ſprightly God,
Each ſweet engaging Grace
Put on ſome Cloaths to come abroad,
And took a Waiter's Place.

Then *Cupid* nam'd at ev'ry Glaſs
A Lady of the Sky,
While *Bacchus* ſwore he'd drink the Laſs,
And had it Bumper high.

Fat *Comus* toſt his Brimmer o'er,
And always got the moſt;
For *Joke* took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he miſs'd the Toaſt.

They call'd, and drank at ev'ry Touch,
Then fill'd and drank again;
And if the Gods can take too much,
'Tis ſaid, they did ſo then.

Free Jeſts run all the Table round,
And with the Wine conſpire,
(While they by ſly Reflection wound)
To ſet their Heads on fire.

Gay *Bacchus* little *Cupid* ſtung,
By reck'ning his Deceits;
And *Cupid* mock'd his ſtamm'ring Tongue,
With all his ſtagg'ring Gaits.

Joke droll'd on *Comus*' greedy Ways,
And Tales without a Jeſt,
While *Comus* call'd his witty Plays
But Waggeries at beſt.

Such Talk ſoon ſet them all at Odds,
And had I *Homer*'s Pen

I'd ſing ye how they drank like Gods,
And how they fought like Men.

To part the Fray, the *Graces* fly,
Who make them ſoon agree;
And had the *Furies* ſelves been nigh,
They ſtill were three to three.

Bacchus appear'd, rais'd *Cupid* up,
And gave him back his Bow,
But kept ſome Dart to ſtir the Cup
Where Sack and Sugar flow.

Joke, taking *Comus*'s roſie Crown,
In Triumph wore the Prize,
And thrice in Mirth he puſh'd him down,
As thrice he ſtrove to riſe.

Then *Cupid* ſought the Myrtle Grove
Where *Venus* did recline,
And *Beauty*, cloſe embracing *Love*,
They join'd to rail at *Wine*.

And *Comus*, loudly curſing *Wit*,
Roll'd off to ſome Retreat,
Where boon Companions gravely ſit
In fat unweildly State.

Bacchus and *Joke*, who ſtay behind,
For one freſh Glaſs prepare;
They kiſs, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be ſincere.

But part in time, whoever hear,
This our inſtructive Song:
For tho' ſuch Friendſhips may be dear,
They can't continue long.

SONG VII. Sally *in our Alley*.

OF all the Girls that e'er were ſeen,
There's none ſo fine as *Nelly*,
For charming Face, and Shape, and Mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye:

Oh! the turn'd Neck, and ſmooth white Skin
Of lovely deareſt *Nelly!*
For many a Swain it well had been
Had ſhe ne'er paſt by *Calai*———

For when as *Nelly* came to *France*,
(Invited by her Couſins)
Acroſs the *Tuilleries* each Glance
Kill'd *Frenchmen* by whole Dozens:
The King, as he at Dinner ſat,
Did becken to his Huſſar,
And bid him bring his Tabby Cat,
For charming *Nell* to buſs her.

The Ladies were with Rage provok'd,
To ſee her ſo reſpected;
The Men look'd arch, as *Nelly* ſtrok'd,
And Puſs her Tail erected:
But not a Man did Look employ,
Except on pretty *Nelly*;
Then ſaid the *Duc de Villeroy*,
Ah! qu'elle eſt bien jolie!

But who's that grave Philoſopher
That carefully looks a'ter?
By his Concern it ſhou'd appear
The fair one is his Daughter.
Maſoy! (quoth then a Courtier ſly)
He on his Child does leer too:
I wiſh he has no Mind to try
What ſome Papa's will here do.

The Courtiers all with one Accord
Broke out in *Nelly's* Praiſes,
Admir'd her *Roſe*, and *Lys ſans Farde*,
(Which are your *Termes Francoiſes*)
Then might you ſee a painted Ring
Of Dames that ſtood by *Nelly*;
She like the Pride of all the Spring,
And they like *Fleurs de Palais.*

In *Marli* Gardens, and *St. Clou*,
I ſaw this charming *Nelly*,
Where ſhameleſs Nymphs, expos'd to View,
Stand naked in each *Allee:*
But *Venus* had a brazen Face,
Both at *Verſailles* and *Meudon*,
Or elſe ſhe had reſign'd her Place,
And left the Stone ſhe ſtood on.

Were *Nelly*'s Figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' *Italian:*
Lord! how thoſe Foreigners would ſtare,
But I ſhou'd turn *Pygmalion:*
For ſpite of Lips, and Eyes, and Mien,
Me nothing can delight ſo,
As does that Part that lies between
Her left Toe and her right Toe.

SONG IX.

FOR haughty *Phillis Thyrſis* pines,
In his pale Cheeks the Roſes fade;
The gaily-chearful Sports reſigns,
And ſeeks the ſweetly-ſoothing Shade.

Now by the Stream ſupine he lies,
Or o'er the Mead does frantick ſtray;
Or to the rocky Mountain hies,
As Love directs the various Way.

To Groves, to Streams, to Wilds, alone,
The Fire that thrills his Veins reveals,
Nor to the Rock pours forth his Moan,
Since babling *Echo* ne'er conceals.

At length the Nymph for *Thyrſis* burns,
And cools his ſwift-conſuming Flame:
Pleas'd *Thyrſis* ſmiles, ſad *Phillis* mourns,
And riſing Bluſhes ſpeak her Shame.

To mute Abodes the perjur'd Youth
No more repeats a Paſſion feign'd;
The Village rings with the ſad Truth,
For *Thyrſis* boaſts a Conqueſt gain'd.

If only to the Field or Stream,
When the kind Maid his Paſſion eas'd,
Had *Thyrſis* told the golden Dream,
Then *Phillis* had not been diſpleas'd.

SONG X.

WAFT me, ſome ſoft and cooling Breeze,
To *Windſor*'s ſhady, kind Retreat,
Where ſylvan Scenes, wide-ſpreading Trees,
Repel the raging Dog-ſtar's Heat:

Where tufted Graſs, and moſſy Beds,
Afford a rural calm Repoſe;
Where Woodbines hang their dewy Heads,
And fragrant Sweets around diſcloſe.

Old oozy *Thames* that flows faſt by,
Along the ſmiling Valley plays;
His glaſſy Surface chears the Eye,
And thro' the flow'ry Meadow ſtrays.

His fertile Banks, with Herbage green,
His Vales with ſmiling Plenty ſwell;
Where'er his purer Stream is ſeen,
The Gods of Health and Pleaſure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding Wave
With naked Arm once more divide;
In thee my glowing Boſom lave,
And ſtem thy gently-rolling Tide.

Lay me with Damask Roſes crown'd
Beneath ſome Oſier's dusky Shade;
Where Water Lilies paint the Ground,
And bubling Springs refreſh the Glade.

Let chaſte *Clarinda* too be there,
With azure Mantle lightly dreſt;
Ye Nymphs, bind up her ſilken Hair,
Ye Zephyrs, fan her panting Breaſt.

O haſte away, fair Maid, and bring
The Muſe, the kindly Friend to Love,
To thee alone the Muſe ſhall ſing,
And warble thro' the vocal Grove.

SONG XI.

AH ſtay! ah turn! ah! whither would you flie,
Too charming, too relentleſs Maid!
I follow not to conquer, but to die;
You of the fearful are afraid.

In vain I call; for ſhe like fleeting Air,
When preſt by ſome tempeſtuous Wind,
Flies ſwifter from the Voice of my Deſpair,
Nor caſts one pitying Look behind.

SONG XII.

THE Sun had juſt withdrawn his Fires,
And *Phœbus* ſhone with milder Ray,
When *Thyrſis* to the Grove retires,
As Love had pointed out the Way.

His trembling Knees the Turf receives,
His aching Head the Cowſlips preſs;
His Breaſt, that Sighs alone had eas'd,
At laſt gave Way to this Addreſs.

O Queen, that guid'ſt the ſilent Hours,
If e'er *Endymion* ſooth'd thy Pain,
By all thy Joys in *Carian* Bow'rs,
Reſtore me *Roſalind* again.

To thee my mornful Plaint I ſend,
Protectreſs of the virtuous Mind,

Do thou thy chaſte Aſſiſtance lend,
Venus is lewd, and *Cupid* blind.

Behold thoſe Cheeks, how pale, how wan!
That once were grac'd with roſie Pride:
Dim are my Eyes, their Luſtre gone,
My Lips a purple Hue deride.

To wretched me it nought avails,
That *Phœbus* ſelf has ſtrung my Lyre,
Since *Plutus*, worthleſs God, prevails,
And only ſordid Wealth can fire.

The Nightingale, that pines with Love,
With melting Notes does Grief ſuſpend;
Me Verſe, nor ſweeteſt Sound can move,
My Torments ſhe alone can end.

But hark! the Raven's direful Croak,
Join'd with the Owl's ill-boding Skriek,
In frightful Conſort Fate have ſpoke;
Alas! my Love-ſick Heart will break.

Too cruel Nymph, haſte, haſte away,
And ſee your Victim proſtrate lye;
I faint, I can no longer ſtay,
O *Roſalind*, for thee I die!

SONG XIII.

THE Sun was ſunk beneath the Hill,
The weſtern Clouds were lin'd with Gold,
The Sky was clear, the Winds were ſtill,
The Flocks were pent within the Fold:
When from the Silence of the Grove
Poor *Damon* thus deſpair'd of Love.

Who ſeeks to pluck the fragrant Roſe
From the bare Rock, or oozy Beach:
Who from each barren Weed that grows,
Expects the Grape, or bluſhing Peach:

With equal Faith may hope to find
The Truth of Love in Womankind.

I have no Herds, no fleecy Care,
No Fields that wave with golden Grain,
No Paſture green, nor Garden fair,
A Damſel's venal Heart to gain:
Then all in vain my Sighs muſt prove,
For I, alas! have nought but Love.

How wretched is the faithful Youth,
Since Womens Hearts are bought and ſold,
They ask not Vows of ſacred Truth,
Whene'er they ſigh, they ſigh for Gold;
Gold can the Frowns of Scorn remove,
But I, alas! have nought but Love.

To buy the Gems of *India*'s Coaſt,
What Wealth, what Treaſure can ſuffice?
Not all their Fire can ever boaſt
The living Luſtre of her Eyes:
For theſe the World too cheap would prove,
But I, alas! have nought but Love.

O *Silvia!* ſince nor Gems nor Ore
Can with your brighter Charms compare,
Conſider that I prefer more,
More ſeldom found, a Heart ſincere:
Let Treaſure meaner Beauties move,
Who pays thy Worth, muſt pay in Love.

SONG XIV.

ALEXIS ſhunn'd his fellow Swains,
Their rural Sports and jocund Strains,
Heav'n guard us all from *Cupid*'s Bow!
He loſt his Crook, he left his Flocks,
And wand'ring thro' the lonely Rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs Woe.

The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came,
His Grief ſome pity, others blame;
The fatal Cauſe all kindly ſeek;
He mingled his Concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly Tears,
He ſigh'd, but could not ſpeak.

Clorinda came among the reſt,
And ſhe too kind Concern expreſt,
And ask'd the Reaſon of his Woe;
She ask'd, but with an Air and Mien
That made it eaſily foreſeen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head,
And will you pardon me, he ſaid,
While I the cruel Truth reveal;
Which nothing from my Breaſt ſhould tear,
Which never ſhould offend your Ear,
But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the Plain,
You are the Cauſe of all my Care;
Your Eyes ten thouſand Dangers dart,
Ten thouſand Torments vex my Heart,
I love, and I deſpair!

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;
And yet I pardon you, ſhe cry'd:
But you ſhall promiſe ne'er again
To break your Vows, or ſpeak your Pain;
He bow'd obey'd and dy'd.

SONG XVI.

WHAT tho' they call me Country Laſs,
I read it plainly in my Glaſs,
That for a Ducheſs I might paſs
O! could I ſee the Day!

Would Fortune but attend my Call,
At Park, at Play, at Ring, at Ball,
I'd brave the proudeſt of them all,
With a ſtand by! ——— Clear the Way!

Surrounded by a Crowd of Beaus,
With ſmart Toupets, and pouder'd Clothes,
At Rivals I'll turn up my Noſe,
Oh! could I ſee the Day!
I'll dart ſuch Glances from theſe Eyes,
Shall make ſome Nobleman my Prize,
And then, Oh! how I'll tyrannize!
With a ſtand by ——— Clear the Way!

O then for Grandeur and Delight,
For Equipage and Di'monds bright,
And Flambeaus that outſhine the Light;
Oh! could I ſee the Day!
Thus ever eaſy, ever gay,
Quadrille ſhall wear the Night away,
And Pleaſure crown the growing Day!
With a ſtand by! ——— Clear the Way!

SONG XV.

THE Play of Love is now begun,
And thus the Actions do go on:
Strephon enamour'd courts the Fair,
She hears him with a careleſs Air,
And ſmiles to find him in Love's Snare:

The Act-Tune play'd, they meet again,
Her Pity moves her for his Pain,
Which ſhe evades for ſome Pretence,
And thinks ſhe can with Love diſpenſe,
But pants to hear a Man of Senſe.

The Third Approach her Lover makes,
She colours up whene'er he ſpeaks,

But with feign'd Slights ſtill puts him by,
And faintly cries, ſhe can't comply,
Altho' ſhe gives her Heart the Lie.

Now the Plot riſes, he ſeems ſhy,
As if ſome other Fair he'd try:
At which ſhe ſwells with Spleen and Fear,
Leſt one more wiſe his Love ſhould ſhare,
Which yet no Woman e'er can bear.

The laſt Act now is wrought ſo high,
That thus it crowns the Lover's Joy:
She does no more his Paſſion ſhun,
He ſtrait into her Arms does run,
The Curtain falls——the Play is done.

The SEQUEL.

NOW come Love's Plagues the Fair enjoy'd,
And with the Pleaſure *Strephon* cloy'd,
A feign'd Content the Lover wears,
And with falſe Raptures ſooths her Fears,
While his Retreat employs her Cares.

Next Time they meet, a forc'd Reſpect
Makes the Fair dread a cold Neglect;
Strait her full Boſom heaves with Sighs,
Yet tho' diſtracting Fears ariſe,
Fond Love forbids to truſt her Eyes.

Tortur'd with Doubts ſhe next complains,
And asks if hers are fancy'd Pains?
With well-tim'd Rage he ſwears he'll rove,
Vows, tho' he burns, he'll never prove
The curſt Fatigue of Jealous Love.

To bring him back all Arts ſhe tries,
And bids his jealous Fury riſe,
Pleas'd, he that Stratagem diſdains,
Vows that no Fair ſhall give him Pains,
That o'er a Fop contented reigns.

With Grief diſtracted, now ſhe burns,
And to ſtern Rage her Paſſion turns,
On the whole Sex her Fury bends,
And the firſt Blockhead that attends,
Marries, and jilts, to gain her Ends.

SONG XVII. Grim, *King*, &c.

DEſpairing beſide a clear Stream,
A Shepherd forſaken was laid,
And whilſt a falſe Nymph was his Theme,
A Willow ſupported his Head:
The Wind that blew over the Plain
To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply,
And the Brook, in Return to his Pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly Swain that I was,
Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd,
When firſt I beheld that fair Face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I bleſs'd the dear Tongue,
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a pleaſure too great:
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung,
Was Nightingale ever ſo ſweet!

How fooliſh I was to believe,
She could doat on ſo lowly a Clown!
Or that her fond Heart would not grieve
To forſake the fine Folks of the Town:
To think that a Beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove,
To go clad like our Maidens in Grey,
And live in a Cottage on Love.

What tho' I have Skill to complain,
Tho' the Muſes my Temples have crown'd?
What tho' when they hear my ſoft Strain,
The Virgins ſit weeping around?
Ah *Collin!* thy Hopes are in vain,
Thy Pipe and thy Laurel reſign,

Thy fair one inclines to a Swain,
Whoſe Muſick is ſweeter than thine.
And you my Companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe Maid:
If thro' the wide World I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly,
'Twas her's to be falſe, and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant, and die.
If while my hard Fate I ſuſtain,
In her Breaſt any Pity is found,
Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
And ſee me laid low in the Ground:
The laſt humble Boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with Cypreſs and Yew,
And when ſhe looks down on my Grave,
Let her own that her Shepherd was true.
Then to her new Love let her go,
And deck her in golden Array,
Be fineſt at ev'ry fine Show,
And frolick it all the long Day.
While *Collin* forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be heard of, or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale Moon
His Ghoſt ſhall glide over the Green.

SONG XVIII.

UPbraid me not, capricious Fair,
With drinking to Exceſs;
I ſhould not want to drown Deſpair,
Were your Indiff'rence leſs.

Love me, my Dear, and you ſhall find,
When that Excuſe is gone,
That all my Bliſs, when *Chloe*'s kind,
Is fix'd on her alone.

The God of Wine the Victory
To Beauty yields with Joy;
For *Bacchus* only drinks like me,
When *Ariadne*'s coy.

SONG XIX.

CHLOE, a Coquet in her Prime,
The vaineſt, fickleſt Thing alive,
Behold the ſtrange Effects of Time!
Marries, and doats at Forty Five.

So Weathercocks, that for a while
Have ver'd about with every Blaſt,
Grown old, and deſtitute of Oil,
Ruſt to a Point, and fix at laſt.

SONG XX.

ALL in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd,
The Streamers waving in the Wind,
When black-ey'd *Suſan* came on board,
O where ſhall I my true Love find!
Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet *William* ſails among the Crew?

William, who high upon the Yard,
Rock'd with the Billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his Eyes below:
The Cord flies ſwiftly thro' his glowing Hands,
And quick as Lightning on the Deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet Lark, high-pois'd in Air,
Shuts cloſe his Pinions to his Breaſt,
(If chance his Mate's ſhrill Voice he hear)
And drops at once into her Neſt:
The nobleſt Captain in the *Britiſh* Fleet
Might envy *William*'s Lips thoſe Kiſſes ſweet.

O *Suſan*, *Suſan*, lovely Dear!
My Vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me wipe off that falling Tear,
We only part to meet again;

Change as ye liſt, ye Winds, my Heart ſhall be
The faithful Compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the Landmen ſay,
Who tempt with Doubts thy conſtant Mind:
They'll tell thee, Sailors, when away,
In ev'ry Port a Miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

If to fair *India*'s Coaſt we ſail,
Thine Eyes are ſeen in Di'monds bright;
Thy Breath is *Afric*'s ſpicy Gale,
Thy Skin is Ivory ſo white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous Object that I view
Wakes in my Soul ſome Charm of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' Battle calls me from thy Arms,
Let not my pretty *Suſan* mourn;
Tho' Cannons roar, yet ſafe from Harms
William ſhall to his Dear return.
Love turns aſide the Balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious Tears ſhould fall from *Suſan*'s Eye.

The Boatſwain gave the dreadful Word,
The Sails their ſwelling Boſoms ſpread,
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay on Board:
They kiſs'd, ſhe ſigh'd, he hung his Head.
Her leſs'ning Boat unwilling rows to Land,
Adieu ſhe cry'd, and wav'd her Lily Hand.

SONG XXI.

DIOGENES, ſurly and proud,
Who ſnarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,
Delighted in Wine that was good,
Becauſe in good Wine there is Truth:
But growing as poor as was *Job*,
And unable to purchaſe a Flask,
He choſe for his Manſion a Tub,
And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
To tipple and cheriſh his Heart,
And when he was maudling, wou'd cry,
Becauſe he had empty'd his Quart:
Tho' ſome are ſo fooliſh to think,
He wept at Mens Follies and Vice,
When 'twas only his Cuſtom to drink,
Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

Democritus always was glad
Of a Bumper to chear up his Soul,
And would laugh like a Man that was Mad,
When over a full flowing Bowl:
As long as his Cellar was ſtor'd,
The Liquor he'd merrily quaff,
And when he was drunk as a Lord,
At thoſe that were ſober he'd laugh.

Copernicus too, like the reſt,
Believ'd there was Wiſdom in Wine,
And thought that a Cup of the beſt
Made Reaſon the brighter to ſhine;
With Wine he repleniſh'd his Veins,
And made his Philoſophy reel,
Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,
Turn'd round like a Chariot Wheel.

Ariſtotle, that Maſter of Arts,
Had been but a Dunce without Wine;
And what we aſcribe to his Parts,
Is due to the Juice of the Vine:
His Belly, ſome Authors agree,
Was big as a watering Trough;
He therefore leap'd into the Sea,
Becauſe he'd have Liquor enough.

Old *Plato*, that learned Divine,
He fondly to Wiſdom was prone;
But had it not been for good Wine,
His Merits we ne'er ſhould have known:

By Wine we are generous made,
It furniſhes Fancy with Wings,
Without it we ne'er ſhould have had
Philoſophers, Poets, or Kings.

SONG XXII.

RING, ring the Bar-bell of the World,
Great *Bacchus* calls for Wine;
Haſte, pierce the Globe, its Juices drein,
To whet him ere he dine.

Have you not heard the Bottle cluck,
When firſt you've poured forth,
The Globe ſhall cluck, as ſoon as tapp'd,
To brood ſuch Sons of Worth.

When this World's out, more Worlds we'll have;
Who dare oppoſe the Call?
If we had twice ten thouſand Worlds,
Ere Night we'd drink them all.

See, ſee our Drawer *Atlas* comes,
His Cask upon his Back;
Haſte! drink and ſwill, let's booze amain,
'Till all our Girdles crack.

Apollo cry'd, let's drink amain,
Leſt *Time* ſhould go aſtray;
We'll make *Time* drunk, the reſt reply'd,
We Gods can make a Day.

Brave *Hercules*, who took the Hint,
Required *Time* to drink,
And made him gorge ſuch Potions down,
That *Time* forgot to think.

Unthinking *Time* thus overcome,
And nonpluſs'd in the Vaſt,
Diſſolv'd in the Æthereal World,
Sigh'd, languiſh'd, groan'd his laſt.

Now *Time*'s no more, let's drink away;
Hang flinching, make no Words;
Like true born Bacchanalian Souls,
We'll get as drunk as Lords.

SONG XXII.

SAys my Uncle, I pray now diſcover
What has been the Cauſe of your Woes,
That you pine and you whine like a Lover?
I've ſeen *Molly Mogg* of the *Roſe!*

O Nephew! your Grief is but Folly,
In Town you may find better Progg,
Half a Crown there will get you a *Molly*,
A *Molly* much better than *Mogg*.

The School-boy's Delight is a Play-day,
The School-maſter's Joy is to flogg,
Fop is the Delight of a Lady,
But mine is in ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

Will o' Wiſp leads the Trav'ler a-gadding
Thro' Ditch, and thro' Quagmire and Bogg,
But no Light can e'er ſet me a-madding,
But the Eyes of my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

For Guineas in other Mens Breeches
Your Gameſters will paum and will cogg,
But I envy them none of their Riches,
So I paum my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

The Heart that's half-wounded is ranging,
It here and there leaps like a Frogg,
But my Heart can never be changing,
'Tis ſo fix'd on my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

I know that by Wits 'tis recited,
That Women, at beſt, are a Clogg;
But I'm not ſo eaſily frighted
From loving my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

A Letter when I am inditing,
Comes *Cupid*, and gives me a Jogg,
And I fill all my Paper with writing
Of nothing but ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

I feel I'm in Love to Diſtraction,
My Senſes are loſt in a Fogg;
And in nothing can find Satisfaction,
But in Thoughts of my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

If I would not give up the Three Graces,
I wiſh I were hang'd like a Dog,
And at Court all the Drawing-room Faces,
For a Glance at my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

For thoſe Faces want Nature and Spirit,
And ſeem as cut out of a Log;
Juno, *Venus*, and *Pallas*'s Merit
Unite in my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,
And writing another Eclogue,
Both his *Phillis* and fair *Amaryllis*
He'd give for my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

When *Molly* comes up with the Liquor,
Then Jealouſy ſets me a-gog,
To be ſure ſhe's a Bit for the Vicar,
And ſo I ſhall loſe *Molly Mogg*.

The Sequel to the foregoing Verſes.

WHEN to Women you make your Addreſs, Sir,
Remember the old Decalogue,
And take heed that you never trangreſs, Sir,
With that beautiful Toaſt, *Molly Mogg*.

SONG XXIV. *Lucky Minute.*

AS *Chloris*, full of harmleſs Thought,
Beneath a Willow lay,
Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought,
To paſs the Time away.

She bluſh'd to be encounter'd ſo,
And chid the am'rous Swain;
But as ſhe ſtrove to riſe and go,
He pull'd her down again.

Ah! Gods, ſaid ſhe, what Charms are theſe,
That conquer and ſurprize?
Oh! let me, —— for unleſs you pleaſe,
I have no Pow'r to riſe.

She fainting ſpoke, and trembling lay,
For Fear ſhe ſhould comply;
Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray,
And give her Tongue the Lie.

A ſudden Paſſion ſeiz'd her Heart,
In ſpite of her Diſdain;
She found a Pulſe in ev'ry Part,
And Love in ev'ry Vein.

Thus ſhe, who Princes had deny'd,
With all their Pomp and Train,
Was in the lucky Minute try'd,
And yielded to the Swain.

SONG XXV.

SEE from the ſilent Grove *Alexis* flies,
And ſeeks with every pleaſing Art,
To eaſe the Pain which lovely Eyes
Created in his Heart.
To ſhining Theatres he now repairs,
To learn *Camilla*'s moving Airs,
While thus to Muſick's Pow'r the Swain addreſs'd his Pray'rs:

Charming Sounds that ſweetly languiſh,
Muſick, oh compoſe my Anguiſh!
Ev'ry Paſſion yields to thee:
Phœbus, *quickly then relieve me;*
Cupid *ſhall no more deceive me,*
I'll to ſprightlier Joys be free.

Apollo heard the fooliſh Swain;
He knew, when *Daphne* once he lov'd,
How weak t'aſſuage an amorous Pain,
His own harmonious Art had prov'd,
And all his healing Herbs how vain.
Then thus he ſtrikes the ſpeaking Strings,
Preluding to his Voice, and ſings:

Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee;
Do not, Shepherd, then deceive thee;
Muſick is the Voice of Love.
If the tender Maid believe thee,
Soft Relenting,
Kind Conſenting,
Will alone thy Pain remove.

SONG XXVI.

SEND home my long-ſtray'd Eyes to me,
Which oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
ut if they there have learn't ſuch ill,
Such forc'd Faſhions,
And falſe Paſſions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good Sight, keep them ſtill.

Send home my harmleſs Heart again,
Which no unworthy Thought could ſtain;
But if it has been taught by thine
To make Jeſtings
Of Proteſtings,

And break both
Word and Oath;
Keep it ſtill, 'tis none of mine.

Yet ſend me back my Heart and Eyes,
That I may know and ſee thy Lies,
And may laugh and joy, when thou
Art in Anguiſh,
And doſt languiſh
For ſome one
That will none,
Or prove as falſe as thou art now.

SONG XXVII.

FROM native Stalk the Province Roſe
I pluckt with green Attire,
But oh! upon its Graces hung
A *Flatus* to Deſire.

A vile, deſtroying, preying Worm,
Who ſhelter'd in the Leaf,
Had robb'd me of the priſtine Joy,
And prov'd the lucky Thief.

So beauteous Nymphs too oft are found
The vileſt Man to truſt;
While conſtant Lovers plead in vain,
And die for being juſt.

SONG XXVIII.

IF *Phillis* denies me Relief,
If ſhe's angry, I'll ſeek it in Wine:
Tho' ſhe laughs at my amorous Grief,
At my Mirth why ſhould ſhe repine?

The ſparkling Champaign ſhall remove
All the Grief my dull Soul has in Store:
My Reaſon I loſt when I lov'd,
By drinking what can I do more?

Would *Phillis* but pity my Pain,
Or my amorous Vows would approve,
The Juice of the Grape I'd disdain,
And be drunk with nothing but Love.

SONG XXIX.

LAtely on yonder swelling Bush,
Big with many a coming Rose,
This early Bud began to blush,
And did but half it self disclose:
I pluck'd it, tho' no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the Leaves inspire,
With such a purple Light they shone,
As if they had been made of Fire,
And spreading so, would flame anon;
All that was meant by Air or Sun,
To the young Flow'r my Breath has done.

If our loose Breath so much can do,
What may the same in Forms of Love,
Of purest Love and Musick too,
When *Flavia* it aspires to move?
When that which lifeless Buds persuades
To wax more soft, her Youth invades!

SONG XXX.

GO, lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her Time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her Graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In Deserts, where no Men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the Worth
Of Beauty from the Light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herſelf to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh to be admir'd.

SONG XXXI.

YOUNG *Corydon* and *Phillis*
Sat in a lovely Grove,
Contriving Crowns of Lilies,
Repeating Toys of Love ——

But as they were a playing,
She ogled to the Swain,
It ſav'd her plainly ſaying,
Let's kiſs to eaſe our Pain.

A thouſand Times he kiſs'd her,
Laying her on the Green;
But as he further preſs'd her,
A pretty Leg was ſeen.

So many Beauties viewing,
His Ardour ſtill encreas'd,
And greater Joys purſuing,
He wander'd o'er Breaſt.

A laſt Effort ſhe trying,
His Paſſion to withſtand,
Cry'd, but 'twas faintly crying,
Pray take away your Hand.

Young *Corydon* grown bolder,
The Minutes would improve;
This is the Time, he told her,
To ſhew you how I love.

The Nymph ſeem'd almoſt dying,
Diſſolv'd in amorous Heat,
She kiſs'd, and told him ſighing,
My Dear your Love is great.

But *Phillis* did recover
Much ſooner than the Swain:
She, bluſhing, ask'd her Lover,
Shall we not kiſs again?

Thus Love his Revels keeping,
'Till Nature at a ſtand;
From Talk they fell to ſleeping,
Holding each other's Hand.

SONG XXXII.

MY Name is honeſt *Harry*,
And I love little *Mary*,
In ſpite of *Ciſs*, or jealous *Beſs*,
I'll have my own Fegary.

My Love is blithe and buckſome,
And ſweet and fine as can be,
Freſh and gay as the Flowr's in *May*,
And looks like *Jack-a-Dandy*.

And if ſhe will not have me,
That am ſo true a Lover,
I'll drink my Wine, and ne'er repine,
And down the Stairs I'll ſhove her.

But if that ſhe will love, Sir,
I'll be as kind as may be,
I'll give her Rings, and pretty things,
And deck her like a Lady.

Her Petticoat like Sattin,
Her Gown of Crimſon Tabby,
Lac'd up before, and ſpangl'd o'er,
Juſt like a *Barthol'mew* Baby.

Her Waiſtcoat ſhall be ſcarlet,
With Ribbands ty'd together;
Her Stockings of a cloudy Blue,
And her Shoes of *Spaniſh* Leather.

Her Smock of fineſt *Holland*,
And lac'd in ev'ry Quarter,
Side and wide, and long enough
To hang below her Garter.

Then to the Church I'll have her,
Where we will wed together,
And ſo come home, when we have done,
In ſpite of Wind and Weather.

The Fidlers ſhall attend us,
And firſt play *John come kiſs me*,
And when that we have danc'd around,
Then ſtrike up, *Hit or miſs me*.

Then hey for little *Mary*,
'Tis ſhe I love alone, Sir;
Let any Man do what he can,
I will have her, or none, Sir.

SONG XXXIII.

OF all the ſimple things we do
To rub over a whimſical Life,
There's no one Folly is ſo true
As that very bad Bargain a Wife:
We're juſt like a Mouſe in a Trap,
Or Vermin caught in a Gin,
We ſweat and fret, and try to eſcape,
And curſe the ſad Hour we came in.

I gam'd, and drank, and play'd the Fool,
And a Thouſand mad Frolicks more;
I rov'd and rang'd, deſpis'd all Rule,
But I never was marry'd before:
This was the worſt Plague cou'd enſue,
I'm mew'd in a ſmoaky Houſe;
I us'd to tope a Bottle or two,
But now 'tis ſmall Beer with my Spouſe.

My darling Freedom crown'd my Joys,
And I never was vex'd in my Way;

If now I croſs her Will, her Voice
Makes my Lodging too hot for my Stay:
Like a Fox that is hamper'd, in vain
I fret at my Heart and Soul;
Walk to and fro the Length of my Chain,
Then am forc'd to creep into my Hole.

SONG XXXIV.

YOung I am and yet unskill'd,
How to make a Lover yield:
How to keep, or how to gain;
When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me, ſome of you,
While I yet am young and true;
Ere I can my Soul diſguiſe,
Heave my Breaſts, and roul my Eyes:

Stay not till I learn the Way,
How to lie and to betray;
He that has me firſt is bleſt,
For I may deceive the reſt.

Could I find a blooming Youth,
Full of Love and full of Truth;
Brisk, and of a janty Mien,
I ſhou'd long to be Fifteen.

SONG XXXV.

SEE, ſee my *Seraphina* comes,
Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace;
Look, Gods, from your celeſtial Domes,
And view her charming Face.

Then ſearch, and ſee if you can find
In all your ſacred Groves,
A Nymph, or Goddeſs, ſo divine,
As ſhe whom *Strephon* loves.

SONG XXXVI.

'TWAS when the Seas were roaring
With hollow Blaſts of Wind,
A Damſel lay deploring,
All on a Rock reclin'd;
Wide o'er the foaming Billows
She caſt a wiſhful Look,
Her Head was crown'd with Willows,
That trembled o'er the Brook.

Twelve Months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious Days;
Why didſt thou vent'rous Lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the Seas!
Ceaſe, ceaſe then, cruel Ocean,
And let my Lover reſt,
Ah! what's thy troubled Motion
To that within my Breaſt?

The Merchant robb'd of Treaſure,
Views Tempeſts in Deſpair;
But what's the Loſs of Treaſure,
To loſing of my Dear!
Shou'd you ſome Coaſt be laid on,
Where Gold and Di'monds grow,
You'd find a richer Maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that Nature
Hath nothing made in vain?
Why then beneath the Water
Do hideous Rocks remain?
No Eyes thoſe Rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the Deep,
To wreck the wand'ring Lover,
And leave the Maid to weep.

All melancholly lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her Dear,

Repaid each Blaſt with Sighing,
Each Billow with a Tear,
When o'er the wide Waves ſtooping,
His floating Corps ſhe ſpy'd;
Then, like a Lily drooping,
She bow'd her Head, and dy'd.

SONG XXXVII.

TO all you Ladies now at Land
We Men at Sea indite;
But firſt would have you underſtand
How hard it is to write;
The Muſes now, and *Neptune* too
We muſt implore to write to you,
With a fal, la, la, la.

For tho' the Muſes ſhould prove kind,
And fill our empty Brain,
Yet if rough *Neptune* rouze the Wind,
To wave the azure Main,
Our Paper, Pen, and Ink, and we
Roul up and down our Ships at Sea.

Then if we write not by each Poſt,
Think not we are unkind,
Nor yet conclude our Ships are loſt
By *Dutchmen*, or by Wind;
Our Tears we'll ſend a ſpeedier Way,
The Tide ſhall bring them twice a Day.

The King, with Wonder and Surprize,
Will ſwear the Seas grow bold,
Becauſe the Tides will higher riſe,
Than e'er they did of old,
But let him know, it is our Tears
Bring Floods of Grief to *Whitehall* Stairs.

Shou'd foggy *Opdam* chance to know
Our ſad and diſmal Story;
The *Dutch* would ſcorn ſo weak a Foe,
And quit their Fort at *Goree*;

For what Reſiſtance can they find
From Men who've left their Hearts behind?

Let Wind and Weather do its worſt,
Be you to us but kind;
Let *Dutchmen* vapour, *Spaniards* curſe,
No Sorrow we ſhall find;
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our Friend, or who's our Foe.

To paſs our tedious Hours away,
We throw a merry Main;
Or elſe at ſerious *Ombre* play,
But why ſhould we in vain
Each other's Ruin thus purſue?
We were undone when we left you!

But now our Fears tempeſtuous grow,
And caſt our Hopes away,
Whilſt you regardleſs of our Woe,
Sit careleſs at a Play;
Perhaps permit ſome happier Man
To kiſs your Hand, or flirt your Fan.

When any mournful Tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry Note,
As if it ſigh'd with each Man's Care,
For being ſo remote;
Think then how often Love we've made
To you, when all thoſe Tunes were play'd.

In Juſtice you cannot refuſe
To think of our Diſtreſs,
When we for Hopes of Honour loſe
Our certain Happineſs;
All thoſe Deſigns are but to prove
Ourſelves more worthy of your Love.

And now we've told you all our Loves,
And likewiſe all our Fears;
In hopes this Declaration moves
Some Pity for our Tears;

Let's hear of no Inconſtancy,
We have too much of that at Sea.

SONG XXXVIII.

COme, Neighbours, now we've made our Hay,
The Sun in Haſte
Drives to the Weſt,
With Sports conclude the Day.
Let every Man chuſe out his Laſs,
And then ſalute her on the Graſs;
And when you find,
She's coming kind,
Let not that Moment paſs.

CHORUS.

We'll toſs off our Bowls to true Love and Honour,
To all kind loving Girls and the Lord of the Manor.

At Night when round the Hall we're ſat
With good brown Bowls,
To chear our Souls,
And raiſe a merry Chat;
When Blood grows warms, and Love runs high,
And Jokes about the Table fly;
Then we retreat,
And that repeat,
Which all would gladly try.

Let lazy Great ones of the Town
Drink Night away,
And ſleep all Day,
Till Gouty they are grown:
Our nightly Sports ſuch Vigour give,
That oftentimes we do revive,
And kiſs our Dames
With ſtronger Flames
Than any Prince alive.

SONG XXXIX.

WHen mighty Roaſt Beef was the *Engliſhman*'s Food,
It ennobled our Veins, and enriched our Blood,
Our Soldiers were brave, and our Courtiers were good,
Oh the Roaſt Beef of Old England,
And oh the! old Engliſh *Roaſt Beef.*

But ſince we have learnt from all-conquering *France*,
To eat their Ragouſts as well as to dance;
We are fed up with nothing but vain Complaiſance,
Oh the Roaſt Beef, &c.

Our Fathers of old were robuſt, ſtout, and ſtrong,
And kept open Houſe with good Chear all Day long,
Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this Song,
Oh the Roaſt Beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to what ſhall I name?
A ſneaking poor Race, half begotten and tame,
Who ſully thoſe Honours that once ſhone in fame.
Oh the Roaſt Beef, &c.

When good Queen *Elizabeth* ſat on the Throne,
Ere *Coffee* and *Tea* and ſuch Slip-ſlops were known,
The World was in Terror, if e'er ſhe did frown,
Oh the Roaſt Beef, &c.

In thoſe Days, if their Fleets did preſume on the Main,
They ſeldom or never return'd back again,
As Witneſs the vaunting Armada of *Spain*,
Oh the Roaſt Beef, &c.

Oh then they had Stomachs to eat and to fight,
And when Wrongs were a cooking, to do themſelves right,
But now we're a —— I could, but good Night,
Oh the Roaſt Beef of Old England,
And oh the! Old Engliſh *Roaſt Beef.*

SONG XL.

WHEN *Fanny* blooming fair
First met my raviſh'd Sight,
Caught with her Shape and Air,
I felt a ſtrange Delight:
Whilſt eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry Part,
And ev'ry Feature prais'd,
She ſtole into my Heart.

In her bewitching Eyes,
Young ſmiling Loves appear,
There *Cupid* basking lies,
His Shafts are hoarded there:
Her blooming Cheeks are dy'd
With Colour all their own,
Excelling far the Pride
Of Roſes newly blown.

Her well-turn'd Limbs confeſs
The lucky Hand of *Jove*,
Her Features all expreſs
The beauteous Queen of Love:
What Flames my Nerves invade,
When I behold the Breaſt
Of that too lovely Maid,
Riſe ſuing to be preſt.

Venus round *Fanny*'s Waiſt
Hath her own *Ceſtus* bound,
With Guardian *Cupids* grac'd,
Who ſport the Circle round:
How happy will he be,
Who ſhall her Zone unlooſe!
That Bliſs to all but me
May Heav'n and ſhe refuſe.

SONG XLI.

HOW happy a State does the Miller poſſeſs,
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be leſs.
On his Mill and himſelf he depends for Support,
Which is better than ſervilely cringing at Court.

What tho' he all duſty, and whiten'd does go,
The more he is powder'd, the more like a Beau;
A Clown in this Dreſs may be honeſter far,
Than a Courtier who ſtruts in a Garter and Star.
Than, &c.

Tho' his Hands are ſo daub'd they're not fit to be ſeen,
The Hands of his Betters are not very clean;
A Palm more polite may as dirtily deal, (Meal.
Gold in Handling will ſtick to the Fingers like

What if then a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
He cribs without ſcruple from other Men's Sacks;
In this of right noble Example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other Men's Bags.

Or ſhou'd he endeavour to heap an Eſtate,
In this too he mimicks the Tools of the State;
Whoſe Aim is alone their own Coffers to fill,
As all his Concern's to bring Griſt to his Mill.

He Eats when he's Hungry, he Drinks when he's Dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lye;
Then riſes up chearful to work and to ſing,
If ſo happy a Miller, then who'd be a King.

SONG XLII.

THE Charms of *Florimel*
No Force of Time or Art,
Shall ſever from my Heart;
But ever to the World I'll tell,
The Charms of Beauteous *Florimel*.

Each Rock, and Sunny Hill,
The flow'ry Meads and Groves,
Shall ſay *Myrtillo* loves;
And *Echo* ſhall be taught to tell
The Charms, &c.

Each Tree within the Vale,
That on its Banks doth wear
The Triumphs of my Fair,
To future Times in Verſe ſhall tell
The Charms, &c.

Each Brook and purling Rill,
Shall on its bubling Stream
Convey the Virgin's Name;
And, as it rolls, in Murmurs tell
The Charms, &c.

The Sylvan Gods that dwell
Amidſt this Sacred Grove,
Shall wonder at my Love;
Whilſt ev'ry Sound conſpires to tell
The Charms of Beauteous *Florimel*.

SONG XLIII.

GHoſts of ev'ry Occupation,
Ev'ry Rank, and ev'ry Nation,
Some with Crimes all foul and ſpotted,
Some to happier Climes allotted,
Preſs the *Stygian* Lake to paſs.

Here a Soldier roars like Thunder,
Pirates of Wenches, Wine, and Plunder:
Stateſmen here the Times accuſing;
Poets Senſe for Rhimes abuſing;
Lawyers chatt'ring,
Courtiers flatt'ring,
Bullies ranting,
Zealots canting,
Knaves and Fools of e'ery Claſs!

SONG XLIV.

THUS *Damon* knock'd at *Celia*'s Door,
The Sign was ſo:
She anſwered, No,
No, no, no.
Again he ſigh'd, again he pray'd;
No, *Damon*, no, I am afraid;
Conſider, *Damon*, I'm a Maid:
Conſider,
No;
I'm a Maid,
No, &c.

At laſt, his Sighs and Tears made way,
She roſe, and ſoftly turn'd the Key:
Come in, ſaid ſhe, but do not ſtay;
I may conclude
You will be rude,
But if you are, you may.

SONG XLV.

YOung *Philoret* and *Celia* met
In an old ſhady Grove,
The Nymph was coy,
The amorous Boy
Still ſigh'd, and talk'd of Love.

He prais'd her Face, her Air, her Grace,
Her lovely charming Mien,
And ſwore ſhe was the brighteſt Laſs
That tripp'd it on the Green.

With artful Tongue the Shepherd ſung,
And told a melting Tale;
But all his Art
Cou'dn't touch her Heart,
Nor all his Skill prevail.

Th' inſulting Fair, with ſcornful Air,
Still mock'd the love-ſick Swain,
And while he ſigh'd,
She ſtill reply'd,
Sh'ad Pleaſure in his Pain.

SONG XLVI.

YOung *Cupid* one Day wily,
With well diſſembled Art,
Let fly an Arrow ſlily,
And pierc'd me to the Heart:

A while I ſigh'd, grew ſtupid;
But to quit Scores with *Cupid*,
I found a Way, which ſoon I'll try,
Since Reaſon takes my Part.

I'll ſteal away his Arrows,
And ſweet Revenge purſue:
With Women's Hearts I'll head 'em,
And then they'll ne'er fly true.

SONG XLVII.

FRom roſie Bowers, where ſleeps the God of Love:
Hither ye little waiting *Cupids* fly; (
Teach me in ſoft melodious Song to move
With tender Paſſion my Heart's darling Joy,
Ah! let the Soul of Muſick tune my Voice,
To win dear *Strephon*, who my Soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing
Is to be brisk and airy,
With a Step and a Bound,
And a Friſk from the Ground,
I'll trip like any Fairy.

As once on *Ida* dancing
Were three celeſtial Bodies,
With an Air and a Face,
And a Shape and a Grace,
I'll charm like Beauty's Goddeſs.

Ah! ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,
Death and Deſpair muſt end the fatal Pain;
Cold Deſpair diſguis'd like Froſt and Snow and Rain, (blow,
Falls on my Breaſt; bleak Winds in Tempeſts
My Veins all ſhiver, and my Fingers glow,
My Pulſe beats a dead March for loſt Repoſe,
And to a ſolid Lump of Ice my poor fond Heart is froze.

Or ſay, ye Powers, my Peace to crown,
Shall I thaw myſelf, or drown
Amongſt the foaming Billows,
Increaſing all with Tears I ſhed
On Beds of Ooze and Chryſtal Pillows,
Lay down my love-ſick Head.

No, no, I'll ſtraight run mad,
That ſoon my Heart will warm;
When once the Senſe is fled,
Love has no Pow'r to charm:
Wild thro' the Woods I'll fly,
Robes, Locks ſhall thus be tore,
A thouſand Deaths I'll die,
Ere thus in vain adore.

SONG XLVIII.

AT Noon on a ſultry Summer's Day,
The brighter Lady of the *May*,
Young *Chloris* innocent and gay,
Sat knotting in a Shade.

Each ſlender Finger plaid its Part
With ſuch Activity and Art,
As would inflame a youthful Heart,
And warm the moſt decay'd.

Her fav'rite Swain by chance came by,
He ſaw no Anger in her Eye;
Yet when the baſhful Boy drew nigh,
She would have ſeem'd afraid.

She let her Ivory Needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twiſted Ball:
But ſtrait gave *Strephon* ſuch a Call,
As wou'd have rais'd the Dead.

Dear gentle Youth, is't none but thee?
With Innocence I dare be free:
By ſo much Truth and Modeſty
No Nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come, lean thy Head upon my Lap,
While thy ſmooth Cheeks I ſtroke and clap,
Thou may'ſt ſecurely take a Nap:
Which he, poor Fool! obey'd.

She ſaw him yawn, and heard him ſnore,
And found him faſt aſleep all o'er:
She ſigh'd, and could endure no more,
But ſtarting up, ſhe ſaid,

Such Virtue ſhall rewarded be;
For this thy dull Fidelity,
I'll truſt thee with my Flocks, not me:
Purſue thy grazing Trade.

Go, milk thy Goats, and ſhear thy Sheep,
And watch all Night thy Flocks to keep;
Thou ſhalt no more be lull'd aſleep
By me, miſtaken Maid.

SONG XLIX.

FRom grave Leſſons and Reſtraint,
I'm ſtole out to revel here,
Yet I tremble and I pant,
In the Middle of the Fair.

Oh! wou'd Fortune in my Way
Throw a Lover kind and gay,
Now's the Time he ſoon may move
A young Heart unus'd to Love.

Shall I venture? no, no, no;
Shall I from the Danger go?
Oh! no, no, no, no, no;
I muſt not try, I cannot fly.

Help me, Nature, help me Art,
Why ſhould I deny my Heart?
If a Lover will purſue,
Like the wiſeſt let me do,
I will fit him if he's true,
If he's falſe I'll fit him too.

SONG L.

CHLOE be kind, no more perplex me,
Slight not my Love at ſuch a Rate;
Should I your Scorn return, 'twou'd vex ye,
Love much abus'd will turn to Hate.

How can you, lovely charming Creature,
Put on the Look of cold Diſdain?
Women were firſt deſign'd by Nature,
To give a Pleaſure, not a Pain.

Kindneſs creates a Flame that's laſting,
When other Charms are fled away;
Think on the Time we now are waſting,
Throw off thoſe Frowns, and Love obey.

SONG LI.

'TWAS on a River's verdant Side
About the cloſe of Day,
A dying Swan with Muſick try'd
To chaſe her Cares away:

And tho' ſhe ne'er had ſtrain'd her Throat,
Or tun'd her Voice before,
Death, raviſh'd with ſo ſweet a Note,
A while the Stroke forbore.

Farewel, ſhe cry'd, ye ſilver Streams,
Ye purling Waves, adieu,
Where *Phœbus* us'd to dart his Beams,
And bleſs both me and you.

Farewel, ye tender whiſtling Reads,
Soft Scenes of happy Love;
Farewel, ye bright enamell'd Meads,
Where I was wont to rove.

With you I muſt no more converſe,
Look, yonder ſetting Sun
Waits, while I theſe laſt Notes rehearſe,
And then he muſt be gone.

Mourn not, my kind and conſtant Mate,
We'll meet again below:
It is the kind Decree of Fate,
And I with Pleaſure go.

While thus ſhe ſung, upon a Tree
Within th' adjacent Wood,
To hear her mournful Melody
A Stork attentive ſtood:

From whence thus to the Swan ſhe ſpoke:
What means this Song of Joy?
Is it, fond Fool, ſo kind a Stroke
That does thy Life deſtroy?

Turn back, deluding Bird, and try
To keep thy fleeting Breath,
It is a diſmal thing to die;
And Pleaſure ends in Death.

Baſe Stork, the Swan reply'd, give o'er,
Thy Arguments are vain;
If after Death we are no more,
Yet we are free from Pain.

But there are ſoft *Elyſian* Shades,
And Bow'rs of kind Repoſe,
Where never any Storm invades,
Nor Tempeſt ever blows.

There in cool Streams, and ſhady Woods,
I'll ſport the Time away;
Or, ſwimming down the Chryſtal Floods,
Among young Halcyons play.

Then pr'ythee ceaſe, or tell me why
I have ſuch Cauſe to grieve,
Since 'tis a Happineſs to die,
And it's a Pain to live.

SONG LII.

BRight was the Morning, cool was the Air,
Serene was all the Sky,
When on the Waves I left my Dear,
The Center of my Joy;
Heaven and Nature ſmiling were,
And nothing ſad but I.

Each roſie Field did Odours ſpread,
All fragrant was the Shore;
Each River-God roſe from his Bed,
And ſigh'd, and own'd her Pow'r;
Curling their Waves they deck'd their Heads,
As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair *Egyptian* Queen
Her Heroe went to ſee,
Cidnus ſwell'd o'er her Banks with Pride,
As much in Love as he.

Glide on, ye Waters, bear theſe Lines,
And tell her how diſtreſs'd;
Bear all my Sighs, ye gentle Winds,
And waft 'em to her Breaſt:
Tell her, if e'er ſhe proves unkind,
I never ſhall have Reſt.

SONG LIII.

YE twice ten hundred Deities
To whom we daily ſacrifice;
Ye Pow'rs that dwell with Fates below,
And ſee what Men are doom'd to do;
Where Elements in Diſcord dwell,
Thou God of Sleep, ariſe, and tell,
Tell great *Zempoalla* what ſtrange Fate
Muſt on her diſmal Viſion wait.

By the croaking of the Toads,
In their Caves that make abodes;
Earthly *Dun* that pants for Breath,
With her ſwell'd Sides full of Death;
By the creſted Adders Pride,
That along the Cliffs do glide;
By thy Viſage fierce and black;
By the Death's-Head on thy Back;
By the twiſted Serpents plac'd
For a Girdle round thy Waiſt;
By the Hearts of Gold, that deck
Thy Breaſt, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck:
From thy ſleepy Manſion riſe,
And open thy unwilling Eyes;
While bubbling Springs their Muſick keep,
That uſe to lull thee in thy ſleep.

SONG LIV. *To you fair Ladies*, &c.

WHEN as Corruption hence did go,
And left the Nation free,
When Ay ſaid Ay, and No ſaid No,
Without a Place or Fee;
Then *Satan*, thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his Spirit call'd *Quadrille*;
Quadrille, Quadrille, Quadrille.

Kings, *Queens*, and *Knaves*, made up his Pack,
And four fair Suits he wore,
His Troops they were with Red and Black
All blotch'd and ſpotted o'er:
And ev'ry Houſe, go where you will,
Is haunted by this Imp, *Quadrille*.

Sure Cards he has for ev'ry thing,
Which well Court-Cards they name,
And, Stateſman-like, calls in the *King*,
To help out a bad Game;
But if the Parties manage ill,
The *King* is forc'd to loſe *Codille*.

When two and two were met of old,
Tho' they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in *Cupid*'s Books enroll'd,
And call'd a *Party Quare*;
But now, meet when and where you will,
A *Party Quare* is *Quadrille*.

The Commoner, the Knight and Peer,
Men of all Ranks and Fame,
Leave to their Wives the only Care
To propagate their Name;
And well that Duty they fulfil,
While the good Husband's at *Quadrille*.

When Patient lies in piteous Caſe,
In comes th' Apothecary,
And to the Doctor cries, alas!
Non debes Quadrillare!
The Patient dies without a Pill,
For why? the Doctor's at *Quadrille*.

Should *France* and *Spain* again grow loud,
The *Muſcovite* grow louder,
Britain, to curb her Neighbours proud,
Would want both Ball and Powder;
Muſt want both Sword and Gun to kill,
For why? the Gen'ral's at *Quadrille*.

The King of late drew forth his Sword,
(Thank God, 'twas not in Wrath)
And made of many a 'Squire and Lord,
An unwaſh'd Knight of *Bath*;
What are theſe Feats of Arms and Skill?
They're but Nine Parties at *Quadrille*.

A Party late at *Cambray* met,
Which drew all *Europe*'s Eyes;
'Twas call'd, in *Poſt-Boy* and *Gazette*,
The *Quadruple Allies*:
But ſomebody took ſomething ill,
So broke this Party at *Quadrille*.

And now God ſave this noble Realm,
And God ſave eke *Hanover*,
And God ſave thoſe who hold the Helm,
When as the King goes over;
But let the King go where he will,
His Subjects muſt play at *Quadrille*.

SONG LV. *Chevy Chaſe*.

TO Lordlings proud I tune my Song:
Who feaſt in Bow'r or Hall;
Tho' Dukes they be, yet Dukes ſhall ſee
That Pride will have a Fall.

Now that this ſame it is right ſooth,
Full plain it does appear,
From what befel the Duke of *Guiſe*,
And *Nic* of *Lancaſtere*.

When *Richard cœur de Lyon* reign'd,
(Which means a Lyon's Heart)
Like him his Barons rag'd and roar'd,
Each play'd a Lyon's Part.

A Word and Blow was then enough,
Such Honour did them prick,
If you but turn'd your Cheek, a Cuff,
And if your A——e, a Kick.

Look in their Face, they tweak'd your Noſe,
At ev'ry Turn fell to't:
Come near, they trod upon your Toes;
They fought from Head to Foot.

Of theſe, the Duke of *Lancaſtere*
Stood Paramount in Pride;
He kick'd and cuff'd, and tweak'd and trod
His Foes and Friends beſide.

Firm on his Front his Beaver ſat,
So broad, it hid his Chin,
For why? he thought no Man his Mate,
And fear'd to tan his Skin.

With *Spaniſh* Wooll he dy'd his Cheek,
With Eſſence oil'd his Hair;
No vixen Civet-Cat more ſweet,
Nor more could ſcratch and tear.

Right tall he made himſelf to ſhow,
Tho' made full ſhort by G——d;
And when all other Dukes did bow,
This Duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonair
To *Guiſe*'s Duke was he;
Never was ſuch a loving Pair,
Why did they diſagree?

Oh! thus it was, he lov'd him dear,
And caſt how to requite him;
And having no Friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his deſp'rate Quill,
And thus he did invite:
This Eve at Whisk ourſelf will play,
Sir Duke, be here to Night.

Ah no! ah no; the guileleſs *Guiſe*
Demurely did reply;
I cannot go, nor yet can ſtand,
So ſore the Gout have I.

The Duke in Wrath call'd for his Steeds,
And fiercely drove them on;
Lord! Lord! how rattled then thy Stones,
O Kingly *Kenſington!*

All in a trice on *Guiſe* he ruſh'd,
Thruſt out his Lady dear;
He tweak'd his Noſe, trod on his Toes,
And ſmote him on the Ear.

But mark! how 'midſt of Victory,
Fate ſhews an old Dog-trick;
Up leap'd Duke *John*, and knock'd him down,
And ſo down fell Duke *Nic.*

Alas, oh *Nic!* oh *Nic*, alas!
Right did thy Goſſip call thee;
As who ſhall ſay, alas! the Day,
When *John* of *Guiſe* ſhall maul thee:

For on thee did he clap his Chair,
And on that Chair did ſit;
And look'd as if he meant therein
To do what was not fit.

Up didſt thou look, oh woful Duke!
Thy Mouth yet durſt not ope,
Certes, for fear of finding there
A T—d inſtead of Trope.

" Lie there, thou Caitiff vile (quoth *Guiſe*)
" No Sheet is here to ſave thee,
" The Caſement it is ſhut likewiſe,
" Beneath my Feet I have thee.

" If thou haſt aught to ſay, now ſpeak,
" Then *Lancaſtere* did cry,

" Know'ſt thou not me, nor yet thy ſelf,
" Who thou, and who am I?

" Know'ſt thou not me, who (God be prais'd)
" Have bawl'd and quarrell'd more
" Than all the Line of *Lancaſtere*
" That battled heretofore?

" In Senates fam'd for many a Speech,
" And what ſome Awe muſt give ye,
" Tho' laid thus low beneath thy Breech,
" Still of the Council Privy:

" Still of the Duchy Chancellor,
" *Durante* Life I have it,
" And turn (as now thou do'ſt on me)
" Mine A——e on them that gave it.

But now the Servants they ruſh'd in,
And Duke *Nic* up leap'd he;
" I will not cope againſt ſuch Odds,
" But *Guiſe*, I'll fight with thee:

" To morrow with thee will I fight
" Under the Green-wood-tree;
" No, not to morrow, but to night
" (Quoth *Guiſe* I'll fight with thee.

And now the Sun declining low,
Beſtreak'd with Blood the Skies,
When with his Sword at Saddle-bow
Rode forth the valiant *Guiſe*.

Full gently praune'd he on the Lawn,
Oft roul'd his Eyes around,
And from his Stirrup ſtretch'd to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandiſh'd he the Blade in Air,
Long look'd the Field all o'er,
At length he ſpy'd the merry Men brown,
And eke the Coach and Four.

From out the Boot bold *Nicholas*
Did wave his Wand ſo white,
As pointing out the gloomy Glade
Whereat he meant to fight :

All in that dreadful Hour ſo calm
Was *Lancaſtere* to ſee,
As if he meant to take the Air,
Or only take a Fee.

And ſo he did ; for to *New Court*
His trowling Wheels they run,
Not that he ſhunn'd the doubtful Strife,
But Bus'neſs muſt be done.

Back in the dark, by *Brumpton* Park,
He turn'd up thro' the *Gore*,
So ſlunk to *Camden-Houſe* ſo high,
All in his Coach and Four.

Mean while Duke *Guiſe* did fret and fume,
A Sight it was to ſee,
Benumm'd beneath the Ev'ning Dew
Under the Green-wood Tree.

Then wet and weary home he far'd,
Sore mutt'ring all the way,
The Day I meet *Nic*, he ſhall rue
The Cudgel of that Day.

Mean time on ev'ry Piſſing Poſt
Paſte we this Recreant's Name,
So that each Piſſer-by ſhall read,
And piſs againſt the ſame.

Now God preſerve our gracious King,
And grant his Nobles all
May learn this Leſſon from Duke *Nic*,
That Pride will have a Fall.

SONG LVI. *Ye Commons*, &c.

WHEN *Chloe* we ply,
We ſwear we ſhall die,
Her Eyes do our Hearts ſo enthrall;
But 'tis for her Pelf,
And not for her ſelf:
'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

The Maidens are coy,
They'll piſh and they'll fie!
And ſwear if you're rude they will call,
But whiſper ſo low,
By which you may know,
'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

My Dear, the Wives cry,
If ever you die;
'To marry again I ne'er ſhall;
But leſs than a Year
Will make it appear,
'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

In Marriage of State,
And Party Debate,
For Church and for Juſtice we brawl:
But if you'll attend,
You'll find in the End,
'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

SONG LVII.

TRanſported with Pleaſure,
I gaze on my Treaſure,
And raviſh my Sight;
While ſhe gaily ſmiling,
My Anguiſh beguiling,
Augments my Delight.

How bleſt is the Lover
Whoſe Torments are over,

His Fears and his Pains:
When Beauty relenting
Repays with conſenting
Her Scorn and Diſdain.

SONG LVIII.

LAST *Sunday* at St. *James*'s Pray'rs,
The Prince and Princeſs by,
I, dreſs'd in all my Whale-bone Airs,
Sat in a Cloſet nigh.

I bow'd my Knees, I held my Book,
Read all the Anſwers o'er;
But was prevented by a Look,
Which pierc'd me from the Door.

High Thoughts of Heav'n I came to uſe,
With the devouteſt Care,
Which gay young *Strephon* made me loſe,
And all the Raptures there.

He went to hand me to my Chair,
And bow'd with courtly Grace;
But whiſper'd Love into mine Ear,
Too warm for that grave Place.

Love, Love, ſaid he, by all ador'd,
My tender Heart has won:
But I grown peeviſh at the Word,
Deſir'd he might be gone.

He went quite out of Sight, while I
A kinder Anſwer meant;
Nor did I for my Sins, that Day,
By half ſo much repent.

SONG LIX.

WHEN bright *Aurelia* tript the Plain,
How chearful then was ſeen
The Looks of ev'ry jolly Swain,
That ſtrove *Aurelia*'s Heart to gain,
With Gambols on the Green?

Their Sports were innocent and gay,
Mixt with a manly Air;
They'd ſing and dance, and pipe and play,
Each ſtrove to pleaſe ſome diff'rent way
This dear enchanting Fair.

Th' ambitious Strife ſhe did admire,
And equally approve,
'Till *Phæon*'s tuneful Voice and Lyre
With ſofteſt Muſick did inſpire
Her Soul to gen'rous Love.

Their wonted Sport the reſt declin'd,
Their Arts prov'd all in vain;
Aurelia's conſtant now they find,
The more they languiſh and repine,
The more ſhe loves the Swain.

SONG LX.

LET's be jovial, fill our Glaſſes,
Madneſs 'tis for us to think
How the World is rul'd by Aſſes,
And the Wiſe are ſway'd by Chink.

Let not ſuch vain Thoughts oppreſs us,
Riches are to us a Snare:
We are all as rich as *Cræſus*,
Drink away, and drive off Care.

Wine makes us as freſh as Roſes,
And our Sorrows quite forget;
Come let's fuddle all our Noſes,
Drink ourſelves quite out of Debt.

When grim Death is looking for us,
We're carouſing o'er our Bowls,
Bacchus joining in the Chorus,
Cries, *Death begone, here's none but Souls.*

God-like *Bacchus* thus commanding,
Trembling Death away ſhall fly,
Ever after underſtanding,
Drinking Souls can never die.

SONG LXI.

COME, fair one, be kind,
You never ſhall find
A Fellow ſo fit for a Lover;
The World ſhall view
My Paſſion for you,
But never my Paſſion diſcover.

I ſtill will complain
Of Frowns and Diſdain,
Tho' I revel thro' all your Charms;
The World ſhall declare
I die with Deſpair,
When only I die in your Arms.

I ſtill will adore,
And love more and more;
But, by *Jove*, if you chance to prove cruel,
I'll get me a Miſs,
That freely will kiſs,
Tho' after I drink Water-gruel.

SONG LXII.

WOuld you know how we meet o'er our jolly full Bowls?
As we mingle our Liquors, we mingle our Souls.
The ſharp melts the ſweet, the kind ſmooths the ſtrong,
And nothing but Friendſhip grows all the Night long:
We drink, laugh, and celebrate ev'ry Deſire;
Love only remains our unquenchable Fire.

SONG LXIII.

WHat ſhall I do to ſhew how much I love her?
How many Millions of Sighs can't ſuffice?
That which wins other Hearts can never move her;
Thoſe common Methods of Love ſhe'll deſpiſe:

I will love more than Man e'er lov'd before me,
Gaze on her all the Day, melt all the Night;
'Till for her own ſake, at laſt ſhe'll implore me
To love her leſs, to preſerve our Delight.

Since Gods themſelves cannot ever be loving,
Men muſt have breathing Recruits for new Joys.
I wiſh my Love could be always improving,
Tho' eager Love more than Sorrow deſtroys.

In fair *Aurelia*'s Arms leave me expiring,
To be embalm'd by the Sweets of her Breath;
To the laſt Moment I'll ſtill be deſiring,
Never had Heroe ſo glorious a Death.

SONG LXIV.

AS Tippling *John* was jogging on,
Upon the Riot Night;
With tott'ring Pace, and fiery Face,
Suſpicious of high Flight:
The Guards who took him by his Look,
For ſome chief Firebrand,
Ask'd whence he came, what was his Name,
Who are you? ſtand, Friend, ſtand!

I'm going home, from Meeting come!
Ay, ſays one, that's the Caſe,
Some Meeting he has burnt, you ſee,
The Flame's ſtill in his Face.
John thought 'twas time to purge his Crime,
And ſaid, my chief Intent
Was to aſſwage my thirſty Rage
I'th' Meeting that I meant.
Come, Friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,
Says one, pray let us know,
That we may find how you're inclin'd,
Are you High Church or Low?
John ſaid to that, I'll tell you what,
To end Debates and Strife,
All I can ſay, this is the Way
I ſteer my Courſe of Life.

I ne'er to *Bow* nor *Burgeſs* go,
To Steeple-houſe nor Hall;
The brisk Bar-bell beſt ſuits my Zeal,
With, *Gentlemen, dy'e call?*
Gueſs then am I Low Church or High,
From that Tow'r or no Steeple,
Whoſe merry Toll exalts the Soul,
And muſt make high-flown People.

The Guards came on, and look'd at *John*,
With Countenance moſt pleaſant:
By Whiſper round they all ſoon found,
He was no damag'd Peaſant:
Thus while *John* ſtood, the beſt he cou'd,
Expecting their Deciſion,
Damn him, ſays one, let him be gone,
He's of our own Religion.

SONG LXV.

A Quire of bright Beauties in Spring did appear,
To chuſe a *May*-Lady to govern the Year;
All the Nymphs were in white, and the Shepherds in green,
The Garland was giv'n, and *Phillis* was Queen;
But *Phillis* refus'd it, and ſighing did ſay,
I'll not wear a Garland while *Pan* is away.

While *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* are fled from the Shore,
The Graces are baniſh'd, and Love is no more:
The ſoft God of Pleaſure that warm'd our Deſires,
Has broken his Bow, and extinguiſh'd his Fires,
And vows that himſelf and his Mother will mourn,
Till *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* in Triumph return.

Forbear your Addreſſes, and court us no more,
For we will perform what the Deity ſwore:

But if you dare think of deſerving our Charms,
Away with your Sheep-hooks, and take to your Arms:
Then Laurels and Myrtles your Brows ſhall adorn,
When *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* in Triumph return.

SONG LXVI.

WHilſt I fondly view the Charmer,
Thus the God of Love I ſue;
Gentle *Cupid*, pray diſarm her,
Cupid, if you love me, do:
Of a Thouſand Smiles bereave her,
Rob her Neck, her Lips, her Eyes;
The Remainder ſtill will leave her
Pow'r enough to tyrannize.

Shape and Feature, Flame and Paſſion
Still in ev'ry Breaſt will move;
More is Supererogation,
Mere Idolatry of Love;
You may dreſs a World of *Chloe*'s
In the Beauty ſhe can ſpare;
Hear him *Cupid*, who no Foe is
To your Altars, or the Fair.

Fooliſh Mortal, pray be eaſy,
Angry *Cupid* made Reply;
Do *Florella*'s Charms diſpleaſe ye?
Die then, fooliſh Mortal, die:
Fancy not that I'll deprive her
Of the captivating Store;
Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
Twenty Thouſand Beauties more.

Were *Florella* proud and ſoure,
Apt to mock a Lover's Care,
Juſtly then you'd pray, that Power
Should be taken from the Fair;

But tho' I ſpread a Blemiſh o'er her,
No Relief in that you'll find,
Still, fond Shepherd, you'll adore her
For the Beauties of her Mind.

SONG LXVII.

YOung Cupid I find
To ſubdue me inclin'd,
But at length I a Stratagem found,
That will rid me of him,
For I'll drink to the Brim,
And unleſs he can ſwim,
He like other Puppies will drown.

SONG LXVIII.

WHEN the bright God of Day
Drove to weſtward each Ray,
And the Evening was charming and clear,
The Swallows amain
Nimbly skim o'er the Plain,
And our Shadows like Giants appear:

In a Jeſſamine Bow'r,
When the Bean was in Flow'r,
And *Zephyr* breath'd Odours around;
Lovely *Sylvia* was ſat,
With a Song and Spinnet,
To charm all the Grove with the Sound.

Roſie Bowers ſhe ſung,
While the Harmony rung,
And the Birds they all flutt'ring ſtrive;
Th' induſtrious Bees,
From the Flowers and Trees,
Gently hum with the Sweets to their Hive.

The gay God of Love,
As he rang'd o'er the Grove,

By *Zephyr* conducted along;
As ſhe touch'd o'er the Strings,
He beat Time with his Wings,
And *Echo* repeated the Song.

Oh! ye Rovers, beware
How you venture too near,
Love is doubly arm'd for to wound;
Your Fate you can't ſhun,
And you're ſurely undone,
If you raſhly approach near the Sound.

SONG LXIX.

SEE, Sirs, ſee here! a Doctor rare,
Who travels much at home!
Here take my Pills, they cure all Ills,
Paſt, preſent, and to come;
The Cramp, the Stitch, the Squirt, the Itch,
The Gout, the Stone, the Pox,
The Mulligrubs, the bonny Scrubs,
And all *Pandora*'s Pox.
Thouſands I've diſſected,
Thouſands new erected,
And ſuch Cures effected,
As none e'er can tell;
Let the Palſy ſhake ye,
Let the Cholick rake ye,
Let the Crinkums break ye,
Let the Murrain take ye,
Take this, take this, and you are well.
Thouſands, &c.

Come Wits ſo keen, devour'd with Spleen,
And Beaus who've ſprain'd your Backs,
Big-belly'd Maids, old founder'd Jades,
And pepper'd Vizard Cracks;
I ſoon remove the Pains of Love,
And cure the love-ſick Maid,

The Young, the Old, the Hot, the Cold,
The Living and the Dead;
I clear the Laſs with Wainſcot Face,
And from Pimgennets free,
Plump Ladies red like *Saracen*'s Head
With topiug Ratifie.
This with a Jirk will do your Work,
And ſcour ye o'er and o'er;
Read, judge, and try; and if you die,
Never believe me more.

SONG LXX. *Nouſenſical Folks*, &c.

A Trifling Song you ſhall hear,
Begun with a *Trifle*, and ended:
All *trifling* People draw near,
And I ſhall be nobly attended.

Were it not for *Trifles* a few,
That lately have come into Play,
The *Men* would want ſomething to do,
And the *Women* want ſomething to ſay.

What makes Men *trifle* in dreſſing?
Becauſe the Ladies, they know,
Admire, by often poſſeſſing,
That eminent *Trifle* a *Beau*.

When the Lover his Moments has *trifled*,
The *Trifle* of *Trifles* to gain,
No ſooner the Virgin is rifled,
But a *Trifle* ſhall part them again.

What mortal Man would be able
At *White*'s half an Hour to ſit?
Or who could bear a Tea-Table,
Without talking *Trifles* for *Wit*?

The *Court* is from *Trifles* ſecure,
Gold Keys are no *Trifles*, we ſee;
White Rods are no *Trifles* I'm ſure,
Whatever their *Bearers* may be.

But if you will go to the Place
Where *Trifles* abundantly breed,
The *Levee* will ſhew you his *Grace*
Makes Promiſes *Trifles* indeed.

A *Coach* with *Six Footmen* behind,
I count neither *Trifle* nor *Sin*,
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find
A *ſcandalous Trifle* within?

A Flask of *Champagne*, people think it
A *Trifle*, or ſomethin g as bad;
&c. But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no *Trifle*, by Gad.

A *Parſon*'s a *Trifle* at Sea,
A *Widow*'s a *Trifle* in Sorrow;
A *Peace* is a *Trifle* to Day,
Who knows what may happen to morrow?

A *Black-Coat* a *Trifle* may cloak,
Or to hide it a *Red* may endeavour;
But if once the *Army* is broke,
We ſhall have more *Trifles* than ever.

The *Stage* is a *Trifle*, they ſay,
The Reaſon pray carry along,
Becauſe at every new Play,
The Houſe they with *Trifles* ſo throng.

But with People's Malice to *trifle*,
And to ſet us all on a Foot,
The Author of this is a *Trifle*,
And his Song is a *Trifle* to boot.

SONG LXXI.

IN ſpite of Love, at length I find
A Miſtreſs that will pleaſe me,
Her Humour free and unconfin'd,
Both Night and Day ſhe'll eaſe me;

No jealous Thoughts disturb my Mind,
Tho' she's enjoy'd by all Mankind;
Then drink and never spare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

If you, thro' all her naked Charms
Her little Mouth discover,
Then take her blushing to your Arms,
And use her like a Lover;
Such Liquor she'll distill from thence,
As will transport your ravish'd Sense,
Then kiss and never spare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

But best of all! she has no Tongue,
Submissive she obeys me,
She's fully better old than young,
And still to smiling sways me;
Her Skin is smooth, Complexion black,
And has a most delicious Smack;
Then kiss and never spare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

If you her Excellence would taste,
Be sure you use her kind, Sir,
Clap your Hands about her Waist,
And raise her up behind, Sir;
As for her Bottom never doubt,
Push but home, and you'll find it out;
Then drink and never spare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

SONG LXXII.

MY Days have been so wond'rous free,
The little Birds that fly
With careless Ease from Tree to Tree,
Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding Waters, if a Tear
Of mine increas'd their Stream;
Or ask the flying Gales, if e'er
I lent a Sigh to them.

But now my former Days retire,
And I'm by Beauty caught:
The tender Chains of ſweet Deſire
Are fixt upon my Thought.

An eager Hope within my Breaſt
Does every Doubt controul;
And lovely *Nancy* ſtands confeſt
The Fav'rite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twiſted Pines,
Ye Swains that haunt the Grove,
Ye gentle Echo's, breezy Winds,
Ye cloſe Retreats of Love;

With all of Nature, all of Art,
Aſſiſt the dear Deſign;
O teach a young unpractis'd Heart,
To make her ever mine.

The very Thought of Change I hate,
As much as of Deſpair,
And hardly covet to be Great,
Unleſs it be for her.

'Tis true, the Paſſion in my Mind
Is mixt with ſoft Diſtreſs;
Yet while the Fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

SONG LXXIII.

Chloe bluſh'd, and frown'd, and ſwore,
And puſh'd me rudely from her;
I call'd her faithleſs jilting Whore,
To talk to me of Honour.

But when I roſe, and would be gone,
She cry'd, nay, whither go ye?
Young *Damon*, ſtay, now we're alone,
Do what you will with *Chloe*.

SONG LXXIV.

THE Charms of bright Beauty ſo powerful are,
For that we make Peace, and for that we make War;
Then tell me no more of Religion and Laws,
Your Cant of Injuſtice, the good and bad Cauſe;
Your Conqueſts and Triumphs, your Captives and Spoils,
Shall never incite me to hazardous Toils;
To be great, wiſe, and wealthy, I never would chuſe,
Should the Nymph I adore, her Favour refuſe;
But let my *Eugenia* prove faithful and kind,
I'll weather the Winter, and weary the Wind;
I'll ravage the Seas, the Earth and the Air,
And combat for her, even Death and Deſpair.

SONG LXXV.

A Nymph of the Plain
By a jolly young Swain
Was addreſs'd to be kind:
But relentleſs I find
To his Prayr's ſhe appear'd,
Tho' himſelf he endear'd
In a Manner ſo ſoft, ſo engaging and ſweet,
As ſoon might perſwade her his Paſſion to meet.

How much he ador'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
I cannot expreſs;
But he lov'd to Exceſs,
And ſwore he ſhould die
If ſhe would not comply,
In a Manner ſo ſoft, ſo engaging and ſweet,
As ſoon might perſuade her his Paſſion to meet.

While Bluſhes like Roſes,
Which Nature compoſes,
Vermilion'd her Face,
With an Ardour and Grace,
Which her Lover improv'd,
When he found he had mov'd,
In a Manner ſo ſoft, ſo engaging and ſweet,
As ſoon might perſuade her his Paſſion to meet.

When wak'd from the Joy
Which their Souls did employ,
From her Ruby warm Lips
Thouſand Odours he ſips,
At the Sight of her Eyes,
He faints and he dies,
In a Manner ſo ſoft, ſo engaging and ſweet,
As ſoon might perſuade her his Paſſion to meet.

But how they ſhall part
Now becomes all their Smart,
'Till he vow'd to the Fair,
That to eaſe his own Care,
He would ſee her again,
And till then be in Pain,
In a Manner ſo ſoft, ſo engaging and ſweet,
As ſoon might perſuade her his Paſſion to meet.

SONG LXXVI.

WHen all was wrapt in dark Midnight,
And all was faſt aſleep,
In glided *Marg'ret's* grimly Ghoſt,
And ſtood at *William's* Feet.

Her Face was like the *April* Morn,
Clad in a wint'ry Cloud,
And Clay-cold was her Lily Hand,
That held the ſable Shrowd.

So ſhall the faireſt Face appear,
When Youth and Years are flown;
Such is the Robe that Kings muſt wear,
When Death has reft their Crown.

Her Bloom was like the ſpringing Flow'r,
That ſips the ſilver Dew;
The Roſe was budded in her Cheek,
And op'ning to the View.

But Love had, like the Canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early Prime:
The Roſe grew pale, and left her Cheek,
She dy'd before her Time.

Awake, ſhe cry'd, thy true Love calls,
Come from her Midnight Grave;
Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,
Thy Love refus'd to ſave.

This is the mirk and fearful Hour,
When injur'd Ghoſts complain;
Now dreary Graves gives up their Dead,
To haunt the faithleſs Swain.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy Fault,
Thy Pledge and broken Oath,
And give me back my Maiden Vow,
And give me back my Troth.

How could you ſay my Face was fair,
And yet that Face forſake!
How could you win my Virgin Heart,
Yet leave that Heart to break!

How could you promiſe Love to me,
And not that Promiſe keep!
Why did you ſwear mine Eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe Eyes to weep!

How could you ſay my Lips were ſweet,
And made the Scarlet pale!
And why did I, young witleſs Maid,
Believe thy flatt'ring Tale!

That Face, alas! no more is fair,
Thoſe Lips no longer red;
Dark are mine Eyes, now cloſ'd in Death,
And ev'ry Charm is fled.

The hungry Worm my Siſter is,
This Winding-ſheet I wear;
And cold and weary laſts our Night,
'Till that laſt Morn appear.

But hark! the Cock has warn'd me hence:
A long and laſt Adieu!
Come ſee, falſe Man, how low ſhe lies,
That dy'd for Love of you.

Now Birds did ſing, and Morning ſmile,
And ſhew her gliſt'ring Head;
Pale *William* ſhook in ev'ry Limb,
Then, raving left his Bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place
Where *Marg'ret*'s Body lay,
And ſtretch'd him on the green Graſs Turf,
That wrapt her breathleſs Clay.

And thrice he call'd on *Marg'ret*'s Name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his Cheek to the cold Earth,
And Word ſpake never more.

SONG LXXVII.

APollo I will not implore,
For he in Fables deals;
And eke that Man I do abhor,
Who wrote the *Perſian Tales*.

Whoe'er, of *February* laſt,
Of *Flying-Poſt* the News ſaw,
Did read with Terror much aghaſt
The Monſter of *Raguſa*.

How *Proteus* left his wat'ry Couch,
The *Pagan* Poets tell;
He had more Shapes than *Scaramouch*,
And in the Deep did dwell.

Their *Proteus* and his Flock ſo fair,
Their *Neptune* and their *Triton*,
If with this Giant you compare,
Are Monſters you may ſh—on.

His Stature it is wond'rous high,
High as the Tow'r of *Babel*;
So that his Head propt up the Sky,
Is moſt high-ly probable.

On a Whale's Back he ſat full faſt,
A Dolphin was his Dog;
With Cable-Rope ty'd to a Maſt,
His Whale he oft did flog.

Beneath his Arms did Muſſles cling,
And Congers ſuck each Pap:
Behind his Buttocks hung two Ling,
That always went *flip-flap*.

Oyſters about him ſtuck like Warts,
Eels twiſted round his Tail,
Crabs clamber'd up his privy-Parts,
Which he crack'd on his Nail.

His very ſneezing ſhook the Shore,
He cough'd the Ground aſunder;
His Voice was like the Cannons Roar;
And he broke Wind like Thunder.

None did him ſee, that ſtood him near,
Or knew the Words he ſaid;
For few could ſee, and few could hear,
Since all the Folks were dead.

O Monſter! Monſter! who could know
The Words that from thee came?
Rome and *Jeruſalem* alſo
Both heard and told the ſame.

Much he of *Antichriſt* held forth,
And much of the *Pretender*;
Much of a Monarch in the *North*,
That once did lodge at *Bender*.

He talked of the King of *France*,
Of *Engliſh Whig* and *Tory*;
And how their Jars do much advance
Great-Britain's Pow'r and Glory!

The Pope's the Whore of *Babylon*,
The *Turk* he is a *Jew*;
The Chriſtian is an Infidel,
That ſitteth in a Pew.

And yet the Pope ſhall Chriſtian turn,
In Hopes of his Salvation.
Aſgill likewiſe, and *Toland* burn
At Stake for Revelation.

'Gainſt Paint and Play-houſes he ſpoke,
Hoop-petticoats and Tea,
And Vintners vile, that poiſon Folk,
And Snuff, and Sodomy.

This ſaid, he back to Sea did ſlip,
(But firſt eat fifty Muttons)
And of his Tail cock'd up the Tip,
Long as the Worm at *Button*'s.

O *Button!* do not advertiſe,
Nor thy huge Worm ſo brag on;
This Giant voided, of vaſt Size,
A mighty flying Dragon.

And tho' his Belly made great Roar,
And rais'd the Tempeſt louder,
'Tis ſaid he never knew *John Moor*,
Nor ſwallow'd his Worm-powder.

SONG LXXVIII.

AT *Wincheſter* was a Wedding,
The like was never ſeen,
'Twixt luſty *Ralph* of *Reading*,
And bonny black *Beſs* of the Green:
The Fiddlers were crowding before,
Each Laſs was as fine as a Queen:
There was a Hundred and more,
For all the whole Country came in;
Briſk *Robin* led *Roſe* ſo fair,
She look'd like a Lily of the Vale,
And ruddy-fac'd *Harry* led *Mary*,
And *Roger* led bouncing *Nell*.

With *Tommy* came ſmiling *Katy*,
He help'd her over the Stile,
And ſwore there was none ſo pretty,
In forty and forty long Mile:
Kit gave a green Gown to *Betty*,
And lent her his Hand to riſe;
But *Jenny* was jeer'd by *Watty*,
For looking blue under the Eyes:
Thus merrily chatting all,
They paſs to the Bride-houſe along,
With *Johny* and pretty fac'd *Nancy*,
The faireſt of all the Throng.

The Bridegroom came out to meet 'em,
Afraid the Dinner was ſpoil'd,
And uſher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
With bak'd, and roaſted, and boil'd.
The Lads were ſo frolick and jolly,
For each had his Love by his Side;
But *Willy* was melancholly,
For he had a Mind to the Bride:
Then *Philip* begins her Health,
And turns a Beer-glaſs on his Thumb,
But *Jenkin* was reckon'd for drinking,
The beſt in *Chriſtendom*.

And now they had din'd, advancing
Into the midſt of the Hall,
The Fiddlers ſtruck up for Dancing,
And *Jeremy* led up the Brawl;
But *Margaret* kept a Quarrel,
A Laſs that was proud of her Pelf,
'Cauſe *Arthur* had ſtolen her Garter,
And ſwore he would tie it himſelf:
She ſtruggl'd, and bluſh'd, and frown'd,
And ready with Anger to cry,
'Cauſe *Arthur* in tying her Garter,
Had ſlipt his Hand too high.

And now for throwing the Stocking,
The Bride away was led;
The Bridegroom got drunk, and was knocking
For Candles to light 'em to Bed:
But *Robin* finding him ſilly,
Moſt friendly took him aſide,
The while that his Wife with *Willy*
Was playing at Hooper's-hide:
And now the warm Game begins,
The critical Minute was come,
And Chatting, and Billing, and Kiſſing,
Went merrily round the Room.

Pert *Strephon* was kind to *Betty*,
And blithe as a Bird in the Spring;
And *Tommy* was ſo to *Katy*,
And wedded her with a Ruſh-Ring:
Sukie, that danc'd with the Cuſhion,
An Hour from the Room had been gone,
And *Barnaby* knew by her bluſhing,
That ſome other Dance had been done:
And thus of fifty fair Maids,
That came to the Wedding with Men,
Scarce five of the fifty were left ye,
That ſo did return again.

SONG LXXIX.

PEGGY in Devotion
Bred from tender Years,
From my loving Motion
Still was call'd to Pray'rs.

I made muckle Buſtle
Love's dear Fort to win;
But the Kirk Apoſtle
Told her 'twas a Sin.

Faſting and Repentance,
And ſuch whining Cant,
With the Domeſday Sentence,
Frighted my young Saint.

He taught her the Duty
Heav'nly Joys to know;
I, who lik'd her Beauty,
Taught her thoſe below.

Nature took my Part ſtill,
Senſe did Reaſon blind,
That, for all his Art ſtill,
She to me inclin'd.

Strange Delights hereafter
Did ſo dull appear,
She, as I had taught her,
Vow'd to ſhare 'em here.

Faith 'tis worth your Laughter,
'Mong'ſt the canting Race,
Neither Son nor Daughter
Ever yet had Grace.

Peggy on the *Sunday*
With her Daddy vext,
Came to me on *Monday*,
And forgot his Text.

SONG LXXX.

GEntle Love, this Hour befriend me,
To my Eyes reſign thy Dart;
Notes of melting Muſick lend me,
To diſſolve a frozen Heart.

Chill as Mountain Snow her Boſom,
Tho' I tender Language uſe;
'Tis by cold Indiff'rence frozen
To my Arms, and to my Muſe.

See my dying Eyes are pleading
Where a broken Heart appears,
For thy Pity interceding
With the Eloquence of Tears.

While the Lamp of Life is fading,
And beneath thy Coldneſs dies,
Death, my ebbing Pulſe invading,
Take my Soul into thy Eyes.

SONG LXXXI.

IT is not *Celia*, in our Pow'r
To ſay how long our Love will laſt;
It may be we, within this Hour,
May loſe thoſe Joys we now do taſte:
The bleſſed that immortal be,
From Change of Love are only free.

Then, ſince we mortal Lovers are,
Ask not how long our Love will laſt;
But while it does, let us take care
Each Minute be with pleaſure paſt:
Were it not Madneſs to deny
To live, becauſe we're ſure to die.

Fear not, tho' Love and Beauty fail,
My Reaſon ſhall my Heart direct;
Your Kindneſs now ſhall then prevail,
And Paſſion turn into Reſpect;

Celia, at worſt, you'll in the End
But change a Lover for a Friend.

SONG LXXXII.

SMooth was the Water, calm the Air,
The Evening Sun depreſt,
Lawyers diſmiſs'd the noiſy Bar,
The Labourer at reſt,
When *Strephon* with his charming Fair,
Croſs'd the proud River *Thames*,
And to a Garden did repair,
To quench their mutual Flames.

The crafty Waiter ſoon eſpy'd
Youth ſparkling in her Eyes:
He brought no Ham, no Neat-Tongues dry'd,
But Cream and Strawberries.
The am'rous *Strephon* ask'd the Maid,
What's whiter than this Cream?
She bluſh'd, and could not tell, ſhe ſaid:
Thy Teeth, my pretty Lamb.

What's redder than theſe Berries are?
I know not, ſhe reply'd;
Thoſe Lips which I'll no longer ſpare,
The burning Shepherd cry'd.
And ſtraight began to hug her:
This Kiſs, my Dear,
Is ſweeter far
Than Strawberries, Cream, and Sugar.

SONG LXXXIII.

WHile the Lover is thinking,
With my Friend I'll be drinking,
And with Vigour purſue my Delight;
While the Fool is deſigning
His fatal Confining
With *Bacchus* I'll ſpend the whole Night,

With the God I'll be jolly,
Without Madneſs and Folly,
Fickle Woman to marry implore;
Leave my Bottle and Friend
For ſo fooliſh an End!
When I do, may I never drink more.

SONG LXXXIV. *A Soldier and a Sailor.*

A *Dean* and *Prebendary*
Had late a new Vagary,
And were at doubtful Strife, Sir,
Who led a better Life, Sir,
And was the better Man,
And was the better Man.

The *Dean* he ſaid that truly,
Since *Bluff* was ſo unruly,
He'd prove it to his Face, Sir,
That he had the moſt Grace, Sir,
And ſo the Fight began, &c.

Then *Preb.* reply'd like Thunder,
And roar'd out, 'twas no Wonder,
Since Gods the *Dean* had three, Sir,
And more by two than he, Sir,
For he had got but one, &c.

Now whilſt theſe two were raging,
And in Diſputes engaging,
The Maſter of the *Charter*
Said both had caught a *Tartar*,
For Gods, Sir, there were none, &c.

That all the Books of *Moſes*
Were nothing but Suppoſes;
That he deſerv'd Rebuke, Sir,
Who wrote the *Pentateuch*, Sir,
'Twas nothing but a Sham, &c.

That as for Father *Adam*,
And Mrs. *Eve*, his Madam,

'And what the Serpent ſpoke, Sir,
Twas nothing but a Joke, Sir,
And well invented Flam, &c.

Thus in this Battle-royal,
As none would take Denial,
The Dame for which they ſtrove, Sir,
Could neither of them love, Sir,
She therefore ſlily waiting,
Left all three Fools a-prating,
And being in a Fright, Sir,
Religion took her Flight, Sir,
And ne'er was heard of ſince, &c.

SONG LXXXV.

FAIR *Iris* and her Swain
Were in a ſhady Bower,
Where *Thryſis* long, in vain
Had ſought the happy Hour!
At length his Hand advancing
Upon her ſnowy Breaſt,
He ſaid, O kiſs me longer,
If you will make me bleſt.

Ir. An eaſy yielding Maid
By truſting is undone;
Our Sex is oft betray'd
By granting Love too ſoon:
If you deſire to gain me,
Your Sufferings to redreſs,
Prepare to love me longer yet, and longer,
Before you ſhall poſſeſs.

Th. The little Care you ſhow
Of all my Sorrows paſt,
Makes Death appear too ſlow,
And Life too long to laſt:

Fair *Iris* kiſs me kindly,
In Pity of my Fate,
And kindly ſtill, and kindly ſtill,
Before it be too late.

Ir. You fondly court your Bliſs,
And no Advantage make;
'Tis not for Maids to give,
But 'tis for Men to take:
So you may kiſs me kindly,
And kindly ſtill, and kindly,
But do not kiſs and tell,
No never kiſs and tell.

Th. And may I kiſs you kindly?
Ir. Yes, you may kiſs me kindly.
Th. And kindly ſtill, and kindly?
Ir. And kindly ſtill, and kindly.
Th. And will you not rebel?
Ir. And I will not rebel:
But do not kiſs and tell.
But do not kiſs and tell.
Th. No, no, I'll never kiſs and tell.
No, no, I'll never kiſs and tell.

Both. Thus at the Height we love and live,
And fear not to be poor:
We give and we give, we give and we give,
'Till we can give no more:
But what the Day will take away
To Morrow will reſtore.
But what, &c.

SONG LXXXVI.

W. TO me you made a Thouſand Vows,
A Thouſand tender Things you've ſaid;
I gave you all that Love allows;
The Pleaſures of the nuptial Bed:

But now my Eyes have loſt their Charms,
Or you abate in your Deſire;
You wiſh another in your Arms,
And burn with an unhallow'd Fire.

H. That charming *Celia* I admire
I muſt with Pleaſure own is true;
But had I ten times the Deſire,
How would the Paſſion injure you?

W. Love is a ſacred Tree of Life,
That up to Heav'n its Branches rears;
But Admiration's but the Leaf,
Enjoyment is the Fruit it bears.

H. Thus, while you raiſe a vain Diſpute,
Your Paſſion but it ſelf deceives,
While you yourſelf have all the Fruit,
Why need you envy me the Leaves?

Both. Away then all Fondneſs, I find 'tis in vain
For Wives, when neglected, to ſigh and complain,
We raiſe the looſe Wiſhes we ſtrive to reſtrain.
'Tis a Folly to whine, to languiſh and grieve,
Let us rather endeavour ourſelves to deceive;
What we wiſh to be true, Love bids us believe.
Time, Reaſon, or Change, at laſt will relieve;
'Tis a Folly to whine, to languiſh and grieve.

SONG LXXXVII.

A POX on the Times,
Let 'em go as they will,
Tho' the Taxes are grown ſo heavy,
Our Hearts are our own,
And ſhall be ſo ſtill,
Drink about, my Boys, and be merry.

Let no Man deſpair,
But drive away Care,

And drown all our Sorrow with Claret:
We'll never repine,
So they give us good Wine,
Let 'em take all our Droſs, we can ſpare it.

We value not Chink,
Unleſs to buy Drink,
Or purchaſe us innocent Pleaſure;
When 'tis gone, we ne'er fret,
So we Liquor can get,
For Mirth of itſelf is a Treaſure.

No Miſer can be
So happy as we,
Tho' compaſs'd with Riches he wallow;
Day and Night he's in Fear,
And ne'er without Care,
While nothing diſturbs the good Fellow.

Come fill up the Glaſs,
And round let it paſs,
For Nature doth *Vacuums* decline;
Drown the ſpruce formal Aſs,
That's afraid of his Face,
We'll drink till our Noſes do *Phœbus* outſhine:

While we've Plenty of this
We can ne'er do amiſs,
'Tis an Antidote 'gainſt our Ruin;
And the Lad that drinks moſt,
With Honour may boaſt,
He fears neither Death nor Undoing.

SONG LXXXVIII.

'TWAS Fancy firſt made *Cælia* fair,
'Twas Fancy gave her Shape and Air;
It robb'd the Sun, ſtript ev'ry Star
Of Beauties to beſtow on her;

But now my Eyes have loſt their Charms,
Or you abate in your Deſire;
You wiſh another in your Arms,
And burn with an unhallow'd Fire.

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SONG LXXXVIII.

'TWAS Fancy firſt made *Cælia* fair,
'Twas Fancy gave her Shape and Air;
It robb'd the Sun, ſtript ev'ry Star
Of Beauties to beſtow on her;

And when it had the Goddeſs made,
Down it fell, and worſhipped,
Creator firſt, and then a Creature;
Narciſſus, and a Pail of Water.

SONG LXXXIX.

SIlvia, methinks you are unfit
For your great Lord's Embrace;
For tho' we all allow your Wit,
We can't a handſome Face.
Then where's the Pleaſure, where's the Good,
Of ſpending Time and Coſt?
For if your Wit ben't underſtood,
Your Keeper's Bliſs is loſt.

SONG XC.

WHAT art thou, Love! whence are thoſe Charms!
That thus thou bear'ſt an univerſal Rule?
For thee the Soldier quits his Arms,
The King turns Slave, the wiſe Man Fool.

In vain we chaſe thee from the Field,
And with cool Thoughts reſiſt thy Yoke;
Next Tide of Blood, alas! we yield,
And all thoſe high Reſolves are broke.

In vain our Nature we accuſe,
And doat becauſe ſhe ſays we muſt:
This for a Brute were an Excuſe,
Whoſe very Soul and Life is Luſt.

To get our Likeneſs, what is that?
Our Likeneſs is but Miſery:
Why ſhould I toil to propagate
Another thing as vile as I?

From Hands divine our Spirit came,
And God that made us did inſpire
Something more noble in our Frame,
Above the Dregs of earthly Fire.

SONG XCI.

THE Danger is over, the Battle is paſt,
The Nymph had her Fears, but ſhe ventur'd at laſt:
She try'd the Encounter, and when it was done,
She ſmil'd at her Folly, and own ſhe had won.

By her Eyes we diſcover the Bride has been pleas'd,
Her Bluſhes become her, her Paſſion is eas'd;
She diſſemblies her Joy, and affects to look down,
She ſighs, 'tis for Sorrow 'tis ended ſo ſoon.

Appear all ye Virgins, both aged and young,
And you that have carry'd that Burthen too long,
Who've loſt precious Time, and you who are loſing,
Betray'd by your Fears 'twixt doubting and chuſing,
Draw near, and learn what will ſettle your Mind,
You'll find yourſelves happy, when once you are kind;
Do but wiſely reſolve the ſweet Venture to run,
The Loſs will be little, and much to be won.

SONG XCII.

WERE I to chuſe the greateſt Bliſs
That e'er in Love was known,
'Twould be the higheſt of my Wiſh,
T'enjoy her Heart alone!

Kings might poſſeſs their Kingdoms free,
And crowns unenvy'd wear,
They ſhould no Rival have of me,
Might I reign Monarch there:

Hear *Cynthia*, hear the gentle Air
But whiſper out my Love,
And prove but half ſo kind as fair,
My Sorrow you'll remove:

Cynthia, Oh! let us happy be,
Unite our Hearts in Love,
I'd change not ſuch Felicity
For all the Joys above.

SONG XCIII.

THE wakeful Nightingale that takes no Reſt,
While *Cupid* warms his little Breaſt;
All Night how ſweetly he complains,
And makes us fear that Love has Pains:
No, no, no, no, 'tis no ſuch thing,
For Love that makes him wakeful, makes him ſing.

SONG XCIV.

FLY from *Olinda*, young and fair,
Fly from her ſoft engaging Air,
All Wit, in Woman found ſo rare:

Altho' her Looks to Love adviſe,
Her yet unconquer'd Heart denies,
And breaks the Promiſe of her Eyes.

SONG XCV.

OBſerve the num'rous Stars which grace
The fair expanded Skies,
So many Charms has *Lesbia*'s Face,
A thouſand more her Eyes.

Whene'er the beauteous Maid appears,
We cannot but admire;
But when ſhe ſpeaks, ſhe charms our Ears,
And ſets our Souls on fire.

What Pity 'tis, a Creature,
By Nature form'd ſo fair,
Divine in ev'ry Feature,
Should give Mankind Deſpair.

She gazes all around her,
And gains a thouſand Hearts;
But *Cupid* cannot wound her,
For ſhe has all his Darts.

SONG XCVI.

FLAVIA's Eyes, like Fires ſuppreſs'd,
More fiercely flame again,
Nor can her Beauty be decreas'd,
Or alter'd by her Pain.

Thoſe various Charms which round her play,
And do her Face adorn,
Still as they ripen, fall away,
Freſh Beauties ſtill are born.

So doth it with the Lovers fare,
Who do the Dame adore;
One Fit of Love kill'd by Deſpair,
Another rages more.

SONG XCVII.

SAY, lovely *Sylvia*, lew'd and fair,
Venus in Face and Mind,
Why muſt not I that Bounty ſhare
You pour on all Mankind?

That Sun that ſhines promiſcuouſly
On Prince and Porter's Head,
Why muſt it now leave only me
To languiſh in the Shade?

In vain you cry, you'll ſin no more,
In vain you pray and faſt;
You'll ne'er perſuade us, 'till threeſcore,
That *Sylvia* can be chaſte.

When thus affectedly you cant,
You're ſuch a young Beginner,
You make at beſt an aukward Saint,
That are a charming Sinner.

SONG XCVIII.

WHilſt the Town's brim-full of Folly,
And runs gadding after *Polly*,
Let us take a chearful Glaſs;
Tell me, *Damon*, where's the Pleaſure,
Of beſtowing Time and Treaſure,
For to make one's ſelf an Aſs?

I'm for Joys are leſs expenſive,
Where the Pleaſure's more extenſive,
And from dull Attention free;
Where my *Cælia* o'er a Bottle,
Can, when tir'd with am'rous Prattle,
Sing old Songs as well as ſhe.

SONG XCIX.

FReedom is a real Treaſure,
Love a Dream, all falſe and vain,
Short, uncertain is the Pleaſure,
Sure and laſting is the Pain.

A ſincere and tender Paſſion
Some ill Planet over-rules;
Ah, how blind is Inclination!
Fate and Women doat on Fools.

SONG C.

SO num'rous *Flavia*'s Charms appear,
As may her Form diſplay
In all the Dreſſes of the Year,
And Beauties of the Day.

Calm and ſerene like *Spring*, her Air;
Like *Autumn*, ſoft her Mold;
Her Face, like *Summer*, blooming fair;
Her Heart, like *Winter*, cold.

Her Boſom, *Cynthia*'s full orb'd Light;
Her Cheeks *Noon*'s Rays adorn;
Her Treſſes ſhew the falling *Night*;
Her Eyes, the riſing *Morn*.

SONG CI.

TO love and to languiſh,
To ſigh and complain,
How killing's the Anguiſh,
How tormenting the Pain!
Suing,
Purſuing,
Flying,
Denying,
O the Curſe of Diſdain,
How tormenting the Pain!
To love, &c.

SONG CII.

AH! bright *Belinda*, hither fly,
And ſuch a Light diſcover,
As may the abſent Sun ſupply,
And chear the drooping Lover.

Aiſe, my Day, with Speed ariſe,
And all my Sorrows baniſh;
Before the Sun of thy bright Eyes
All gloomy Terrors vaniſh.

No longer let me ſigh in vain,
And curſe the hoarded Treaſure:
Why ſhould you love to give us Pain,
When you were made for Pleaſure.

The petty Pow'rs of Hell deſtroy,
To ſave's the Pride of Heaven;
To you the firſt, if you prove coy,
If kind, the laſt is given.

The Choice then ſure's not hard to make
Betwixt the Good and Evil;
Which Title had you rather take,
My Goddeſs, or my Devil?

SONG CIII.

I Burn, my Brain conſumes to Aſhes:
Each Eye-ball too like Lightning flaſhes,
Within my Breaſt there glows a ſolid Fire,
Which in a thouſand Ages can't expire.

Blow the Winds, great Ruler blow;
Bring the *Po* and the *Ganges* hither,
'Tis ſultry Weather.
Pour them all on my Soul,
It will hiſs like a Coal,
But never be the cooler.

'Twas Pride hot as Hell
That firſt made me rebel;
From Love's awful Throne a curs'd Angel I fell:
And mourn now my Fate,
Which myſelf did create,
Fool, Fool, that conſider'd not when I was well.

Adieu, tranſporting Joys;
Off, ye vain fantaſtick Toys,
That dreſs their Face and Body to allure.
Bring me Daggers, Poiſon, Fire,
Since Scorn is turn'd into Deſire,
All Hell feels not the Rage which I, poor I, endure.

SONG CIV.

LOVE, the Sweets of Love,
Are the Joys I muſt admire,
Kind and active Fire
Of a fierce Deſire,
Indulge my Soul, compleat my Bliſs:
But th' affected Coldneſs
Of *Celia* damps my Boldneſs;
I muſt bow
Proteſt and vow,

And ſwear aloud,
I wou'd be proud,
When ſhe with equal Ardour longs to kiſs.

Bring a Bowl, then bring a jolly Bowl,
I'll quench fond Love within it,
With flowing Cups I'll raiſe my Soul,
And here's to the happy Minute;
For fluſh'd with brisk Wine,
When ſhe's panting and warm,
And Nature unguarded, lets looſe her Mind,
In the amorous Moment the Gypſie I'll find,
Oblige her, and take her by Storm.

SONG CV.

SWAIN, thy hopeleſs Paſſion ſmother,
Perjur'd *Celia* loves another;
In his Arms I ſaw her lying,
Panting kiſſing, trembling, dying;
There the fair Deceiver ſwore,
As ſhe had done to you before.

Oh! ſaid you, when ſhe deceives me,
When that conſtant Creature leaves me,
Iſis' Waters back ſhall fly,
And leave their oozy Channels dry,
Turn, ye Waters, leave your Shore,
For perjur'd *Celia* loves no more.

SONG CVI.

A Maxim this, amongſt the Wiſe,
That Abſence cures a Love-ſick Mind:
And others who philoſophize,
Gravely pronounce, *That Love is blind.*
Alas! too well do Lovers ſee,
And ſeparated beſt agree.

Baniſh me from *Belinda*'s Sight,
Or the fond Maid far hence remove:
Our Bodies part, our Souls unite,
The more we grieve, the more we love.
Believe the Youth you wrongly blame,
Abſence adds Fuel to the Flame.

Between us burning Deſarts place,
Or trackleſs Mountains hid in Snow:
Or let the wide unfathom'd Space
Of roaring Seas between us flow:
Place, or not place them, 'tis all one,
Empires have Bounds, but Love has none.

Secure us, if you can ſecure,
On diſtant Rocks, in Tow'rs of Braſs:
When faithful Lovers moſt endure,
Still moſt improv'd their Minutes paſs.
Impriſon her, impriſon me,
In ſpite of Priſons, Thought is free.

Ceaſe then your idle cruel Arts,
Recal your harſh Command:
A Deſtiny rules over Hearts,
And who can Deſtiny withſtand?
In vain, alas! is human Skill:
Love will be Love, do what you will.

SONG CVII.

ARCH *Cupid* gathering a Roſe,
Awak'd a Bee from her Repoſe;
The Bee provok'd, his Finger gor'd,
He ran, and to his Mother roar'd.

Undone; ah, Mother! I'm undone,
By a ſmall Serpent rudely ſtung:
A thing with Wings they call a Bee,
A naughty Bee has ſlain your Son:
See, ſee the Wound, O Mother, ſee.

The Goddeſs then embrac'd the Lad,
She ſooth'd his Pain, and ſmiling ſaid:

The Anguiſh from ſo ſmall a Dart
Is not like that which Lovers feel;
Each Lover feels thy pointed Steel,
Not in his Finger, but his Heart.

SONG CVIII.

IN vain by Parallels you ſtrive
Panthæa's Eyes to praiſe;
Perfection, which we can't conceive,
It ſelf alone diſplays.

Gaze on them only, if you'd know
What dazling Rays they dart;
But if what piercing Darts they throw,
Then view my wounded Heart.

SONG CIX.

WHEN love-ſick *Mars*, the God of Wars,
Sat ſighing in a Shade,
The willing, willing Goddeſs bath'd
Thoſe Wounds herſelf had made.

All Rapture he, all charming ſhe,
Gave Kiſs for ev'ry Scar;
Thus raviſh'd he with the Deity,
Swore Love was the nobler War.

Thus fighting he would for ever die,
Melting in *Celia*'s Arms,
And pawn an Immortality
For her diviner Charms.

SONG CX.

TELL me, *Hamilla*, tell me why,
Thou do'ſt from him that loves thee run?
Why from his ſoft Embraces fly,
And all his kind Endearments ſhun?

So flies the Fawn with Fear oppreſt,
Seeking its Mother ev'ry where;
It ſtarts at ev'ry empty Blaſt,
And trembles when no Danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in View,
To gaze the Glories of thy Face;
Nor with a hateful Step purſue,
As Age, to riſle ev'ry Grace.

Ceaſe then, dear Wildneſs, ceaſe to toy,
But haſte all Rivals to out-ſhine,
And grown mature, and ripe for Joy,
Leave Mamma's Arms, and come to mine.

SONG CXI.

IF ſhe be not kind as fair,
But peeviſh and unhandy,
Leave her, ſhe's only worth the Care
Of ſome ſpruce Jack-a-dandy.

I would not have thee ſuch an Aſs,
Had'ſt thou ne'er ſo much Leiſure,
To ſigh and whine for ſuch a Laſs
Whoſe Pride's above her Pleaſure.

SONG CXII.

SOME hoiſt up Fortune to the Skies,
Others debaſe her to a Bubble:
I nor her Frowns nor Favours prize,
Nor think the Chang'ling worth my Trouble.

If at my Door ſhe chance to light,
I civilly my Gueſt receive:
The Viſit paid, I bid good Night;
Nor murmur when ſhe takes her Leave.

Tho' proſp'rous Gales my Canvaſs crowd,
Tho' ſmooth the Waves, ſerene the Sky,
I truſt not Calms, they Storms forebode,
And ſpeak th' approaching Tempeſt nigh.

Then, *Virtue*, to the Helm repair,
Thou, *Innocence*, ſhalt guide the Oar;
Now rage, ye Winds, Storms, rend the Air,
My Bark, thus mann'd, ſhall gain the Shore.

SONG CXIII.

PRithee Friend, leave off thy Thinking,
Caſt thy Cares and Love away;
Troubles ſtill are drown'd in Drinking,
Do not, do not then delay;
Bacchus cares not for thy Will,
But will have us drinking ſtill.

Do but view this Glaſs of Claret,
How invitingly it looks;
Drink it quickly, or you'll marr it,
Pox of Fighting, or of Books:
Let us have good Store of Wine,
Hang him then that does repine.

Call the Drawer, bid him fill it,
As full as ever it can hold:
O take heed you do not ſpill it,
'Tis more precious far than Gold;
Let us drink, and then 'twill prove,
Drink is better Sport than Love.

SONG CXIV.

COME follow, follow me,
Ye Fairy Elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the Green;
Come follow *Mab* your Queen:
Hand in Hand we'll dance around,
For this Place is Fairy Ground.

When Mortals are at reſt,
And ſnoring in their Neſt;

Unheard and unespy'd,
Thro' Key-holes we glide,
Over Tables, Stools and Shelves,
We trip it with our Fairy Elves.

And if the House be foul,
With Platter, Dish, or Bowl,
Up Stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the Sluts asleep;
Then we pinch their Arms and Thighs:
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the House be swept,
And from Uncleanness kept,
We praise the Houshold Maid,
And surely she is paid:
Every Night before we go,
We drop a Testor in her Shoe.

Then o'er a Mushroom's Head
Our Table-cloath we spread,
A Grain of Rye or Wheat,
The Diet that we eat;
Pearl Drops of Dew we drink,
In Acorn Cups fill'd to the Brink.

The Brains of Nightingales,
With unctuous Fat of Snails,
Between two Cockles stew'd,
Is Meat that's eas'ly chew'd,
And Brains of Worms, and Marrow of Mice,
Do make a Feast that's wondrous nice.

The Grashopper, Gnat and Fly,
Serve for our Minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the Time beguile;
But if the Moon doth hide her Head,
The Glow-worm lights us home to Bed.

O'er Tops of dewy Graſs
So nimbly we do paſs,
The young and tender Stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the Morning may be ſeen
Where we the Night before have been.

SONG CXV.

AS *Celia* in her Garden ſtray'd,
Secure, nor dreamt of Harm,
A Bee approach'd the lovely Maid,
And reſted on her Arm,

The curious Inſect thither flew,
To taſte the tempting Bloom;
But, with a Thouſand Sweets in View,
It found a ſudden Doom.

Her nimble Hand of Life bereav'd
The darling little Thing,
But firſt the ſnowy Arm receiv'd,
And felt the painful Sting.

Once only could that Sting ſurprize,
Once be injurious found:
Not ſo the Darts of *Celia*'s Eyes,
They never ceaſe to wound.

Oh! wou'd the ſhort-liv'd burning Smart
The Nymph to Pity move,
And teach her to regard the Heart
She fires with endleſs Love!

SONG CXVI.

GEntle Zephyrs, ſilent Glades,
Purling Streams, and cooling Shades,
Senſes pleaſing,
Pains appeaſing,
Love each tender Breaſt invades.

Here the Graces Beauties bring,
Here the warbling Choiriſts ſing;
Love inſpiring,
All deſiring
To adorn the infant Spring.

Here behold the am'rous Swains,
Free from Anguiſh, free from Pains;
Nymphs complying,
Cares defying,
Venus ſmiling glads the Plains.

Let us not, too charming Fair,
Be the only hapleſs Pair:
O relieve me!
Ceaſe to grieve me;
Eaſe your anxious Lover's Care.

Kindly here indulge my Love;
'Tis, my Dear, no tattling Grove,
Not revealing,
But concealing;
All to Love propitious prove.

In thy Air and charming Face
Dwells an irreſiſtleſs Grace,
Ever charming,
Love alarming,
To purſue the bliſsful Chaſe.

Let me touch this panting Breaſt;
Here for ever let me reſt,
Bliſs enjoying,
Never cloying,
Ever loving, ever bleſt.

SONG CXVII.

YE Sons of the Platter, give Ear,
Venter habet Aures, they ſay,
The Praiſe of good Eating to hear,
You'll never be out of the Way,

But with Knives ſharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
Stand ready to cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean,
Thro' Fat and thro' Lean,
Stand ready to cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean.

The Science of Eating is old,
Its Antiquity no Man can doubt:
Tho' *Adam* was ſqueamiſh, we're told,
Eve ſoon found a dainty Bit out.
Then with Knives ſharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
Our Paſſage let's cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.

Thro' the World from the Weſt to the Eaſt,
Whither City or Country, or Court,
There's none, whether Layman or Prieſt,
But with Pleaſure confeſſes the Sport;
When with Knives ſharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
Their Paſſage they cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.

At fair *London* the chief Magiſtrate,
From a Sermon at holy St. *Paul*,
Strait rides in a great Coach of State
To a Dinner at *Fiſhmongers* Hall;
Where with Knife ſharp as Razor, and Stomach as keen,
His Paſſage he cuts thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.

There come Aldermen wrapt up in Fur,
And Sword-bearer too at that Call;
Or how were he able to bear
The Sword——and the Scabbard all?
There with Knives ſharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
Their Paſſage they cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c,

Common-Council, and Livery-Men,
The Rulers of every Street,
There come to cut and come again;
A Magiſtrate lives but to eat.
Then with Knives ſharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
Their Paſſage they cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean.

At the Sound of the good College-Bell,
On a Gawday the Doctors deſcend,
With a Grace all in *Latin*, to tell
The Founder to Eating a Friend.
Then with Knives ſharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
Our Paſſage let's cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.

At the Horn's moſt untuneable Notes
The Judges repleniſh their Maw,
And with Napkins tuck'd up to their Throats,
Shew good Eating's according to Law.
Then with Knives ſharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
Their Paſſage they cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.

At the Knock at the Buttery-Hatch,
The roſy-gill'd Chaplain comes down;
And my Lord himſelf makes ſuch Diſpatch,
That his Gout at that Sound is quite flown.
Then with Knives ſharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
Their Paſſage they cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.

Neither Horns, neither Knockers, nor Bells
Hath the Plowman to give him his Cue:
His Stomach his Dinner-time tells,
And he whets his Caſe-Knife on his Shoe;
Then with Edge ſharp as Razor, and Stomach as keen,
His Paſſage he cuts thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.

The Squire makes the Chaſe all his Care,
O'er Hills and thro' Valleys his Courſe;
And after a Whet of freſh Air,
He as hungry returns, as his Horſe;
Then with Knife ſharp as Razor, and Stomach as keen,
His Paſſage he cuts thro' Fat and thro' Lean. &c.

Here the Doctor, the Lawyer, Divine,
The Courtier, the Tradeſman, all meet:
Their Care and their Toil is *to Dine*;
——'Tis all —— to be able to Eat;
Then with Knives ſharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
Our Paſſage let's cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.

A Feaſt is an Emblem of Life,
Where no ſooner we taſte, but we're gone;
Few can ſay, I have play'd a good Knife,
Few or None, Life's ſo ſhort, Few or None.
Then with Knives ſharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
Our Paſſage let's cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean;
Thro' Fat and thro' Lean,
Our Paſſage let's cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean.

SONG CXVIII.

WHO wou'd not gaze away his Heart
On *Mariana*'s Eyes,
Did not her high and juſt Diſdain
The bold Delight chaſtiſe?

Mirth and Joy ſhe ſpreads around,
Like the Sun's chearful Light,
When his returning Beams deſtroy
The Empire of the Night.

Her Beauty with Amazement ſtrikes,
(If with no more) the old;
Her Virtue tempers with Deſpair
The youthful and the bold.

Her Goodneſs ſo diſarms her Wit
Of the offenſive Part,
Whilſt others only charm the Ear,
She ſteals the very Heart.

Let us no more defame the Fair,
But learn to praiſe again;
Bright *Mariana*'s Worth demands
A new and nobler Strain.

So to the feather'd Kind the Spring
Reſtores their wonted Voice;
On ev'ry Bough they ſit and ſing,
And court their new-made Choice.

SONG CXIX.

COME Beaus, Virtuſo's, rich Heirs, and Muſicians,
Away, and in Troops to the *Jubilee* jog;
Leave Diſcord and Death to the College Phyſicians,
Let the Vig'rous whore on, and the Impotent flog:
Already *Rome* opens her Arms to receive ye,
And of ev'ry Tranſgreſſion her Lord will forgive ye.

Indulgences, Pardons, and ſuch holy Lumber,
As cheap are there now as our Cabbages grown;
Whilſt muſty old Relicks of Saints without Number,
For barely the looking upon ſhall be ſhown:
Theſe, were you an Atheiſt, wou'd needs overcome ye,
That firſt were made Martyrs, and afterwards Mummy.

hey'll ſhew ye the River ſo ſung by the Poet,
With the Rock from whence Mortals were knock'd on the Head:

They'll ſhew ye the Place too, as ſome will avow it,
Where once a She-Pope was brought fairly to Bed:
For which, ever ſince, to prevent Interloping,
In a Chair her Succeſſors ſtill ſuffer a Groping.
What a Sight 'tis to ſee the gay Idol accouter'd
With Mitre and Cope, and two Keys by his Side.
Be his Inſide what 'twill, yet the Pomp of his outward
Shew *Servus Servorum* no Hater of Pride.
Thoſe Keys into Heaven will as ſurely admit ye,
As the Clerk's of a Pariſh to a Pew in the City.
What a Sight 'tis to ſee the Old Man in Proceſſion,
Thro' *Rome*, in ſuch Pomp as her *Cæſars* did ride!
Here ſcatt'ring her Pardons, there croſſing and bleſſing,
With all his ſhav'd ſpiritual Train-band by his Side,
As Confeſſors, Cardinals, Monks fat as Bacons,
From rev'rend Arch-biſhops, to roſie Arch-deacons.
There, for your Diverſion, the more to regale ye,
Fine Muſick you'll hear, and high dancing you'll ſee;
Men who much ſhall out-warble your am'rous *Fideli*,
And make you meer Fools of *Ballon* and *L'Abbee:*
And to ſhew you how fond they're to kiſs *Voſtras Manus*,
Each *Padre* turns Pimp, and all Nuns *Courteza-na's*.
And when you've ſome Months at old *Babylon* been-a,
And on Panders and Punks all your Rhino is ſpent;

And when you've ſeen all that's there to be ſeen a,
You'll return, not ſo rich, tho' as wiſe as you went:
And 'twill be but ſmall Comfort, after ſo much Expence-a,
That your Heirs will do ſo juſt a Hundred Years hence-a.

SONG CXX.

ON the Brow of *Richmond* Hill,
Which *Europe* ſcarce can parallel,
Every Eye ſuch Wonders fill,
To view the Proſpect round;
Where the ſilver *Thames* does glide,
And ſtately Courts are edify'd,
Meadows deck'd in Summer's Pride,
With verdant Beauties crown'd.

Lovely *Cynthia* paſſing by,
With brighter Glories bleſt my Eye;
Ah! then in vain, in vain, ſaid I,
The Fields and Flow'rs do ſhine;
Nature in this charming Place
Created Pleaſure in Exceſs;
But all are poor to *Cynthia*'s Face,
Whoſe Features are divine.

SONG CXXI.

STILL, *Chloe*, ply thy courtly Art,
Touch and retouch thy Face,
'Till the coſmetick Pow'rs impart
A Bloom to ev'ry Grace.

What tho' the home-bred Country Maid
To modeſt Rules a Slave,
Diſdains all Uſe of White and Red,
But what plain Nature gave;

Yet if to vie with thee ſhe dare,
Whoe'er the Umpire be,
He muſt be blind, or muſt refer
The Palm entire to thee.

For whilſt her aukward Cheeks diſplay
Pale Rage, or bluſhing Shame,
No Change thy ſteady Looks betray,
They always ſhine the ſame.

SONG CXXII.

WInter thy Cruelty extend,
Till fatal Tempeſts ſwell the Sea,
In vain let ſinking Pilots pray;
Beneath thy Yoke let Nature bend:
Let piercing Froſt, and laſting Snow,
Thro' Woods and Fields Deſtruction ſow!

Yet we, unmov'd, will ſit and ſmile,
While you theſe leſſer ills create,
Theſe we can bear! but gentle Fate,
And thou bleſt Genius of our Iſle,
From Winter's Rage defend her Voice,
At which the liſt'ning Gods rejoice.

May that celeſtial Sound each Day
With Extaſy tranſport our Souls,
Whilſt all our Paſſions it controuls,
And kindly drives our Care away;
Let no ungentle Cold deſtroy
All Taſte we have of heav'nly Joy.

SONG CXXIII.

FROM *White*'s and *Will*'s
To purling Rills
The love-ſick *Strephon* flies;
There full of Woe,
His Numbers flow,
And all in Rhyme he dies.

The fair Coquet,
With feign'd Regret,
Invites him back to Town;
But when in Tears
The Youth appears,
She meets him with a Frown.

Full oft the Maid
This Prank had play'd,
Till angry *Strephon* ſwore,
And what is ſtrange,
Tho' loath to change,
Wou'd never ſee her more.

SONG CXXIV.

IN vain you tell your parting Lover
You wiſh fair Winds may waft him over;
Alas! what Winds can happy prove
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what Dangers on the Main
Can equal thoſe that I ſuſtain
From ſlighted Vows and cold Diſdain?

Be gentle, and in Pity chuſe
To wiſh the wildeſt Tempeſt looſe,
That, thrown again upon the Coaſt
Where firſt my ſhipwreck'd Heart was loſt,
I may once more repeat my Pain,
Once more in dying Notes complain
Of ſlighted Vows and cold Diſdain.

SONG CXXV.

WHY cruel Creature, why ſo bent
To vex a tender Heart?
To Gold and Title you relent,
Love throws in vain his Dart.

Let glitt'ring Fools in Courts be great,
For Pay let Armies move;
Beauty ſhou'd have no other Bait
But gentle Vows and Love.

If on thoſe endleſs Charms you lay
The Value that's their Due,
Kings are themſelves too poor to pay,
A Thouſand Worlds too few.

But if a Paſſion without Vice,
Without Diſguiſe or Art,
Ah *Cælia!* if true Love's your Price,
Behold it in my Heart.

SONG CXXVI.

SOME liken Man to brittle Glaſs,
Some to a burning Taper,
To Garden Flow'rs, or Meadow Graſs,
Or to a riſing Vapour.

But doubtleſs Beer in Barrel tunn'd,
Or cloſe in Bottle pent,
Does human Life thro' all its Round
Moſt clearly repreſent.

The Infant Drink will driv'ling doſe,
And cry like Child in Cradle;
You muſt let neither lie too looſe,
Nor yet too cloſely ſwaddle.

New Ale, we know, is full of Wind,
Wanting due Time to ſtale it,
The Dregs, not yet by Age refin'd,
Are nauſeous to the Palate.

Freſh Hopps ſometimes our Art employs,
To rectify the Liquor;
And who believes, but that the Boy's
Correction is a Bitter?

At length, improv'd by rip'ning Age,
Both Man and Beer grow bright;
To Converſation they engage,
And ev'ry Friend delight.

But if the Cork be naught in one,
And weak the Head in t'other;
The Liquor's flat, and Dunce the Man,
And neither can recover.

SONG CXXVII.

BEhold I fly on Wings of ſoft Deſire,
Whilſt gentle Zephyrs waft me on;
Eager as when a Bridegroom all on Fire,
Longs from the Company to be gone:
She bluſhing flies the Pleaſure,
He ruſhing graſps his Treaſure,
'Till with mutual Tenderneſs each other they warm.

Since *Phœbe*'s my Guide,
And Love does preſide,
Each Monarch, tho' great,
Wou'd envy my State,
For ſhe, ſhe alone has the Power to charm.

SONG CXXVIII.

STELLA and *Flavia* ev'ry Hour
Do various Hearts ſurprize:
In *Stella*'s Soul lies all her Pow'r,
And *Flavia*'s in her Eyes.

More boundleſs *Flavia*'s Conqueſts are,
And *Stella*'s more confin'd;
All can diſcern a Face that's fair,
But few a lovely Mind.

Stella like *Britain*'s Monarch reigns
O'er cultivated Lands;
Like Eaſtern Tyrants, *Flavia* deigns
To rule o'er barren Sands.

Then boaſt, fair *Flavia*, boaſt thy Face
Thy Beauty's only Store;
Thy Charms will ev'ry Day decreaſe,
Each Day gives *Stella* more.

SONG CXXIX.

BY the Mole on your Bubbies, ſo round and ſo white,
By the Mole on your Neck, where my Arms would unite:
By whatever Mole elſe you have got out of Sight;
I beſeech thee to hear me dear Molly.

By the Kiſs juſt ſtarting from off your moiſt Lips,
By the delicate up and down Jutt of your Hips,
By the Tip of your Tongue, which all Tongues (far out-tips,
I beſeech, &c.

By the Down on your Boſom, on which my Soul dies,
By the Things of all things, which you love as your Eyes,
By the Thoughts you lie down with, and thoſe when you riſe;
I beſeech, &c.

By all the ſoft Pleaſures a Virgin can ſhare,
By the critical Minute no Virgin can bear,
By the Queſtion I burn for to ask, but don't (dare:
I beſeech thee to hear me, dear Molly.

SONG CXXX.

WHAT care I for Affairs of State?
Or who is rich, or who is great,
How far abroad th' Ambitious roam,
To bring or Gold or Silver Home?
What is't to me, if *France* or *Spain*
Conſent to Peace, or War maintain?

I pay my Taxes, Peace or War,
And wiſh all well at *Gibraltar*;
But mind a Cardinal no more
Than any other ſcarlet Whore:

Grant me, ye Pow'rs but Health and Reſt,
And let who will the World conteſt.

Near ſome ſmooth Stream, oh, let me keep
My Liberty, and feed my Sheep;
A ſhady Walk well lin'd with Trees,
A Garden, with a Range of Bees;
An Orchard which good Apples bears,
Where Spring along green Mantle wears.

Where Winters never are ſet Re,
Good Barley-Land to make good Beer;
With Entertainment for a Friend,
To ſpend in Peace my latter Ends;
In honeſt Eaſe and home-ſpun Grey,
And let the Evening crown the Day.

SONG CXXXI.

I Am a Jolly Toper,
I am a ragged *Soph*,
Known by the Pimples in my Face,
With taking Bumpers off,
And a toping we will go, &c.

Come let's ſit down together,
And take our Fill of Beer,
Away with all Diſputes,
For we'll have no wranglinghere,
And a toping, &c.

With Clouds of Tobacco
We'll make our Noddles clear,
We'll be as great as Princes
When our Heads are full of Beer.
And a toping, &c.

With Juggs, Muggs, and Pitchers,
And Bellarmines of Stale,
Daſh'd lightly with a little,
A very little Ale,
And a toping, &c.

A Fig for the *Spaniards*,
And for the King of *France*;
Kind Heav'n preſerve our Juggs and Muggs,
And Q——n from all Miſchance,
And a toping, &c.

Againſt the Presbyterians
Pray give me leave to rail,
Who ne'er had thirſted for Kings Blood,
Had they been drunk with Stale,
And a toping, &c.

Againſt the Low-Church Saints,
Who ſlily play their Parts,
Who rail at the Diſſenters,
Yet love 'em in their Hearts,
And a toping, &c.

Here's a Health to the Queen,
Let's Bumpers take in Hand,
And may Prince *G*——'s *Roger*
Grow ſtiff again and ſtand,
And a toping, &c.

Oh! how we toſs about
The never-failing Cann;
We drink and piſs, and piſs and drink,
And drink to piſs again,
And a toping, &c.

O that my Belly
It were a Tun of Stale,
My Cock were turn'd into a Tap
To run when I did call,
And a toping, &c.

Of all ſorts of Topers,
A *Soph* is far the beſt;
'Till he can neither go nor ſtand,
By *Jove*, he's ne'er at reſt,
And a toping, &c.

We fear no Wind or Weather,
When good Liquor dwells within,
And ſince a *Soph* does live ſo well,
Then who would be a King?
And a toping, &c.

Then dead drunk we'll march, Boys,
And reel into our Tombs,
That jollier *Sophs* (if ſuch there be)
May march into our Rooms,
And a toping, &c.

SONG CXXXII.

TROY had a Breed of brave ſtout Men,
Yet *Greece* made ſhift to rout her,
'Cauſe each Man drank as much as Ten,
And thence grew ten times ſtouter:
Tho' *Hector* was a *Trojan* true
As ever piſt 'gainſt Wall, Sir,
A——chilles bang'd him black and blue,
For he drank more than all, Sir.

Let *Bacchus* be our God of War,
We ſhall fear nothing then, Boys;
We'll drink all dead, and lay 'em to Bed,
And if they wake not conquered,
We'll drink 'em dead again, Boys:
Nor were the *Grecians* only fam'd
For Drinking and for Fighting:
For he that drank, and wan't aſham'd,
Was ne'er aſham'd o's Writing.

He that will be a Soldier then,
Or Wit, muſt drink good Liquor,
It makes baſe Cowards fight like Men,
And roving Thoughts fly quicker:
Let *Bacchus* be both God of War,
And God of Wit, and then, Boys,

We'll drink and fight, and drink and write,
And if the Sun ſet with his Light,
We'll drink him up again, Boys.

SONG CXXXIII.

CROWN your Bowls,
Loyal Souls,
Cæſar to his home returns;
From the Shore
Cannons roar,
England ſmiles, and *Holland* mourns:
Malecontents in Miſchief failing,
Changing Notes, now leave off railing;
Now the Vipers hide their Stings.
Fill, fill then high,
Proclaim your Joy,
And now in a Chorus ſing,
Welcome beſt of Kings:
Noble Boy, here's to thee,
Look on my Glaſs and me,
Here's the Way
We this happy Day
Make as fam'd as the *Jubilee.*

SONG CXXXIV.

BAcchus one Day gaily ſtriding
On his never-failing Tun,
Sneaking empty Pots deriding,
Thus addreſs'd each toping Son:
Praiſe the Joys that never vary,
And adore the liquid Shrine;
All things noble, gay and airy,
Are perform'd by gen'rous Wine.
Ancient Heroes, crown'd with Glory,
Owe their nobler Riſe to me;
Poets wrote the flaming Story,
Fir'd by my Divinity:

If my Influence is wanting,
Muſick's Charms but ſlowly move;
Beauty too in vain lies panting,
'Till I fill the Swain with Love.

If you crown the laſting Pleaſure,
Mortals this way bend your Eyes,
From my ever-flowing Treaſure
Charming Scenes of Bliſs ariſe.
Here's the ſoothing balmy Bleſſing,
Sole Diſpeller of your Pain,
Gloomy Souls from Care releaſing:
He who drinks not, lives in vain.

SONG CXXXV. *Ye Commons and Peers.*

FROM good Liquor ne'er ſhrink,
In Friendſhip we'll drink,
And drown all grim Care and pale Sorrow:
Let us husband to Day,
For Time flies ſwift away,
And no one's aſſur'd of to morrow.

Of all the gay Sages
That grac'd the paſt Ages,
Dad *Noah* the moſt did excel;
He firſt planted the Vine,
Firſt taſted the Wine,
And got nobly drunk, as they tell.

Say, why ſhould not we
Get as bosky as he,
Since here's Liquor as well will inſpire?
Then fill up my Glaſs,
I'll ſee that it paſs
To the *Manes* of that good old Sire.

SONG CXXXVI.

HERE all People and Sports,
Of all Sizes and Sorts,
Coach'd *Damſel* and *Squire*,
And *Mob* in the Mire,
Tarpaulins, *Trugmallions*,
Lords, Ladies, Sows Babies,
And *Loobies* in Scores;
Some hawling, ſome bawling,
Some leering, ſome fleering,
Some loving, ſome ſhoving,
With Legions of furbelow'd *Whores*.

To the Tavern ſome go,
And ſome to the Show,
See Poppets and Moppets,
Jack-Puddens for Cuddens,
Rope-dancing, Mares prancing,
Boats flying, *Quacks* lying,
Pick-Pockets, Pick-Plackets,
Beaſts, *Butchers* and *Beaus*:
Fops prattling, Dice rattling,
Rooks ſhamming, *Putts* damning,
Whores painted, *Masks* tainted
In Tally-mens furbelow'd Clothes.

The Mobs Joys wou'd you know,
To yon Muſick-Houſe go,
See *Taylors* and *Sailors*,
Whores, *Molly* and *Dolly*,
Hear Muſick makes you ſick;
Some skipping, ſome tripping,
Some ſmoking, ſome joking
Like Spigget and Tap;
Short Meaſure, ſtrange Pleaſure,
Thus ſwilling and billing,
Some yearly get fairly
For Fairings, Pig, Pork, and a Clap.

SONG CXXXVII.

WOuld you have a young Virgin of Fifteen Years,
You muſt tickle her Fancy with Sweets and Dears,
Ever toying and playing, and ſweetly, ſweetly
Sing a Love-Sonnet, and charm her Ears;
Wittily, prettily talk her down,
Chaſe her, and praiſe her, if fair or brown;
Sooth her, and ſmooth her,
And teaze her, and pleaſe her,
And touch but her Smicket, and all's your own.

Do you fancy a Widow well known in Man,
With a Front of Aſſurance come boldly on;
Be at her each Moment, and briskly, briskly
Put her in Mind how the Time ſteals on;
Rattle, and prattle, altho' ſhe frown,
Rouze her, and touze her from Morn to Noon,
And ſhew her ſome Hour
You'll anſwer her Dow'r,
And get but her Writings, and all's your own.

Do you fancy a Punk of a Humour free,
That's kept by a Fumbler of Quality,
You muſt rail at her Keeper, and tell her, tell her,
That Pleaſure's beſt Charm is Variety:
Swear her much fairer than all the Town,
Try her, and ply her when Cully's gone,
Dog her, and jog her,
And meet her and treat her,
And kiſs with a Guinea, and all's your own.

SONG CXXXVIII.

He. OF all Comforts I miſcarry'd,
When I play'd the Sot and marry'd.
'Tis a Trap there's none need doubt on't,
Thoſe that are in would fain get out on't.

She. Fie! my Dear, pray come to Bed,
That Napkin take and bind your Head,
Too much Drink your Brains has dos'd,
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

He. Oons! 'tis all one, if I'm up or lie down,
For as ſoon as the Cock crows I'll be gone.
She. 'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me,
Was I, was I made a Wife to lie alone?

He. From your Arms my ſelf divorcing,
I this Morn muſt ride a courſing,
A Sport that far excels a Madam,
Or all the Wives have been ſince *Adam.*

She. I, when thus I've loſt my Due,
Muſt hug my Pillow, wanting you;
And whilſt you tope it all the Day,
Regale in Cups of harmleſs Tea.

He. Pox, what care I? drink your Slops till you die,
Yonder's Brandy will keep me a Month from home.
She. If thus parted, I'm broken hearted;
When I, when I ſend for you, my Dear, pray come.

He. Ere I'll be from Rambling hinder'd,
I'll renounce my Spouſe and Kindred;
To be ſober I've no Leiſure,
What's a Man without his Pleaſure?

She. To my Grief then I muſt ſee,
Strong Wine and *Nantz* my Rivals be;
Whilſt you carouſe it with your Blades,
Poor I ſit ſtitching with my Maids.

He. Oons! you may go to your Goſſips you know,
And there, if you meet with a Friend, pray do.

She. Go, you Joker, go, Provoker,
Never, never ſhall I meet a Man like you.

SONG CXXXIX.

THO' cruel you ſeem to my Pain,
And hate me becauſe I am true;
Yet, *Phillis*, you love a falſe Swain,
Who has other Nymphs in his View:
Enjoyment's a Trifle to him,
To me what a Heav'n it would be;
To him but a Woman you ſeem,
But ah! you're an Angel to me.

Thoſe Lips which he touches in Haſte,
To them I for ever could grow,
Still clinging around that dear Waiſt,
Which he ſpans as beſide him you go;
That Arm, like a Lily ſo white,
Which over his Shoulders you lay,
My Boſom would warm it all Night,
My Lips they would preſs it all Day.

Were I like a Monarch to reign,
The Graces my Subjects to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the Plain,
To dwell in a Cottage with thee:
But if I muſt feel thy Diſdain,
If Tears cannot Cruelty drown,
O! let me not live in this Pain,
But give me my Death in a Frown.

SONG CXL.

THERE was and a Swain full fair,
Was tripping it over the Graſs;
And there he ſpy'd with her Nut-brown Hair,
A pretty tight Country Laſs:
Fair Damoſel, ſays he,
With an Air brisk and free,

Come, let us each other know:
She bluſh'd in his Face,
And reply'd with a Grace,
Pray forbear, Sir; No, no, no, no, &c.

The Lad being bolder grown,
Endeavour'd to ſteal a kiſs;
She cry'd, piſh ——— let me alone,
But held up her Noſe for the Bliſs:
And when he begun,
She would never have done,
But into his Lips ſhe did grow;
Near ſmother'd to Death,
As ſoon as ſhe'd Breath,
She ſtammer'd out, No, no, no, no, &c.

Come, come, ſays he, pretty Maid,
Let's walk to yon private Grove;
Cupid always delights in the cooling Shade,
There I'll read thee a Leſſon of Love:
She mends her Pace,
And haſtes to the Place;
But if her Lecture you'd know,
Let a baſhful young Muſe
Plead the Maiden's Excuſe,
And anſwer you, No, no, no, no, &c.

SONG CXLI.

AMongſt the Willows on the Graſs,
Where Nymphs and Shepherds lie,
Young *Willy* courted bonny *Beſs*,
And *Nell* ſtood liſt'ning by:
Says *Will*, we will not tarry
Two Months before we marry,
No, no, fie no, never tell me ſo,
For a Maid I'll live and die.
Says Nell, *So ſhall not I*,
Says Nell, &c.

Long time betwixt Hope and Deſpair,
And Kiſſes mixt between,
He with a Song did charm her Ear,
Thinking ſhe chang'd had been;
Says *Will*, I want a Bleſſing,
Subſtantialler than Kiſſing.
No, no, fie no, never never tell me ſo,
For I'll never change my Mind:
Says Nell, *She'll prove more kind*,
Says Nell, &c.

Smart Pain the Virgin finds,
Altho' by Nature taught,
When ſhe firſt to Man inclines:
Quoth Nell, *I'll venture that.*
Oh! who wou'd loſe a Treaſure,
For ſuch a puny Pleaſure?
Not I, not I, no, a Maid I'll live and die,
And to my Vow be true,
Quoth Nell, *The more Fool you*,
Quoth Nell, &c.

To my Cloſet I'll repair,
And read on godly Books,
Forget vain Love, and worldly Care.
Quoth Nell, *That likely looks!*
You Men are all perfidious,
But I will be religious,
Try all, fly all, and while I breathe, defy all,
Your Sex I now deſpiſe.
Says Nell, *By Jove, ſhe lies*,
Says Nell, &c.

SONG CXLII.

JOY to great *Cæſar*,
Long Life, Love and Pleaſure,
'Tis a Health that divine is,
Fill your Glaſs full as mine is:

Let none fear a Fever,
But take it off thus Boys.
Let the King live for ever,
'Tis no Matter for us, Boys.
Try all the Loyal,
Defy all, give Denial,
Sure none thinks his Glaſs too big here,
Nor any Prig here,
Or ſneaking *Whig* here
Of Cripple *Tony*'s Crew,
That now looks blue,
His Heart akes too,
The Tap won't do,
His Zeal ſo true,
And Projects new,
Ill Fate does now purſue.

Let *Tories* guard the King,
Let *Whigs* in Halter ſwing,
Let *Pilk* and *Shute* be ſhamm'd,
Let bugg'ring *Oates* be damn'd.
Let cheating Play'rs be nick'd,
The Turn-coat Scribe be kick'd,
Let Rebel City Dons
Ne'er beget their Sons.
Let every *Whiggiſh* Peer
That rapes a Lady fair,
And leaves his only Dear
The Sheets to gnaw and tear,
Be puniſh'd out of Hand,
And fore'd to pawn his Land,
T' attone the grand Affair.

Great *Charles*, like *Jehovah*,
Spares Foes would unking him,
And warms with his Graces
The Vipers that ſting him.

'Till crown'd with juſt Anger
The Rebel he ſeizes,
Thus Heaven can thunder
Whenever it pleaſes.

Then to the Duke fill fill up the Glaſs,
The Son of our Martyr, belov'd of the King,
Envy'd and lov'd,
Yet bleſs'd from above,
Secur'd by an Angel ſafe under his Wing.
Faction and Folly,
And State Melancholy,
With *Tony* in *Whigland* for ever ſhall dwell.
Let Wit, Wine, and Beauty
Then teach us our Duty,
For none e'er can love, or be wiſe and rebel.

SONG CXLIII.

BUSY, curious, thirſty Fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I.
Freely welcome to my Cup,
Couldſt thou ſip, and ſip it up:
Make the moſt of Life you may,
Life is ſhort, and wears away,
Life is, &c.

Both alike are, mine and thine
Haſten quick to their Decline.
Thine's a Summer, mine no more,
Tho' repeated to Threeſcore;
Threeſcore Summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as ſhort as one,
Will appear, &c.

SONG CXLIV.

LET us revel and roar,
Let us revel roar,
Briſk Wine is our Store,

And the Gods too will club to our Pleaſure:
When we wallow all Night
In an unknown Delight,
Aurora diſcovers our Treaſure.

Thus we're free from all Care,
Thus we're free from all Care,
From Taxes and War;
Nay, we know not the Name of dull Sorrow:
Ev'ry Purſe is our Prey,
Which we ſpend in one Day,
And the Devil take care for To-morrow.

Let us never repine,
Let us never repine,
Briſk Women and Wine
Make the Eyes of our Love to run over:
Leave the *How* and the *What*
To the Politick Sot,
And the *When* to the Fool of a Lover.

SONG CXLV.

WINE, Wine in a Morning,
Makes us frolick and gay,
That like Eagles we ſoar
In the Pride of the Day,
Gouty Sots of the Night
Only find a Decay.

'Tis the Sun ripes the Grape,
And to drinking gives Light;
We imitate him,
When by Noon we're at height;
They ſteal Wine, who take it,
When he's out of Sight.

Boy, fill all the Glaſſes,
Fill them up now he ſhines,

The higher he riſes,
The more he refines;
For Wine and Wit fall,
As their Maker declines.

SONG CXLVI.

NOW the hungry Lions roar,
And howling Wolves behold the Moon;
Now the heavy Ploughmen ſnore,
After daily Labour's done.
Trip it, trip it, trip it, ſoftly round,
Ever ſacred be this Ground.

Now the Brands of Fire do glow,
Whilſt the Screech-Owl, ſcreeching loud,
Puts the Wretch that lies in Woe,
In remembrance of a Shroud.
Trip it, &c.

Now it is the Time of Night,
That the Graves are gaping wide,
Ev'ry one lets forth his Spright,
In the Church-way Paths to glide.
Trip it, &c.

And we Fairies, that do run,
By the triple *Hecate*'s Team,
From the Preſence of the Sun,
Following Darkneſs like a Dream.
Trip it, &c.

Tho' we frolick, let no Mouſe,
Or boding Bird, or Beaſt of Prey,
Diſturb the Quiet of this Houſe,
But downy Sleep bring on the Day.
Trip it, &c.

Weaving Spiders come not here,
Spotted Snakes do no Offence:

Beetles black, approach not here;
Worm, and Snail, be far from hence.
Trip it, &c.

By the dead and drowſy Fire,
Ev'ry Elf and fairy Spright,
Hop, as little Bird from Bry'r,
Nimbly, nimbly, and as light.
Trip it, &c.

Now join all your warbling Notes
In Chorus of ſweet Harmony,
Strain aloud your fairy Throats,
Sing and dance it trippingly.
Trip it, &c.

Hand in Hand, with fairy Grace
We will ſing, and bleſs this Place,
May Plenty, Paſtime, and ſweet Peace,
Daily in this Houſe increaſe.
Trip it, trip it, tript it ſoftly round
Ever ſacred be this Ground.

SONG CXLVII.

A Very pretty Fancy, a brave gallante Showe;
A very pretty Fancy, a brave gallante Show;
E juſte come from *France*, a very pretty Fancy,
E juſt come from *France*, *toute nouveau.*

De firſt ting be de true Picture of de great magnificent Citty of *Londre*,
Dat fill every Part of de World vid Surprize, Pleaſure, and Wonder,
Here de cunning *French*, de viſe *Italian*, and *Spaniard* runne,
And vere can dey go elſe, morbleu, to get quarter of de Money.

And for de diverſions, dat make a de Pleaſure for dis great Town,
Dey be ſo many, ſo fine, ſo pleaſant, ſo cheap as never was known;
Here be de *Hay-Market*, vere de *Italian* Opera do ſweetly ſound,
Dat coſt a de brave Gentry no more as two hundred touſand Pound.

Here be de famous Comediens of de World, de troupe *Italien*,
Dat make a de poor *Engliſh* veep, becauſe dey vil troupe home agen;
De toder Place be Medamoiſelle *Violante* ſhew a touſand trick,
She jump upon de rope ten ſtorie and never break her Neck.

Here be de viſe Managers ſhew all de viſdom of deir brain,
Dat make a de fine ting of *Wagnar* & *Ahericock* in *Drury Lane*,
See how dey turn about, for deir own Diverſion, in the Flying Chair,
So prodigious Entertainment vil never be dis touſand Year.

SONG CXLVIII.

SAY, good Maſter *Bacchus*, aſtride on your Butt,
Since our *Champagne*'s gone, and our Claret's run out;
Which of all the briſk Wines in your Empire that grow,
Will ſerve to delight your poor Drunkards below?
Reſolve us, grave Sir, and ſoon ſend it over,
Leſt we die, leſt we die of the Sin of be'ng ſober.

SONG CXLIX.

HARK! the bonny *Chriſt-Church* Bells
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
They ſound ſo woundy great,
So wond'rous ſweet,
And they troul ſo merrily merrily.

Hark the firſt and ſecond Bell,
That every Day at Four and Ten,
Cries come to Pray'rs,
And the Virger troops before the Dean.

Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the ſmall Bell at Nine,
To call the Beerers home,
But the Dev'l a Man
Will leave his Cann,
Till he hears the mighty *Tom*.

SONG CL.

I'LL tell thee, *Dick*, where I have been,
Where I the rareſt Things have ſeen;
Oh Things without Compare!
Such Sights again cannot be found
In any Place on *Engliſh* Ground,
Be it at Wake or Fair.

At *Charing Croſs*, hard by the Way,
Where we (thou know'ſt) do ſell our Hay,
There is a Houſe with Stairs;
And there did I ſee coming down
Such Folk as are not in our Town,
Vorty at leaſt in Pairs.

Among the reſt one peſt'lent fine
(His Beard no bigger though than thine,)
Walk'd on before the reſt:

Our Landlord looks like nothing to him :
The King (God bleſs him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go ſtill ſo dreſt.

At Courſe a Pack, without all Doubt,
He ſhould have firſt been taken out,
By all the Maids i'th' Town:
Though luſty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the Green,
Or *Vincent* of the *Crown*.

But wot you what? The Youth was going
To make an End of all his Wooing;
The Parſon for him ſtaid:
Yet by his Leave (for all his Haſte)
He did not ſo much wiſh all paſt,
(Perchance) as did the Maid.

The Maid —— and thereby hangs a Tale ——
For ſuch a Maid no *Whitſon* Ale
Could ever yet produce:
No Grape that's kindly ripe cou'd be
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft as ſhe,
Nor half ſo full of Juice.

Her Finger was ſo ſmall, the Ring
Would not ſtay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a Peck:
And to ſay Truth (for out it muſt)
It look'd like the great Collar (juſt)
About our young Colt's Neck.

Her Feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little Mice ſtole in and out,
As if they fear'd the Light,
But oh! ſhe dances ſuch a Way!
No Sun upon an *Eaſter* Day
Is half ſo fine a Sight.

He would have kiſs'd her once or twice,
But ſhe would not, ſhe was ſo nice,
She would not do't in Sight:

And then ſhe looks as who ſhould ſay,
I will do what I liſt to Day;
And you ſhall do't at Night.

Her Cheeks ſo rare a White was on,
No Daiſie makes Compariſon,
(Who ſees them is undone)
For Streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a *Cath'rine* Pear,
(The Side that's next the Sun.)

Her Lips were red; and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her Chin,
(Some Bee had ſtung it newly:)
But *(Dick)* her Eyes ſo guard her Face,
I durſt no more upon them gaze,
Than on the Sun in *July*.

Her Mouth ſo ſmall, when ſhe does ſpeak,
Thou'dſt ſwear her Teeth her Words did break,
That they might Paſſage get:
But ſhe ſo handled ſtill the Matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not ſpent a whit.

If wiſhing ſhould be any Sin,
The Prieſt himſelf had guilty been,
She look'd that Day ſo purely:
And did the Youth ſo oft the Feat,
At Night, as ſome did in Conceit,
It would have ſpoil'd him ſurely.

Juſt in the Nick the Cook knock'd thrice,
And all the Waiters in a trice
His Summons did obey;
Each Serving-man with Diſh in Hand,
March'd boldly up, like our Train'd-Band,
Preſented, and away.

When all the Meat was on the Table,
What Man of Knife or Teeth was able,
To ſtay to be intreated?

And this the very Reaſon was,
Before the Parſon could ſay Grace,
The Company was ſeated.

The Buſ'neſs of the Kitchen's great,
For it is fit that Men ſhould eat,
Nor was it there deny'd:
Paſſion oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
(I trow) beſides the Bride.

Now Hats fly off, and Youths carouſe,
Healths firſt go round, and then the Houſe,
The Bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd another's Health,
Perhaps he made it her's by Stealth,
And who could help it, *Dick*?

O'th' ſudden up they riſe and dance;
Then ſit again, and ſigh and glance:
Then dance again and kiſs:
Thus ſeveral Ways the Time did paſs,
Till ev'ry Woman wiſh'd her Place,
And ev'ry Man wiſh'd his.

By this Time all were ſtol'n aſide,
To counſel and undreſs the Bride;
But that he muſt not know:
But yet 'twas thought he gueſs'd her Mind,
And did not mean to ſtay behind
Above an Hour or ſo.

When in he came (*Dick*) there ſhe lay,
Like new-fal'n Snow melting away,
('Twas Time, I trow, to part)
Kiſſes were now the only Stay,
Which ſoon ſhe gave, as who would ſay,
Good B'ye! with all my Heart.

But, juſt as Heav'n would have, to croſs it,
In came the Bride-Maids with the Poſſet:
The Bridegroom eat in Spite;

For had he left the Women to't,
It would have coſt two Hours to do't,
Which were too much that Night.

At length the Candle's out, and now,
All that they had not done, they do:
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With *Bridget* and with *Nell*.

SONG CLI.

Iberia's all my Thought and Dream,
She's all my Pleaſure and my Pain:
Liberia's all that I eſteem,
And all I fear is her Diſdain.

Her Wit, her Humour, and her Face,
Pleaſe beyond all I felt before;
Oh! why can't I admire her leſs?
Or, dear *Liberia* love me more.

Like Stars, all other Female Charms
Ne'er touch my Heart, but feaſt mine Eye;
For ſhe's the only Sun that warms,
With her alone I'd live and die.

Immortal Pow'rs, whoſe Work divine
Inſpires my Soul with ſo much Love,
Grant your *Liberia* may be mine,
And then I ſhare your Joys above.

SONG CLII.

Apollo once finding fair *Daphne* alone,
Diſcover'd his Flame in a paſſionate Tone;
He told her, and bound it with many a Curſe;
He was ready to take her for better for worſe:

Then talk'd of the Smart,
And the Hole in his Heart,
So large, one might drive thro' the Paſſage a Cart.
But the ſilly coy Maid, to the God's great Amazement,
Sprung away from his Arms, and leapt thro' the Caſement.

He following, cry'd out, my Life, and my Dear,
Return to your Lover, and lay by your Fear;
You think me, perhaps, ſome Scoundrel, or Whoreſon;
Alas! I've no wicked Deſign on your Perſon.
I'm a God by my Trade,
Young, plump, and well made;
Then let me careſs thee, and be not afraid.
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the Wind,
While the poor purſy God came panting behind.

I'm the Chief of Phyſicians, and none of the College
Muſt be mention'd with me, for Experience and Knowledge;
Each Herb, Flow'r, and Plant, by its Name I can call,
And do more than the beſt Seventh-Son of them all.
With my Powder and Pills,
I cure all the Ills
That ſweep off ſuch Numbers each Week in the Bills.
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the Wind,
While the poor purſy God came panting behind.

Beſides, I'm a Poet, Child, into the Bargain,
And top all all the Writers of fam'd *Covent-Garden*;
I'm the Prop of the Stage, and the Pattern of Wit;
I ſet my own Sonnets, and ſing to my Kit:
I'm at *Will*'s all the Day,
And each Night at the Play,
And Verſes I make faſt as Hops, as they ſay.
When ſhe heard him talk thus, ſhe redoubled her Speed,
And flew like a Whore from a Conſtable freed.

Now, had our wiſe Lover, (but Lovers are blind)
In the Language of *Lombard-ſtreet*, told her his Mind;
Look, Lady, what here is, 'tis plenty of Money;
Odsbubs, I muſt ſwinge thee, my Joy, and my Honey.
I ſit next the Chair,
And ſhall ſhortly be Mayor,
Neither *Clayton* nor *Duncomb* with me can compare:
Tho' as wrinkled as *Prim*, as deform'd as the Devil,
The God had ſucceeded, the Nymph had been civil.

SONG CLIII.

MAidens beware ye,
Love will enſnare ye,
If you but look, or lend an Ear,
Words will detain ye,
Sighs will trapan ye,
Tears will draw you into the Snare;
Then, in Time, beware.

Daily you'll find it,
If you'll but mind it,
How many Maids falſe Men betray:
Let this concern ye,
Let their Fall learn ye,
From the Danger to run away.
Run, run, run away.

Let Virtue guard ye,
Praiſe will reward ye,
And you will ſhew ſhine in brighteſt Fame;
When the poor Creature,
That yields her Charter,
Lives abondon'd, and dies with Shame,
To hear ſuch a Name.

SONG CLIV.

Cupid, with *Ganymede* to play,
Had laid his Wings aſide;
And leſt they ſhould be ſtol'n away,
Sat on his Darts aſtride.

For oft the God had, to his Coſt,
(As *Prior* ſweetly ſings)
His Quiver, Bow, and Arrows loſt,
But never loſt his Wings.

Miſs *Kitty*, Love's great Favourite,
Was there a Stander-by,
And hit upon a new Conceit,
Which ſhe reſolv'd to try.

She oft had heard her Lover ſigh,
And praiſe her Angel Face,
And raiſe her Beauties to the Sky,
Where they deſerv'd a Place.

he wou'd not truſt the flatt'ring Youth,
And gave a careleſs Ear;

Yet fain at H——n wou'd know the Truth,
But how ſhou'd ſhe get there?

The Urchin's Wings won'd fit her Shape,
And put it to a Trial;
Yet durſt not ask the waggiſh Ape,
She fear'd a pert Denial.

Young *Cupid*, without Thought or Care,
Of no Deſign afraid,
Did not ſuſpect the wily Fair,
The ſeeming harmleſs Maid.

Whilſt Joke and witty Repartee
'Twixt him and *Gany* paſt,
She ſtole his Wings, and merrily
To *P*———*r*'s Gate did haſte.

Arriving ſoon, and rapping hard,
Like haſty *Seraphim*,
P———*r* did to his Poſt repair,
To let the Angel in.

When Porter *P*—*r* op'd the Door,
And ſaw her Face and Mien,
Of Bows and Scrapes he made ſome Score,
Expecting ſhe'd come in.

But, pointing to the Earth, the Fair,
Then, laughing, ſaid aloud,
I'd rather be an Angel there,
Than one amongſt a Croud.

SONG CLV.

WHEN *Delia* on the Plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender Fears,
I would approach, but dare not move,
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love?

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd Ear,
No other Voice but her's can bear,

No other Wit, but her's approve,
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love?

If ſhe ſome other Swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondeſt Friend;
That Inſtant, Enemy I prove,
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love?

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all, that pleas'd before;
The cleareſt Spring, or ſhady Grove,
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love?

When arm'd with inſolent Diſdain,
She ſeem'd to triumph o'er my Pain;
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove,
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love?

SONG CLVI.

I Grant a thouſand Oaths I ſwore,
I none would love but you:
But not to change would wrong me more,
Than breaking them can do.

Yet you thereby a Truth will learn,
Of much more worth than I;
Which is, that Lovers which do ſwear,
Do always uſe to lie.

Chloris does now poſſeſs that Heart
Which to you did belong:
But, tho' thereof ſhe brags a while,
She ſhall not do ſo long.

She thinks, by being fair and kind,
To hinder my Remove,
And ne'er ſo much as dreams that Change,
Above both thoſe, I love.

Then grieve not any more, nor think
My Change is a Diſgrace:

For tho' it robs you of one Slave,
It leaves another Place,

Which your bright Eyes will ſoon ſubdue
With him does them firſt ſee:
For if they could not conquer more,
They ne'er had conquer'd me.

SONG CLVII.

ASK not the Cauſe, why ſudden Spring
So long delays her Flow'rs to bear?
Why warbling Birds forget to ſing,
And Winter Storms invert the Year?
Chloris is gone, and Fate provides,
To make it Spring where ſhe reſides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel Fair;
She caſts not back a pitying Eye;
But left her Lover in Deſpair,
To ſigh, to languiſh, and to die:
Ah, how can thoſe fair Eyes endure
To give the Wounds they will not cure!

Great God of Love, why haſt thou made
A Face that can all Hearts command,
That all Religions can invade,
And change the Laws of ev'ry Land?
Where thou had'ſt plac'd ſuch Pow'r before,
Thou ſhould'ſt have made her Mercy more.

When *Chloris* to the Temple comes,
Adoring Crowds before her fall;
She can reſtore the Dead from Tombs,
And ev'ry Life but mine recal:
I only am by Love deſign'd
To be the Victim for Mankind.

SONG CLVIII.

IN *Kent* ſo fam'd of Old,
Near by the pleaſant *Knold*,
A Swain a Goddeſs told
An am'rous Story;
Saying, in theſe jarring Days,
When Kings contend for Bays,
Your Love my Soul does raiſe
Above its Glory.

My Life, my lovely Dear,
Whilſt you are ſmiling here,
The Plants and Flow'rs appear
Moſt ſweetly charming;
The Sun may ceaſe to ſhine,
And all its Pow'rs reſign,
Your Eyes dart Rays divine,
All Nature warming.

Then leaning on her Breaſt,
He claſp'd her lovely Waiſt,
With Words endearing preſt,
No Thought of harming;
At which the bluſhing Maid
Thus, ſighing, to him ſaid,
My fooliſh Heart's betray'd
By Words ſo charming.

Near by there was a Grove,
A proper Place for Love,
To which this Couple move,
Alike deſiring;
She fell into his Arms,
And ſaid, take all my Charms,
Love beats his laſt Alarms,
I'm juſt expiring.

SONG CLIX.

OF a noble Race was *Shinken*,
The Line of *Owen Tudor*;
But hur Renown is fled and gone,
Since cruel Love purſu'd hur.

Fair *Winnie*'s Eyes bright ſhining,
And Lily Breaſts alluring,
Poor *Shinken*'s Heart, with fatal Dart,
Have wounded, paſt all curing.

Hur was the prettiſt Fellow
At Foot-Ball, or at Cricket;
At Hunting Chaſe, or Priſon Baſe,
Cotſplut, how hur cou'd kick it.

But now all Joys are flying,
All pale and wan hur Cheeks too;
Hur Heart ſo akes, hur quite forſakes
Hur Herrings and hur Leeks too.

No more muſt dear Metheglin
Be top'd at good *Montgomery*;
And if Love ſmart ſore one Week more,
Adieu Cream-Cheeſe and Flummery.

SONG CLX.

IN the Fields, in Froſt and Snows,
Watching late and early,
There I kept my Father's Cows,
There I milk'd 'em early:
Booing here, booing there,
Here a Boo, there a Boo, every where a Boo.
We defy all Care and Strife,
In a charming Country Life.

Then at home amongſt the Fowls
Watching late and early,
There I tend my Father's Owls,
There I feed them early:

Whooing here, whooing there,
Here a Whoo, there a Whoo, every where a Whoo.
We defy all Care, &c.

When the Summer Fleeces heap,
Watching late and early;
Then I ſhear my Father's Sheep,
Then I keep them early:
Baeing here, Baeing there,
Here a Bae, there a Bae, every where a Bae.
We defy all Care, &c.

In the Morning, ere 'twas light
In the Morning early;
There I met with my Delight,
Once he lov'd me dearly:
Wooing here, wooing there,
Here a Woo, there a Woo, every where a Woo.
O! how free from Care, &c.

Ere the Light came from above,
In the Morning early;
There I met with my true Love,
There I met him early:
Wooing here, wooing there,
Here a Woo, there a Woo, every where a Woo.
O! how free from Care, &c.

In the Morn at Six o' Clock,
In the Morning early,
There I fed our Turky Cock,
There I fed him early, cou, cou, goble, goble, goble:
Here a Cou, there a Cou, every where a Cou.
O! how free from Care, &c.

In the Morning near the Fens,
In the Morning early,

There I feed my Father's Hens,
  There I feed them early:
Cackle here, cackle there,
Here a Cack, there a Cack, every where a Cack,
  O! how free from Care, &c

In the Morning with good Speed,
  In the Morning early,
I my Father's Ducks do feed,
  In the Morning early,
Quacking here, quacking there,
Here a Quack, there a Quack, every where a Quack.
  O! how free from Care, &c.

In the Morning fair and fine,
  In the Morning early,
There I feed my Father's Swine,
  There I feed them early:
Grunting here, grunting there,
Here a Grunt, there a Grunt, every where a Grunt.
  O! how free from Care and Strife
  Is a pleasant Country Life.

SONG CLXI.

LOVE's a Dream of mighty Treasure,
  Which in Fancy we possess;
In the Folly lies the Pleasure,
  Wisdom always makes it less.

When we think, by Passion heated,
  We a Goddess have in Chase,
Like *Ixion* we are cheated,
  And a gaudy Cloud embrace.

Happy only is the Lover,
  Whom his Mistress well deceives;
Seeking nothing to discover,
  He contented lives at Ease:

But the Wretch that wou'd be knowing
What the Fair-One wou'd diſguiſe,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy, to be wiſe.

SONG CLXII.

YOung *Bacchus*, when merry beſtriding his Tun,
Proclaimed a neighbourly Feaſt;
The firſt that appear'd was a Man of the Gown,
A jolly Parochial Prieſt;
He fill'd up his Bowl, drank a Health to the Church,
Preferring it to the King,
Altho' he long ſince had left both in the Lurch,
Yet he canted like any thing.

The next was a talkative Blade (whom we call
A Doctor of the Civil-Law)
He guzzl'd and drank up the Devil and all,
As faſt as the Drawer could draw;
But a Health to all Nobles he ſtifly deny'd,
Tho' luſtily he could ſwill,
Becauſe, ſtill the faſter the Quality dy'd,
It brought the more Griſt to his Mill.

The next a Phyſician to Ladies and Lords,
Who eaſes all Sickneſs and Pain,
And conjures Diſtempers away with hard Words,
Which he knows is the Head of his Gain:
He ſtept from his Coach, fill'd his Cup to the Brim,
And quaffing did freely agree,
That *Bacchus*, who gave us ſuch Cordial to drink,
Was a better Phyſician than he.

The next was a Juſtice who never read Law,
With twenty Informers behind,

On free-coſt he tippl'd, and ſtill bid them draw,
'Till his Worſhip had drank himſelf blind;
Then reeling away, they rambl'd in queſt
Of Drunkards and Jilts of the Town,
That they might be puniſh'd, to frighten the reſt,
Except they would drop him a Crown.

The fifth was a tricking Attorney at Law,
By Tallymen chiefly employ'd,
Who lengthen'd his Bill with *co by* and *mawdraw*,
And a thouſand ſuch *Items* beſide;
The Healths that he drank, were to *Weſtminſter-Hall*,
And to all the grave Dons of the Gown;
Rependum in Petro, durendum in Paul,
Such *Latin* ſure never was known.

The laſt that appear'd was a Soldier in red,
With his Hair doubl'd under his Hat,
Who was by his Trade a fine Gentleman made,
Tho' as hungry and poor as a Rat;
He ſwore by his God, tho' he liv'd by his King,
Or the Help of ſome impudent Punk,
That he would not depart, till he made the Butt ſing,
And himſelf muſt confoundedly drunk.

SONG CLXIII.

A Soldier and a Sailor, a Tinker and a Tailor,
Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,
To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
Whoſe Name was *Buxom Joan*,
Whoſe Name was *Buxom Joan*;
For now the Time was ended,
When ſhe no more intended
To lick her Lips at Man, Sir,

And lie a-Nights alone,
And lie a Nights alone.

The Soldier ſwore like Thunder
He lov'd her more than Plunder;
And ſhew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
Which he had brought from far, Sir,
With fighting for her Sake.
The Taylor thought to pleaſe her,
By off'ring her his Meaſure;
The Tinker too, with Metal,
Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,
And ſtop up ev'ry Leak.

But while theſe three were prating,
The Sailor ſlily waiting;
Thought, if it came about, Sir,
That they ſhould all fall out, Sir,
He then might play his Part:
And juſt e'en as he meant, Sir,
To Loggerheads they went, Sir,
And then he let fly at her
A Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
Which won this fair Maid's Heart.

SONG CLXIV.

OLD Poets have told us, when they were grown mellow,
That *Jupiter* was a fantaſtical Fellow,
He wou'd chatter, and thunder, and wheedle, And bellow,
Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.

He was charm'd with a Damſel, but cou'd not tell how
To humour his liquoriſh Fancy, and ſo
He clapp'd up his Nymph in the Shape of a Cow.
Which no body, &c.

But here let us make up our Poetry full;
For the Man muſt have got no Brains in his Skull,
Who does not conclude, that *Jove* turn'd a Bull.
Which no body, &c.

His Method of wooing was loud and ſonorous,
At the Time of the Year when the Sun enters *Taurus*;
Then *Taurus* did enter fair *Io* the porous.
Which no body, &c.

He gave her two Horns, for a Screen to his Love,
As *Juno* gave him, as plainly does prove;
There's a Strumpet below, for a Cuckold above.
Which no body, &c.

The Lovers, by Inſtinct, together were moving,
When he had a Fancy on Earth to be roving;
Then ſhe ran a Bulling, or elſe ran a *Joving*.
Which no Body, &c.

They may paſs for as clever a cornuted Pair,
As you e'er ſaw at *Smithfield*, (where the Sight is not rare)
Or at *Brentford*, or *Rumford*, or any Horn-Fair,
Which no body, &c.

Tho' I take it for granted, that nothing more odd is,
Inſtead of a Shepherdeſs lac'd in her Boddice,
That a ſwag-belly'd Cow ſhou'd go for a Goddeſs.
Which no body, &c.

Alexander, who conquer'd full many a Foe,
Mars, *Hercules*, *Neptune*, and more than we know,
Were Sons of this *Jove*, tho' not by *Juno*.
Which no body, &c.

But as the prolifical Virtue wore off,
His amorous Feats made all the World laugh,

He cou'd get no more Heroes, and ſo got a Calf,
Which no body, &c.

Diogenes grave was the Fruit of this Rub,
For his Name does pronounce him a *Jupiter*'s Cub;
He was born in a Cow-Houſe, and liv'd in a Tub,
Which no body, &c.

Let a Conſort of Butchers remember the Thing;
Let Cleavers and Marrow Bones merrily ring;
Such a jovial Choir *Io-Pœans* may ſing,
Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.

SONG CLXV. *Chevy Chaſe.*

HEre lies old *Hare*, worn out with Care,
Who oft times toll'd the Bell;
Cou'd dig a Grave, and ſet a Stave,
And ſay *Amen* full well.

For ſacred Song, he'ad *Hopkins* Tongue,
And *Sternhold*'s eke alſo;
With Cough and Hem he'd ſtand by them,
As far as Lungs wou'd go.

Many a Feaſt for Worms he dreſt,
Himſelf then wanting Bread;
But alas! he's gone, with Skin and Bone,
To ſtarve them, now he's dead.

Here take his Spade, follow his Trade,
Now he is out of Breath,
Cover the Bones of one who owns
The Inſtruments of Death.

SONG CLXVI.

COme, let us drink, and drown all Sorrow,
For perhaps we may not, for perhaps we may not,
For perhaps we may not meet here to-morrow.

He that goes to Bed, goes to bed, goes to Bed ſober,
Falls as the Leaves do, falls as the Leaves do,
Falls as the Leaves do in *October*.

This will cure the Head-ach, the Cough and the Phthiſick,
This is to all Men, this is to all Men,
This is to all Men the beſt of Phyſick.

SONG CLXVII.

HAppy is a Country Life,
Bleſt with Content, good Health and Eaſe,
Free from Faction, Noiſe, and Strife,
We only plot ourſelves to pleaſe;
Peace of Mind our Days delight,
And Love our welcome Dreams at Night.

Hail green Fields, and ſhady Woods!
Hail Springs and Streams, that ſtill run pure!
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
Where Virtue only dwells ſecure:
Free from Vice, and free from Care,
Age has no Pain, nor Youth a Snare.

SONG CLXVIII.

LIſten all, I pray, to the Words I've to ſay,
In Memory ſure inſert 'em;
Rich Wines do us raiſe to the Honour of Bays;
Quem non fecère diſertum?

Of all the briſk Juice which the Gods do produce,
Claret ſhall be preferr'd before 'em:
'Tis Claret ſhall ſtrait us Mortals create
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

We abondon all Ale, and Beer that is ſtale,
Roſa-ſolis, and damnable Stum;
But ſparkling Red ſhall hold up its Head
'Bove *omne quod exit in um.*

This is the Wine, that in former Time
Each wiſe one of the *Magi.*
Was wont to carouſe in a Chaplet of Boughs,
Recubans ſub tegmine fagi.

Let the Hop be their Bane, let a Rope be their Shame,
Let the Gout and Cholick pine 'em,
That offer to ſhrink in taking their Drink,
Seu Græcum, ſive Latinum.

Let the Glaſs fly about, till the Bottle is out,
Let each one do as he's done to;
'Vaunt thoſe that hug th' abominable Jug,
'Mong us *Heteroclita ſunto.*

There's no ſuch Diſeaſe, as he that doth pleaſe
His Palate with Beer for to ſhame us;
'Tis Claret that brings to Fancy its Wings,
And ſays, *Muſa, Majora canamus.*

He's either a Mute, or does poorly diſpute,
That drinketh not Wine as we Men do;
The more Wine a Man drinks, like a ſubtle *Sphinx.*
Tantum valet iſte loquendo.

How it chears the Brains, how it warms the Veins,
How 'gainſt all Croſſes it arms us!
How it makes him that's poor courageouſly roar,
Et mutatas dicere formas.

Give me the Boy, my Delight and my Joy,
To my *Tantum* that drinks his *Tale*;

By Wine he that waxes, in our *Syntaxis*,
Eſt Verbum perſonale.

Art thou weak or lame, or thy Wits to blame?
Call for Wine, and thou ſhalt have it;
'Twill make thee to riſe, and be very wiſe,
Cui vim natura negavit.

We have frolick Rounds, we have merry Godowns,
Yet nothing is done at random;
For when we're to pay, we club and away,
Id eſt commune notandum.

No Vintners deny the Lads that are dry,
But give 'em Wine, whate'er it coſt 'em;
If they do not pay till another Day,
Manet alta mente repoſtum.

Who ne'er fails to drink all clear from the Brink,
With a ſmooth and even Swallow,
I'll offer at's Shrine, and call it divine,
Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks ſtill, and ne'er has his Fill,
Has a Paſſage like a Conduit.
Brisk Wine does inſpire with Rapture and Fire,
Sic Æther Æthera fundit.

When we merrily quaff, if any go off,
And ſlily offer to paſs ye,
Give their Noſe a Twitch, and kick 'em o' th' Breech,
Nam componuntur ab aſſe.

I have told you plain, and will tell you again,
Be he as furious as *Orlando*;
He is an Aſs that from hence doth paſs,
Niſi bibit ad Oſtia ſtando.

SONG CLXIX.

LET us drink and be merry,
Dance, Joke, and rejoice,
With Claret and Cherry,
Theorbo and Voice:
The changeable World
To our Joy is unjuſt,
All Treaſure's uncertain,
Then down with your Duſt:
In Frolicks diſpoſe
Your Pounds, Shillings and Pence,
For we ſhall be nothing
An Hundred Years hence.

We'll kiſs and be free
With *Moll*, *Betty*, and *Nelly*,
Have Oyſters and Lobſters,
And Maids by the Belly:
Fiſh Dinners will make
A Laſs ſpring like a Flea,
Dame *Venus* (Love's Goddeſs)
Was born of the Sea:
With *Bacchus* and with her
We'll tickle the Senſe,
For we ſhall be paſt it
An Hundred Years hence.

Your moſt beautiful Bit,
That hath all Eyes upon her,
That her Honeſty ſells
For a Hautgouſt of Honour;
Whoſe Lightneſs and Brightneſs
Doth ſhine in ſuch Splendor,
That none but the Stars
Are thonght fit to attend her:
Tho' now ſhe be pleaſant,
And ſweet to the Senſe,

Will be damnable mouldy
An Hundred Years hence.

The Uſurer that
In the Hundred takes Twenty,
Who wants in his Wealth,
And pines in his Plenty:
Lays up for a Seaſon
Which he ſhall ne'er ſee,
The Year one Thouſand
Eight Hundred and Three:
His Wit, and his Wealth,
His Learning, and Senſe,
Shall be turn'd to nothing
An Hundred Years hence.

Your Chancery-Lawyers,
Whoſe Subtilty thrives,
In ſpinning out Suits
To the length of three Lives;
Such Suits which the Clients
Do wear out in Slavery,
Whilſt Pleader makes Conſcience
A Cloak for his Knav'ry:
May boaſt of Subtility
In th' preſent Tenſe,
But *Non eſt inventus*
An Hundred Years hence.

Then why ſhould we turmoile
In Cares and in Fears,
Turn all our Tranquillity
To Sighs and to Tears?
Let's eat, drink, and play,
'Till the Worms do corrupt us,
'Tis certain *poſt mortem*
Nulla voluptas:
Let's deal with our Damſels,
That we may from hence,
Have Broods to ſucceed us
An hundred Years hence.

SONG CLXX.

AH! how ſweet it is to love!
Ah! how gay is young Deſire!
And what pleaſing Pains we prove,
When firſt we feel a Lover's Fire!
Pains of Love are ſweeter far
Than all other Pleaſures are.

Sighs which are from Lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the Heart:
Ev'n the Tears they ſhed alone,
Cure, like trickling Balm, their Smart;
Lovers, when they loſe their Breath,
Bleed away, an eaſy Death.

Love and Time with Rev'rence uſe,
Treat 'em like a parting Friend;
Nor the golden Gifts refuſe,
Which in Youth ſincere they lend:
For each Year their Price is more,
And they leſs ſimple than before.

Love, like Spring-Tides, full and high,
Swells in ev'ry youthful Vein:
But each Tide does leſs ſupply,
Till they quite ſhrink in again;
If a Flow in Age appear,
'Tis but Rain, and runs not clear.

SONG CLXXI.

GRim King of the Ghoſts, make haſte,
And bring hither all your Train:
See how the pale Moon does waſte,
And juſt now is in the Wain:
Come, ye Night-Hags, with your Charms,
And revelling Witches away,
And hug me cloſe in your Arms,
To you my Reſpects I'll pay.

I'll court you and think you fair,
Since Love does diſtract my Brain;
I'll go, and I'll wed the Night-Mare,
And kiſs her, and kiſs her again;
But if ſhe proves peeviſh and proud,
A Pize on her Love, let her go;
I'll ſeek me a Winding-Shroud,
And down to the Shades below.

A Lunacy I endure,
Since Reaſon departs away,
I call to thoſe Hags for Cure,
As knowing not what I ſay.
The Beauty whom I adore,
Now ſlights me with Scorn and Diſdain,
I never ſhall ſee her more,
Ah! how ſhall I bear my Pain?

I ramble and range about,
To find out my charming Saint,
Whilſt ſhe at my Grief does flout,
And laughs at my loud Complaint:
Diſtraction, I ſee, is my Doom,
Of this I am too too ſure;
A Rival is got in my Room,
While Torments I endure.

Strange Fancies do run in my Head,
While, wand'ring in Deſpair,
I am to the Deſart led,
Expecting to find her there:
Methinks, in a ſpangled Cloud,
I ſee her enthron'd on high;
Then to her I cry aloud,
And labour to reach the Sky.

When thus I have rav'd a while,
And weary'd myſelf in vain,
I lie on the barren Soil,
And bitterly do complain;

Till Slumber hath quieted me,
In Sorrow I ſigh and weep,
The Clouds are my Canopy,
To cover me while I ſleep.

I dream, that my charming Fair
Is then in my Rival's Bed,
Whoſe Treſſes of golden Hair
Are on the fair Pillow ſpread;
Then this does my Paſſion inflame
I ſtart, and no longer can lie;
Ah! *Sylvia*, art thou not to blame,
To ruin a Lover? I cry.

Grim King of the Ghoſts be true,
And hurry me hence away,
My languiſhing Life to you
A Tribute I freely pay;
To th' *Elyſian* Shades I poſt,
In hopes to be freed from Care,
Where many a bleeding Ghoſt
Is hovering in the Air.

SONG CLXXII.

YOU meaner Beauties of the Night,
Who poorly ſatisfy our Eyes,
More with your Number than your Light,
Like common People of the Skies,
What are you when the Moon doth riſe?

You Violets, that firſt appear,
By your fine Purple Mantles known,
Like the proud Virgins of the Year,
As if the Spring was all your own;
What are you when the Roſe is blown?

You warbling Chanters of the Wood,
Who fill our Ears with Nature's Lays,
Thinking your Paſſion's underſtood
By meaner Accents, what's your Praiſe,
When *Philomel* her Voice raiſe?

You glorious Trifles of the Eaſt,
Whoſe Eſtimation Fancies raiſe,
Pearls, Rubies, Saphire, and the reſt
Of glitt'ring Gems; what is your Praiſe,
When the bright Di'mond ſhews his Rays?

So when my Princeſs ſhall be ſeen,
In Beauty of her Face and Mind,
By Virtue firſt, then Choice a Queen;
Tell me, if ſhe were not deſign'd,
Th' Eclipſe and Glory of her Kind.

The Roſe, the Violet, the whole Spring
Unto her Breath for Sweetneſs run;
The Di'mond's darken'd in the Ring,
If ſhe appear, the Moon's undone,
As in the Preſence of the Sun.

SONG CLXXIII.

THE Sun was juſt ſetting, the Reaping was done,
And over the Common I tript it alone;
Then whom ſhou'd I meet, but young *Dick* of our Town,
Who ſwore ere I went I ſhou'd have a green Gown;
He preſt me, I ſtumbl'd;
He puſh'd me, I tumbl'd;
He kiſs'd me, I grumbl'd;
But ſtill he kiſs'd on;
Then roſe and went from me, as ſoon as he'd done.
If he be not hamper'd for ſerving me ſo,
May I be worſe rumpl'd,
Worſe tumbl'd and jumbl'd,
Wherever, wherever I go.

Before an old Juſtice I ſummon'd the Spark,
And how do you think I was ſerv'd by his Clerk?

He pull'd out his Ink-horn, and ask'd me his Fee,
You now ſhall relate the whole Buſineſs, quoth he.
He preſt me, &c.

The Juſtice then came, tho' grave was his Look,
Seem'd to wiſh I wou'd kiſs him inſtead of the Book;
He whiſper'd, his Clerk then leaving the Place,
I was had to his Chamber, to open my Caſe.
He preſt me, &c.

I went to our Parſon to make my Complaint,
He look'd like a *Bacchus*, but preach'd like a Saint;
He ſaid, we ſhould ſoberly Nature refreſh;
Then nine times he urg'd me to humble the Fleſh.
He preſt me, I ſtumbl'd,
He puſh'd me, I tumbl'd,
He kiſs'd me, I grumbl'd;
But ſtill he kiſs'd on;
Then roſe and went from me, as ſoon as he'd done.
If he be not hamper'd for ſerving me ſo,
May I be worſe rumpl'd,
Worſe tumbl'd, and jumbl'd,
Wherever, wherever I go.

SONG CLXXIV.

PIous *Selinda* goes to Pray'rs,
If I but ask the Favour;
And yet the tender Fool's in Tears,
When ſhe believes I'll leave her.

Wou'd I were free from this Reſtraint,
Or elſe had Hopes to win her;
Wou'd ſhe cou'd make of me a Saint,
Or I of her a Sinner.

SONG CLXXV.

COme, let's be merry,
While we've good Sherry;
Come, let's be airy,
Sprightly, and gay:
Good Wine's a Pleaſure,
The only Treaſure
That makes us joyful,
By Night or Day.

Wine makes us jolly,
Cures Melancholy,
Drowns all our Folly,
Makes our Hearts glad;
While we're poſſeſſing
That glorious Bleſſing,
Good Wine careſſing,
Let's not be ſad.

SONG CLXXVI.

WHAT a Pother of late
Have they kept in the State,
About ſetting our Conſciences free?
A Bottle has more
Diſpenſations in Store
Than the King and the State can decree.

When my Head's full of Wine,
I o'erflow with Deſign,
And know no penal Laws that can curb me;
Whate'er I adviſe
Seems good in my Eyes,
And Religion ne'er dares to diſturb me.

No ſaucy Remorſe
Intrudes in my Courſe,
Nor impertinent Notions of Evil;
So there's Claret in Store,
In Peace I've my Whore,
And in Peace I jog on to the Devil.

SONG CLXXVII.

THE Sun was now withdrawn,
The Shepherds home were ſped,
The Moon wide o'er the Lawn
Her Silver Mantle ſpread,
When *Damon* ſtay'd behind,
And ſaunter'd in the Grove:
Will ne'er a Nymph be kind,
And give me Love for Love?

Oh! thoſe were golden Hours,
When Love, devoid of Cares,
In all *Arcadia*'s Bow'rs
Lodg'd Nymphs and Swains by Pairs.
But now from Wood and Plain
Flies ev'ry ſprightly Laſs;
No Joys for me remain,
In Shades, or on the Graſs.

The winged Boy draws near,
And thus the Swain reproves:
While Beauty revell'd here,
My Game lay in the Groves:
At Court I never fail
To ſcatter round my Arrows,
Men fall as thick as Hail,
And Maidens love like Sparrows.

Then, Swain, if me you need,
Strait lay your Sheep-hook down;
Throw by your Oaten Reed,
And haſte away to Town:
So well I'm known at Court,
None ask where *Cupid* dwells,
But readily reſort
To *B*——*n*'s or *L*——*ll*'s.

SONG CLXXVIII.

UPON *Clarinda*'s panting Breaſt
The happy *Strephon* lay,
With Love and Beauty jointly preſt
To paſs the Time away.
Freſh Raptures of tranſporting Love
Struck all his Senſes dumb;
He envy'd not the Pow'rs above,
Nor all the Joys to come.

As Bees around the Garden rove,
To fetch their Treaſures home,
So *Strephon* trac'd the Fields of Love,
To fill her Honey-Comb:
Her ruby Lips he kiſs'd and preſt,
From whence all Joys derive;
Then humming round her ſnowy Breaſt,
Strait crept into her Hive.

SONG CLXXIX.

O *Venus!* Beauty of the Skies,
To whom a thouſand Temple riſe;
Gaily falſe in gentle Smiles,
Full of Love-perplexing Wiles;
O Goddeſs! from my Heart remove
The waſting Cares and Pains of Love.

If ever thou haſt kindly heard
A Song in ſoft Diſtreſs preferr'd;
Propitious to my tuneful Vow,
O gentle Goddeſs! hear me now.
Deſcend, thou bright immortal Gueſt,
In all thy radiant Charms confeſt.

Thou once didſt leave Almighty *Jove*,
And all the Golden Roofs above:
The Car thy wanton Sparrows drew,
Hov'ring in Air they lightly flew;

As to my Bow'r they wing'd their Way,
I ſaw their quivering Pinions play.

The Birds diſmiſt (while you remain)
Bore back their empty Car again:
Then you with Looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly Feature ſmil'd,
And ask'd what new Complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my Aid:

What Frenzy in my Boſom rag'd?
And by what Cure to be aſſuag'd?
What gentle Youth I wou'd allure?
Whom in my artful Toils ſecure?
Who does thy tender Heart ſubdue,
Tell me, my *Sapho*, tell me who?

Tho' now he ſhuns thy longing Arms,
He ſoon ſhall court thy ſlighted Charms;
Tho' now thy Off'rings he deſpiſe,
He ſoon to thee ſhall ſacrifice;
Tho' now he freeze, he ſoon ſhall burn,
And be thy Victim in his Turn.

Celeſtial Viſitant, once more
Thy needly Preſence I implore!
In Pity, come and eaſe my Grief,
Bring my diſtemper'd Soul Relief;
Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires,
And give me all my Heart deſires.

SONG CLXXX.

WHEN *Silvia* in Bathing her Charms did expoſe,
The pretty *Bocquet* dancing under her Noſe,
My Heart is juſt ready to part from my Soul,
And leap from the Gallery into the Bowl.
Each Day I provide too
A Bride for her Guide too,

And give her a Crown,
To bring me the Water where ſhe has ſat down.
Let ſober Phyſicians think Pumping a Cure;
That Remedy's doubtful, but *Silvia* is ſure.
The Fiddlers I hire to play ſomething ſublime,
And all the while throbbing, my Heart beats the Time!
She enters, they flouriſh, and ceaſe when ſhe goes,
Thus whom 'tis addreſs'd to ſtrait ev'ry one knows.
Would I were a Vermin
Call'd one of her Chairmen,
Or ſerv'd as her Guide!
Tho' I ſhew'd, as they do, a damn'd tawny Hide:
Or elſe like a Pebble at Bottom could lie,
To ogle her Beauties how happy were I!

SONG CLXXXI.

MY *Chloe*, why d'ye ſlight me,
Since all you ask you have?
No more with Frowns affright me,
Nor uſe me like a Slave.
Good-Nature to diſcover,
Uſe well your faithful Lover;
I'll be no more a Rover,
But conſtant to my Grave.

Could we but change Condition,
My Griefs would all be flown;
Poor I, the kind Phyſician,
And you the Patient grown.
All own you're wond'rous pretty,
Well ſhap'd, and alſo witty;
Enfore'd by gen'rous Pity,
Then make my Caſe your own.

The Pow'rs who kindly gave us,
And form'd our Shape and Mind,
Too ſurely would enſlave us,
Were they like you inclin'd:
Then Goodneſs be your Duty,
Or I muſt bid adieu t'ye;
Let them, with all your Beauty,
Be merciful and kind.

The Silver Swan, when dying,
Has moſt melodious Lays,
Like him, when Life is flying,
In ſongs I'll end my Days:
But know, thou cruel Creature,
My Soul ſhall mount the fleeter,
And I ſhall ſing the ſweeter,
By warbling forth your Praiſe.

SONG CLXXXII.

AS the *Delian* God
To fam'd *Helicon*,
From Heav'n's High Court deſcended down,
There the tuneful Muſes playing he found
A Sonata divinely rare;
When *Thalia* touch'd the charming Flute,
Erato ſtruck the warbling Lute;
And *Clio*'s Treble joining to't,
Made the Harmony beyond compare.

Then *Euterpe*'s full Baſs
The ſweet Conſort did raiſe,
And with Pleaſure each Senſe was alarm'd;
Ev'ry Note was enjoy'd,
Ev'ry Hand was employ'd,
With Sounds of Joy the flow'ry Vallies rung;
Apollo gaz'd, and ſilent was his Tongue;
But, when his dear *Calliope* ſung,
Ah! then the God was charm'd.

SONG CLXXXIII.

CAN then a Look create a Thought,
Which Time can ne'er remove?
Yes, fooliſh Heart, again thou'rt caught,
Again thou bleed'ſt for Love.

She ſees the Conqueſt of her Eyes,
Nor heals the Wounds ſhe gave;
She ſmiles, whene'er his Bluſhes riſe;
And, ſighing, ſhuns her Slave.

Then, Swain, be bold, and ſtill adore her,
Still her flying Charms purſue;
Love and Friendſhip both implore her,
Pleading Night and Day for you.

SONG CLXXXIV.

THO' *Flavia*, to my warm Deſire
You mean no kind Return,
Yet ſtill with undiminiſh'd Fire
You wiſh to ſee me burn.

Averſe my Anguiſh to remove,
You think it wond'rous right,
That I love on, for ever love,
And you for ever ſlight.

But you and I ſhall ne'er agree,
So gentle Nymph adieu;
Since you no Pleaſure have for me,
I'll have no Pain for you.

SONG CLXXXV.

He. AWake, thou faireſt Thing in Nature,
How can you ſleep when Day does break?
How can you ſleep, my charming Creature,
When all the World you keep awake?

She. What Swain is this that ſings ſo early
Under my Window, by the Dawn?
He. 'Tis one, my Dear, that loves you dearly;
Therefore in Pity eaſe my Pain.

She. Softly, elſe you'll 'wake my Mother,
No Tales of Love ſhe lets me hear,
Go tell your Paſſion to ſome other,
Or whiſper ſoftly in my Ear.

He. How can you bid me love another,
Or rob you of your beauteous Charms?
'Tis time you were wean'd from your Mother,
You're fitter for your Lover's Arms.

SONG CLXXXVI.

Chloe proves falſe, but ſtill ſhe is charming;
Nature like Beauty her Temper has made;
Subject to change,
O'er each Heart ſhe will range;
Always alarming,
Ever diſarming,
Never diſmay'd.

Baniſh my Senſes, or let her not ſlight me;
Love ne'er was made to inherit Diſdain;
Love is a Bubble,
That gives Mankind Trouble;
Reflecting Extaſy
Drops with the Simile
Airy and vain.

Sure *Venus* gave her that Face to deceive me,
And gave the Boy but one Arrow would fly;
Haſte to thy Mother,
And beg for another;
Chloe, the Mark muſt be,
Make her to pity me,
Ere that I die.

SONG CLXXXVII.

A Tory, a Whig, and a moderate Man,
O'er a Tub of ſtrong Ale
Met, in *Aylesbury* Vale,
Where there liv'd a plump Laſs, they call'd
Buxom Nan:
The Tory a *Londoner*, proud and high,
The Whig was a Tradeſman plaguy ſly,
The Trimmer a Farmer, but merry and dry:
And thus they their Suit began;
Pretty *Nancy*, we're come to put in our Claim,
Reſolv'd upon Wedlock's pleaſing Game;
Here's *Jacob* the Big,
And *William* the Whig,
And *Roger* the Grigg,
Jolly Lads as e'er were buckl'd in Girdle faſt;
Say which you will chuſe,
To tye with a Nooſe;
For a Wife we muſt carry, whate'er comes on't;
Then think upon't,
You'll ne'er be ſorry when you have don't;
Nor like us the worſe for our wooing ſo blunt;
Then tell us who pleaſes beſt.

The Laſs, who was not of the Motion ſhy,
The ripe Years of her Life
Being twenty and five,
To the Words of her Lovers ſtrait made Reply;
I find you believe me a Girl worth Gold,
And I know too you like my Copy-hold;
And ſince Fortune favours the Brisk and the Bold,
One of ye I mean to try.
But I'm not for you, nor *S*———*l*'s Cauſe,
Nor you with your *H*——y's Hums and Haws;
No *Jacob* the Big,
No *William* the Whig,

But *Roger* the Grigg,
With his Mirth and Mildneſs happily pleaſe me can;
'Tis him I will chuſe
For the conjugal Nooſe:
So that you, the Church Bully, may rave and rant,
And you may cant,
Till both are impeach'd in Parliament;
'Tis Union and Peace that the Nation does want;
So I'm for a moderate Man.

SONG CLXXXVIII.

TObacco's bnt an *Indian* Weed,
Grows green at Morn, cut down at Eve;
It ſhews our Decay, we are but Clay.
Think on this when you ſmoak Tobacco.

The Pipe that is ſo Lily-white,
Wherein ſo many take delight,
Is broke with a Touch, Man's Life is ſuch,
Think on this when you take Tobacco.

The Pipe that is ſo foul within,
Shews how Man's Soul is ſtain'd with Sin,
It does require to be purg'd with Fire.
Think on this when you take Tobacco.

The Aſhes that are left behind,
Do ſerve to put us all in Mind,
That into Duſt we muſt return,
Think on this when you ſmoak Tobacco.

The Smoke that does ſo high aſcend,
Shews that Man's Life muſt have an End;
The Vapour's gone, Man's Life is done.
Think on this when you take Tobacco.

SONG CLXXXIX.

GO, Virgin Kid, with lambent Kiſs,
Salute a Virgin's Hand;
Go, ſenſeleſs Thing, and reap a Bliſs
Thou doſt not underſtand:
Go, for in thee, methinks I find
(Tho' 'tis not half ſo bright)
An Emblem of her beauteous Mind,
By Nature clad in White.

Securely thou may'ſt touch the Fair,
Whom few ſecurely can,
May'ſt preſs her Breaſt, her Lips, her Hair,
Or wanton with her Fan;
May'ſt Coach it with her to and fro,
From Maſquerades to Plays;
Ah! cou'd'ſt thou hither come and go,
To tell me what ſhe ſays!

Go then, and when the Morning Cold
Shall nip her Lily Arm,
Do thou (oh! might I be ſo bold)
With Kiſſes make it warm.
But when thy gloſſy Beauty's o'er,
When all thy Charms are gone,
Return to me, I'll love thee more
Than e'er I yet have done.

SONG CXC.

WHile on thoſe lovely Looks I gaze,
To ſee a Wretch purſuing,
In Raptures of a bleſt Amaze,
His pleaſing happy Ruin.

'Tis not for Pity that I move,
His Fate is too aſpiring,
Whoſe Heart broke with a Load of Love,
Dies wiſhing and admiring.

But if this Murder you'd forego,
Your Slave from Death removing,
Let me your Art of Charming know,
Or leave you mine of Loving.
But whether Life or Death betide,
In Love 'tis equal Meaſure,
The Victor lives with empty Pride,
The Vanquiſh'd die with Pleaſure.

SONG CXCI.

THEN as it fell out on a Holiday,
Then as it fell out on a Holiday,
Then as it fell out on a Holiday;
'Twas on a Holiday Tide-a,
'Twas on a Holiday Tide-a,
'Twas on a Holiday Tide-a.

Sir *John* he got on his ambling Nag,
Sir *John*, &c.
To *Scotland* for to ride-a.
With an hundred and more of his own he ſwore,
With an hundred, &c.
To guard him on ev'ry Side-a.

No Errant Knight e'er went to fight,
No Errant, &c.
So bold a Deſperada;
Had you ſeen but his Look, you'd have ſwore on a Book,
Had you, &c.
He'd have conquer'd a whole *Armada*.

The Ladies look'd out at their Windows, to ſee
The Ladies, &c.
So brave, ſo warlike a Sight-a,
And they did cry, as he paſs'd by,
And they, &c.
Sir *John*, why will you go fight-a?

But he, like a hardy Knight, rode on,
But he, &c.
His Heart wou'd not relent-a;
For, till he came there, what had he to fear?
For, till, &c.
Or why ſhou'd he repent-a?

The King (God ſave him) had ſingular Hope
The King, &c.
Of him and all his Troop-a,
And all the Throng, as he march'd along,
And all, &c.
For joy did halloo and hoop-a.

None lik'd him ſo well as his Colonel,
None lik'd, &c.
Who took him for *John du Barta*;
But when the *Scots* Army came in Sight,
But when, &c.
The Knight was not ſo pert-a.

And when there was Shows of Guns and Blows,
And when, &c.
And ev'ry Man muſt fight-a,
He ran to his Tent, and they ask'd what he meant,
He ran, &c.
He ſaid, He muſt needs go ſh——t-a.

His Colonel ſent for him back again,
His Colonel, &c.
To place him in the Van-a,
But Sir *John* did ſwear, he wou'd never come there,
But Sir *John*, &c.
To be kill'd the very firſt Man-a.

To eaſe him of Fear, he plac'd him in the Rear;
To eaſe, &c.

At Miles back half a Score-a,
Sir *John* he did play a Trip and away,
Sir *John*, &c.
And ne'er ſaw the Enemy more-a.

SONG CXCII.

WITH an honeſt old Friend, and a merry old Song,
And a Flask of old Port, let me ſit the Night long,
And laugh at the Malice of thoſe who repine,
That they muſt ſwig Porter, whilſt I can drink Wine.

I envy no Mortal, tho' ever ſo great,
Nor ſcorn I a Wretch for his lowly Eſtate;
But what I abhor, and eſteem as a Curſe,
Is Poorneſs of Spirit, not Poorneſs in Purſe.

Then dare to be generous, dauntleſs, and gay,
Let's merrily paſs Life's Remainder away;
Upheld by our Friends, we our Foes may deſpiſe,
For the more we are envy'd, the higher we riſe.

SONG CXCIII.

AS *Cælia* near a Fountain lay,
Her Eye-lids clos'd with Sleep,
The Shepherd *Damon* chanc'd that Way
To drive his Flock of Sheep,
To drive, &c.

With awful Step h'approach'd the Fair,
To view her charming Face,
Where ev'ry Feature wore an Air,
And ev'ry Part a Grace,
And ev'ry, &c.

His Heart inflam'd with amorous Pain,
He wiſh'd the Nymph would wake,

Tho' ne'er before was any Swain
So unprepar'd to ſpeak,
So unprepar'd, &c.
Whilſt ſtumb'ring thus fair *Cælia* lay,
Soft Wiſhes fill'd her Mind,
She cry'd, come, *Thyrſis*, come away,
For now I will be kind,
For now, &c.
Damon embrac'd the lucky Hit,
And flew into her Arms,
He took her in the yielding Fit,
And rifled all her Charms,
And rifled, &c.

SONG CXCIV.

HOW pleaſant a Sailor's Life paſſes,
Who roams o'er the wat'ry Main
No Treaſure he ever amaſſes,
But chearfully ſpends all his Gain.
We're Strangers to Party and Faction,
To Honour and Honeſty true,
And wou'd not commit a baſe Action,
For Power or Profit in view.
Chor. *Then why ſhould we quarrel for Riches,*
Or any ſuch glittering Toys?
A light Heart and a thin Pair of Breeches
Goes thorough the World, brave Boys.

The World is a beautiful Garden,
Enrich'd with the Bleſſings of Life,
The Toiler with Plenty rewarding,
Which Plenty too often breeds Strife.
When terrible Tempeſts aſſail us,
And mountainous Billows affright,
No Grandeur or Wealth can avail us,
But skilful Induſtry ſteers right.
Chor. *Then why ſhould*, &c.

The Courtier's more ſubject to Dangers,
Who rules at the Helm of the State,
Than we, who to Politicks Strangers,
Eſcape the Snares laid for the Great.
The various Bleſſings of Nature,
In various Nations we try,
No Mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
Chor. *Then why ſhould*, &c.

SONG CXCV.

BAcchus muſt now his Power reſign,
I am the only God of Wine;
It is not fit the Wretch ſhould be
In Competition ſet with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new World, ye Pow'rs divine,
Stock it with nothing elſe but Wine;
Let Wine its only Product be,
Let Wine be Earth, be Air, and Sea,
And let that Wine be all for me.

Let other Mortals vainly wear
A tedious Life in anxious Care:
Let the Ambitious toil and think,
Let States or Empires ſwim or ſink,
My ſole Ambition is to drink.

SONG CXCVI.

THAT all Men are Beggars, we plainly may ſee,
For Beggars there are of ev'ry Degree,
Tho' none are ſo bleſt or ſo happy as we,
Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.

The Tradeſman he begs that his Wares you would buy,
Then begs you'd believe the Price is not high,
And ſwears 'tis his Trade when he tells you a Lye,
Which no body can deny, &c.

The Lawyer he begs that you'd give him a Fee,
Tho' he reads not your Brief, nor regards he your Plea,
But adviſes your Foe how to get a Decree.
Which no body can deny, &c.

The Courtier he begs for a Penſion or Place,
A Ribband, a Title, or Smile from his Grace,
'Tis due to his Merit, 'tis writ in his Face,
Which no body can deny, &c.

But if by Miſhap he ſhould chance to get none,
He begs you'd believe that the Nation's undone;
There's but one honeſt Man, and himſelf is that one,
Which no body can deny, &c.

The Fair-one ſhe labours whole Mornings at home
New Charms to create, and much Pains to conſume,
Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural Bloom.
Which no body can deny, &c.

The Lover begs the dear Nymph to comply,
She begs he'd be gone, yet with languiſhing Eye
Still begs he would ſtay, for a Maid ſhe can't die;
Which none but a Fool wou'd deny, &c.

SONG CXCVII. *Jovial Beggar.*

I Am a jolly Bowler,
Of the Free-thinking Club;
And all my Notes are, *Fly, fly, fly.*
Rub, rub a thouſand, rub,
And a bowling we will go, &c.

There's ne'er a Set of Bowlers
So far and near renown'd:
We *twiſt* and *skrew*, and with Grimace
We *coax* the Bowl around.
And a Bowling, &c.

We have the fineſt Bowling-Green,
There's none with us can vie;
Tho' void of Mugs, and Pots and Jugs,
To drink when we're a-dry.
And a Bowling, &c.

The Rudiments and Sciences
In Bowling may be found,
For 'tis in vain to think to bowl,
'Till you firſt know the Ground.
And a Bowling, &c.

From Bowling we may learn too
The Patience of a *JOB*;
For as in Bowling, ſo in Life,
We bear with many a *Rub*.
And a Bowling, &c.

What Trifles Men contend for,
In Bowling's underſtood;
Where Mortals ſweat, and fret, and vex
About a Piece of Wood.
And a Bowling, &c.

The Fickleneſs of Fortune
In Emblem here is ſeen;
For often thoſe that touch the *Block*
Are thrown out of the *Green*.
And a Bowling, &c.

Of Courtiers and of Bowlers,
The Fortune is the ſame;
Each joſtles t'other out of Place,
And plays a *ſep'rate Game*.
And a Bowling, &c.

In Bowling, as in Battle,
The Leader's apt to claim
The Glory to himſelf,
Tho' the *Followers* get the *Game*.
And a Bowling, &c.

A *Challenge* from the beſt
We value not a Straw,
Both *firſt* and *ſecond* too muſt yield,
If we do once but *Draw*.
And a Bowling, &c.

The *Jack* is like a young Coquet,
Each *Bowl* reſembles Man,
They follow whereſoe'er ſhe leads,
As cloſe as e'er they can.
And a Bowling, &c.

What tho' they fetch a Compaſs round,
The *Byaſs* draws them in;
And he that lies the cloſeſt to't,
Cock-ſure he is to win.
And a Bowling, &c.

Alas! here's one that *knocks* it off,
And *touches to a Hair!*
Hold, hold an Inch---your Tongue, you Dog —
A Pox! I can't forbear.
And a Bowling, &c.

Here, quickly bring a Reed, Boy,
And meaſure't out of hand;
The Caſe is clear, 'tis loſt, 'tis loſt,
You cannot make it ſtand.
And a Bowling, &c.

For tho' in other Gaming
A Block-head be in Jeſt,
Yet he that's neareſt *Block-head*,
In Bowling is the beſt.
And a Bowling, &c.

Then to the *Roſe!* —— of Bowling
Now we have had our Fill:
Let's lay aſide our *Jack*, Boys,
And each Man take his GILL.
And a Bowling, &c.

SONG CXCVIII.

CUpid, God of pleaſing Anguiſh,
Teach th' enamour'd Swain to languiſh,
Teach him fierce Deſires to know:
Heroes would be loſt in Story,
Did not Love inſpire their Glory,
Did not Love inſpire their Glory;
Love does all that's great below,
Love does all that's great below.

SONG CXCIX. *White Joak.*

OF all the Girls in our Town,
Or black, or yellow, or fair, or brown;
With their ſoft Eyes, and Faces ſo bright,
Give me a Girl that's blithe and gay,
As warm as *June* and as ſweet as *May*,
With her Heart free, and faithful as Light.
What lovely Couple then could be,
So happy and ſo bleſt as we?
On whom eternal Joys wou'd ſmile,
And all the Care of Life beguile,
Entranc'd in Bliſs each rapt'rous Night.

SONG CC. *Ye Commons*, &c.

COME, let us prepare,
We Brothers that are
Met together on merry Occaſion;
Let us drink, laugh and ſing,
Our Wine has a Spring,
Here's a Health to an *accepted Maſon*.

The World is in pain,
Our Secret to gain,
But ſtill let them wonder and gaze,
Till they're ſhewn the Light,
They'll ne'er know the right
Word, or Sign of an *accepted Maſon.*

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what;
Why ſo many great Men in the Nation
Should Aprons put on,
To make themſelves one
With a free and an accepted Maſon.

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,
Have laid by their Swords,
This our Myſt'ry to put a good grace on;
And ne'er been aſham'd
To hear themſelves nam'd
With a free and an accepted Maſon.

Antiquity's Pride
We have on our ſide,
It makes each Man juſt in his Station;
There's nought but what's good,
To be underſtood
By a free and an accepted Maſon.

We're true and ſincere,
We're juſt to the Fair,
They'll truſt us on ev'ry Occaſion;
No Mortal can more
The Ladies adore
Than a free and an accepted Maſon.

Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm ſtand,
Let's be merry, and put a bright Face on:
No Mortal can boaſt,
So noble a Toaſt,
As a free and an accepted Maſon.

SONG CCI. *Mad* Beſs.

FROM ſilent Shades, and the *Elyſian* Groves,
Where ſad departed Spirits mourn their Loves;
From Chryſtal Streams, and from that Country where
Jove crowns the Fields with Flowers all the Year,
Poor ſenſeleſs *Beſs*, cloath'd in her Rags and Folly,
Is come to cure her love-ſick Melancholy.

Bright *Cynthia* kept her Revels late,
While *Mab*, the fairy Queen, did dance;
And *Oberon* did ſit in State,
When *Mars* at *Venus* ran his Lance.

In yonder Cowſlip lies my Dear,
Intomb'd in liquid Gems of Dew;
Each Day I'll water it with a Tear,
Its fading Bloſſom to renew.

For ſince my Love is dead,
And all my Joys are gone;
Poor *Beſs* for his ſake,
A Garland will make,
My Muſick ſhall be a Groan.

I'll lay me down and die
Within ſome hollow Tree;
The Raven and Cat,
The Owl, and Bat,
Shall warble forth my Elegy.

Did you not ſee my Love,
As he paſt by you?
His two flaming Eyes,
If he comes nigh you,

They will ſcorch up your Hearts,
Ladies, beware you,
Leſt he ſhould dart a Glance,
That may enſnare you.

Hark! hark! I hear old *Charon* bawl,
His Boat he will no longer ſtay;
The Furies laſh their Whips, and call,
Come, come away, come, come away.

Poor *Beſs* will return
To the Place whence ſhe came,
Since the World is ſo mad, ſhe can hope for no Cure;
For Love's grown a Bubble,
A Shadow, a Name,
Which Fools do admire, and wiſe Men endure.

Cold and hungry am I grown,
Ambroſia will I feed upon;
Drink Nectar ſtill and ſing:
Who is content,
Does all Sorrows prevent;
And *Beſs*, in her Straw,
Whilſt free from the Law,
In her Thoughts is as great as a King.

SONG CCII.

THE ſweet roſy Morning
Peeps over the Hills,
With Bluſhes adorning
The Meadows and Fields;
While the merry, merry, merry Horn calls,
Come, come, come away,
Awake from your Slumber,
And hail the new Day.

The Stag rous'd before us,
Away ſeems to fly,
And pants to the *Chorus*
Of Hounds in full Cry.
Then follow, follow, follow
The muſical Chaſe,
Where Pleaſure, and vigorous
Health you embrace.

The Day's Sport, when over,
Makes Blood circle right,
And gives the briſk Lover
Freſh Charms for the Night.
Then let us, let us now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let Love crown the Night,
As our Sports crown the Day.

SONG CCIII.

SWEET *Nelly*, my Heart's Delight,
Be loving, and do not ſlight
The Proffer I make, for Modeſty's ſake;
I honour your Beauty bright.
For Love I profeſs, I can do no leſs,
Thou haſt my Favour won;
And ſince I ſee your Modeſty,
I pray agree and fancy me,
Tho' I am but a Farmer's Son.

No: I am a Lady gay,
'Tis very well known I may
Have Men of Renown, in Country or Town:
So, Roger, *without delay,*
Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nancy, or Prue,
Their Loves will ſoon be won;
But don't you dare to ſpeak me fair,
As tho' I were at my laſt Pray'r,
To marry a Farmer's Son.

My Father has Riches ſtore,
Two hundred a Year and more,
Beſides Sheep and Cows, Carts, Harrows, and
Ploughs;
His Age is above Threeſcore:
And when he does die, then merrily I
Shall have what he has won;
Both Land and Kine, all ſhall be thine,
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
And marry a Farmer's Son.

A fig for your Cattle and Corn,
Your proferr'd Love I ſcorn;
'Tis known very well, my Name it is Nell,
And you're but a Bumpkin born.
Well, ſince it is ſo, away I will go,
And I hope no Harm is done;
Farewel, adieu: I hope to woo
As good as you, and win her too,
Tho' I am but a Farmer's Son.

Be not in haſte, quoth ſhe,
Perhaps we may ſtill agree,
For, Man, I proteſt, I was but in jeſt;
Come, prithee ſit down by me:
For thou art the Man, that verily can
Perform what muſt be done;
Both ſtrait and tall, genteel withal,
Therefore I ſhall be at your Call,
To marry a Farmer's Son.

Dear Lady, believe me now,
I ſolemnly ſwear and vow,
No Lords in their Lives take Pleaſure in Wives,
Like Fellows that drive the Plow;
For whate'er they gain, with Labour and Pain,
They don't to Harlots run,
As Courtiers do: I never knew
A *London* Beau, that could outdo
A Country Farmer's Son.

SONG CCIV.

DID ever Swain a Nymph adore,
As I ungrateful *Nanny* do?
Was ever Shepherd's Heart ſo ſore,
Or ever broken Heart ſo true?
My Cheeks are ſwell'd with Tears, but ſhe
Has never wet a Cheek for me.

If *Nanny* call'd, did e'er I ſtay?
Or linger, when ſhe bid me run?
She only had the Word to ſay,
And all ſhe wiſh'd was quickly done,
I always think of her, but ſhe
Does ne'er beſtow a Thought on me.

To let her Cows my Clover take,
Have I not roſe by break of Day?
Did ever *Nanny*'s Heifers faſt,
If *Robin* in his Barn had Hay?
Tho' to my Fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever *Nanny* loſt a Sheep,
Then chearfully I gave her two;
And I her Lambs did ſafely keep
Within my Folds in Froſt and Snow,
Have they not there from Cold been free?
But *Nanny* ſtill is cold to me.

When *Nanny* to the Well did come,
'Twas I that did her Pitchers fill;
Full as they were I brought them home;
Her Corn I carry'd to the Mill:
My Back did bear the Sack, but ſhe
Will never bear the Sight of me.

To *Nanny*'s Poultry Oats I gave,
I'm ſure they always had the beſt:

Within this Week her Pigeons have
Eat up a Peck of Peaſe, at leaſt;
Her little Pigeons kiſs, but ſhe
Will never take a Kiſs from me.

Muſt *Robin* always *Nanny* woo,
And *Nanny* ſtill on *Robin* frown?
Alas! poor Wretch! what ſhall I do,
If *Nanny* does not love me ſoon?
If no Relief to me ſhe'll bring,
I'll hang me in her Apron-ſtring.

SONG CCV.

THE Wheel of Life is turning quickly round,
And nothing in this World of Certainty is found:
The Midwife wheels us in, and Death wheels us out:
Good lack! good lack! how things are wheel'd about!

Some few aloft on Fortune's Wheel do go,
And as they mount up high, the others tumble low;
In this we all agree, that Fate at firſt did will,
That this great Wheel ſhould never once ſtand ſtill.

The Courtier turns to gain his private Ends,
'Till he's ſo giddy grown, he quite forgets his Friends;
Proſperity oft-times deceives the Proud and Vain,
And wheels ſo faſt, it turns them out again.

Some turn to this, to that, and ev'ry Way,
And cheat, and ſcrape for what can't purchaſe one poor Day;

But this is far beneath the generous-hearted Man
Who lives, and makes the moſt of Life he can.
And thus we're wheel'd about in Life's ſhort Farce,
'Till we at laſt are wheel'd off in a rumbling Hearſe:
The Midwife wheels us in, and Death wheels us out:
Good lack! good lack! how things are wheel'd about.

SONG CCVI.

THERE were three Lads in our Town,
Slow Men of *London*,
They courted a Widow was bonny and brown,
And yet they left her undone.

They went to work without their Tools,
Slow Men of *London!*
The Widow ſhe ſent them away like Fools,
Becauſe they left her undone.

They often taſted this Widow's Chear;
Slow Men of *London!*
But yet the Widow was never the near,
For ſtill they left her undone.

Blow, ye Winds; and come down, Rain,
Slow Men of *London!*
They never ſhall woo this Widow again,
Becauſe they left her undone.

SONG CCVII.

THUS *Kitty*, beautiful and young,
And wild as Colt untam'd,
Beſpoke the Fair from whom ſhe ſprung,
With little Rage inflam'd.

Inflam'd with Rage at ſad Reſtraint,
Which wiſe Mamma ordain'd;

And ſorely vex'd to play the Saint,
Whilſt Wit and Beauty reign'd.
Shall I thumb holy Books, confin'd,
With *Abigails* forſaken?
Kitty's for other things deſign'd,
Or I am much miſtaken.

Muſt Lady *Jenny* friſk about,
And viſit with her Couſins?
At Balls muſt ſhe make all the Rout,
And bring home Hearts by dozens?
What has ſhe better, pray, than I?
What hidden Charms to boaſt?
That all Mankind for her ſhould die,
Whilſt I am ſcarce a Toaſt.

Deareſt Mamma, for once let me,
Unchain'd, my Fortune try;
I'll have my Earl, as well as ſhe,
Or know the Reaſon why.
I'll ſoon with *Jenny*'s Pride quite ſcore,
Make all her Lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before,
She, I was loos'd at all.

Fondneſs prevail'd, Mamma gave way,
Kitty, at Heart's Deſire
Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
And ſet the World on fire.

SONG CCVIII.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a Stall,
Which ſerv'd him for Parlour, for Kitchen and Hall,
No Coin in his Pocket, nor Care in his Pate,
No Ambition had he, nor Duns at his Gate:
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himſelf happy,
If at Night he could purchaſe a Jug of brown Nappy;
How he'd laugh then, and whiſtle, and ſing too moſt ſweet,
Saying juſt to a Hair I have made both Ends to meet;
Derry down, &c.

But Love, the Diſturber of High and of Low,
That ſhoots at the Peaſant as well as the Beau;
He ſhot the poor Cobler quite thorough the Heart,
I wiſh he had hit ſome more ignoble Part:
Derry down, &c.

It was from a Cellar this Archer did play,
Where a buxom young Damſel continually lay;
Her Eyes ſhone ſo bright when ſhe roſe ev'ry Day,
That ſhe ſhot the poor Cobler quite over the Way:
Derry down, &c.

He ſung her Love-Songs, as he ſat at his Work,
But ſhe was as hard as a *Jew*, or a *Turk*:
Whenever he ſpake, ſhe would flounce and would fleer,
Which put the poor Cobler quite into Deſpair:
Derry down, &c.

He took up his *All* that he had in the World,
And to make away with himſelf was reſolv'd;
He pierc'd through his Body inſtead of the *Sole*,
So the Cobler he dy'd, and the Bell it did toll:
Derry down, &c.

And now in good Will I adviſe, as a Friend,
All Coblers take Warning by this *Cobler's End*:
Keep your Hearts out of Love, for we find by what's paſt,
That Love brings us *All* to an *End* at the *Laſt*.
Derry down, &c.

SONG CCIX.

WHY will *Florella*, when I gaze,
My raviſh'd Eyes reprove?
And hide 'em from the only Face
They can behold with Love?

To ſhun her Scorn, and eaſe my Care,
I ſeek a Nymph more kind;
And while I rove from Fair to Fair,
Still gentler Uſage find.

But oh! how faint is ev'ry Joy,
Where Nature has no Part;
New Beauties may my Eyes employ,
But you engage my Heart.

So reſtleſs Exiles, doom'd to roam,
Meet Pity ev'ry where;
Yet languiſh for their native home,
Tho' Death attends them there.

SONG CCX.

He. SInce Times are ſo bad, I muſt tell thee Sweet-Heart,
I'm thinking to leave off my Plough and my Cart,
And to the fair City a Journey I'll go;
To better my Fortune, as other Folks do;
Since ſome have from Ditches, and coarſe leathern Breeches,
Been rais'd to be Rulers, and wallow'd in Riches,
Prithee come, come, come, come from thy Wheel;
For if the Gypſies don't lye,
I ſhall be a Governour too, ere I die.

She. Ah! *Collin!* by all thy late Doings I find,
With Sorrow and Trouble, the Pride of thy Mind;

Our Sheep they at random diſorderly run,
And now *Sunday*'s Jacket goes ev'ry Day on:
Ah! what doſt thou, what doſt thou, what doſt thou mean?
He. To make my Shoes clean,
And foot it to Court, to the King and the Queen;
Where ſhewing my Parts, I Preferment ſhall win.
She. Fie! 'tis better for us to plough, and to ſpin:
For, as to the Court, when thou happen'ſt to try,
Thou'lt find nothing got there, unleſs thou can'ſt buy;
For Money, the Devil and all's to be found,
But no good Parts minded, without the good Pound.
He. Why, then I'll take Arms, and follow Alarms,
Hunt Honour, that now-a-days plaguily charms.
She. And ſo loſe a Limb, by a Shot or a Blow,
And curſe thyſelf after, for leaving the Plow.
He. Suppoſe I turn Gameſter. *She.* So cheat, and be bang'd.
He. What think'ſt of the Road then? *She.* The high Way to be hang'd.
He. Nice Pimping, however, yields Profit for Life,
I'll help ſome fine Lord to another's fine Wife.
She. That's dangerous too, among the Town-Crew,
For ſome of 'em will do the ſame thing by you;
And then I to cuckold you may be drawn in:
Faith, *Collin*, 'tis better I ſit here and ſpin.
He. Will nothing prefer me? What think'ſt of the Law?
She. Oh! while you live, *Collin*, keep out of that Paw.

He. I'll cant, and I'll pray. *She.* There's nought got that way;
There's no one minds now what thoſe black Gentry ſay.
Let all our whole Care be our farming Affair.
He. To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-Trees bear.
She. Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can ſhow,
So I'll to my Diſtaff. *He.* And I'll to my Plough.
Both. Let all our whole Care be our farming Affair,
To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-Trees bear.
Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can ſhow;
So I'll to my Diſtaff. *He.* And I'll to my Plough.

SONG CCXI.

HOW much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by Shews and Forms?
Whate'er we think, what'er we ſee,
All human Kind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by Birth,
Vile Reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the Earth,
Then ſhrinks to Earth again.

That Woman is a Worm we find,
E'er ſince our Grandame's Evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own Kind,
That ancient Worm the Devil.

The Learn'd themſelves, we Book-worms name,
The Blockhead is a Slow-Worm;
The Nymph whoſe Tail is all on Flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-Worm.

The Fops are painted Butter-flies,
That flutter for a Day;
First from a Worm they take their Riſe,
Then in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Ear-wig grows;
Some Worms ſuit all Conditions;
Miſers are Muck-Worms; Silk-Worms Beaus,
And Death-Watches, Phyſicians.

That Stateſmen have the Worm, is ſeen,
By all their winding Play;
Their Conſcience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah! *Moore*, thy Skill were well employ'd,
And greater Gain would riſe,
If thou couldſt make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies.

Oh learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
Who ſet'ſt our Entrails free!
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms ſhall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only can'ſt adjourn,
Some few ſhort Years, no more!
Ev'n *Button*'s Wits to Worms ſhall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

SONG CCXII.

BLOW, blow *Boreas* blow, and let thy ſurly Winds
Make the Billows foam and roar,
Thou canſt no Terror breed in valiant Minds,
But ſpite of thee we'll live, and find a Shore.

Then chear, my Mates, and be not aw'd,
But keep the Gun-Room clear;
Tho' Hell's broke looſe, and the Devils roar abroad,
Whilſt we have Sea-room here, Boys, never fear

Hey! how ſhe toſſes up, how far!
The mounting Top-Maſt touch'd a Star;
The Meteors blaz'd, as thro' the Clouds we came;
And, Salamander-like, we liv'd in Flame.

But now, now we ſink! now we go
Down to the deepeſt Shades below:
Alas! alas! where are we now!
Who, who can tell?
Sure 'tis the loweſt Room of Hell,
Or where the Sea-Gods dwell:
With them we'll live, with them we'll live and reign;
With them we'll laugh, and ſing, and drink amain:
But ſee! we mount! ſee! ſee; we riſe again!

SONG CCXIII.

AS I beneath the Myrtle Shade lay muſing,
Sylvia the fair, in mournful Sounds,
Venting her Grief, the Air thus wounds;
Oh! God of Love, ceaſe to torment me:
Send to my Aid ſome gentle Swain,
Whoſe Balm apply'd, may eaſe my Pain.

Aloud I cry'd, and all the Groves reſounded,
Heavenly Nymph complain no more,
Love does thy wiſh'd-for Peace reſtore,
And ſends a gentle Swain to eaſe thee;
In whom a longing Maid may find
A Balm to cure her love-ſick Mind.

She bluſh'd and ſigh'd, and puſh'd the Med'cine from her,
Which ſtill the more encreas'd her Pain,
Finding at length ſhe ſtrove in vain,
Oh! Love, ſhe cry'd: I muſt obey thee;
Who can the raging Smart endure?
She ſuck'd the Balm, and found the Cure.

SONG CCXIV.

FOrth from my dark and diſmal Cell,
Or from the dark Abyſs of Hell,
Mad *Tom* is come to view the World again,
To ſee if he can cure his diſtemper'd Brain.

Fears and Cares oppreſs my Soul;
Hark! how the angry Furies howl?
Pluto laughs, and *Proſerpine* is glad,
To ſee poor angry *Tom* of *Bedlam* mad.

Through the World I wander Night and Day,
To find my ſtraggling Senſes.
In an angry Mood I met old *Time*,
With his Pentateuch of Tenſes:

When me he ſpies away he flies,
For *Time* will ſtay for no Man;
In vain with Cries I rend the Skies,
For Pity is not common.

Cold and comfortleſs I be,
Help! help! or elſe I die!
Hark! I hear *Apollo*'s Team,
The Carman 'gins to whiſtle;
Chaſte *Diana* bends her Bow,
And the Boar begins to briſtle.
Come *Vulcan*, with Tools and with Tackle;
And knock off my troubleſome Shackle;
Bid *Charles* make ready his Wain,
To bring me my Senſes again.

Laſt Night I heard the *Dog-ſtar* bark,
Mars met *Venus* in the Dark;
Limping *Vulcan* heat an Iron-bar,
And furiouſly made at the God of War;
Mars with his Weapon laid about,
Limping *Vulcan* had got the Gout;
His broad Horns did ſo hang in his Light,
That he could not ſee to aim his Blows aright.

Mercury, the nimble Poſt of Heaven,
Stood ſtill to ſee the Quarrel;
Gorrel-belly'd *Bacchus*, Giant-like,
Beſtrid a Strong-Beer Barrel;
To me he drinks whole Butts,
Until he burſt his Guts,
But mine were ne'er the wider.
Poor *Tom* is very dry,
A little Drink for Charity.

Hark! I hear *Actæon*'s Hounds,
The Huntſmen whoop and hollow;
Ringwood, *Rockwood*, *Jowler*, *Bowman*,
All the Chaſe do follow.

The Man in the Moon drinks Claret,
Eats powder'd Beef, Turnip, and Carrot;
But a Cup of *Malaga* Sack
Will fire the Buſh at his Back.

SONG CCXV.

ONE *April* Morn, when from the Sea
Phœbus was juſt appearing;
Damon and *Cælia*, young and gay,
Long-ſettl'd Love endearing;
Met in a Grove to vent their Spleen
On Parents unrelenting;
He bred of *Tory* Race had been,
She of the Tribe *Diſſenting*.

Cælia, whoſe Eyes out ſhone the God
Newly the Hills adorning;
Told him Mamma would be ſtark mad,
She miſſing Prayers that Morning:
Damon, his Arm around her Waiſt,
Swore that nought ſhould them ſunder;
Should my rough Dad know how I'm bleſt,
'Twould make him roar like Thunder,

Great ones with Ambition blind,
By Faction ſtill ſupport it;
Or, where vile Money taints the Mind,
They for Convenience court it;
But mighty Love, that ſcorns to ſhew
Party ſhould raiſe his Glory,
Swears he'll exalt a Vaſſal true,
Let him be *Whig* or *Tory*.

SONG CCXVI.

I Have been in Love, and in Debt, and in Drink,
This many and many a Year:
And thoſe are Plagues enough, I ſhould think,
For one poor Mortal to bear.

'Twas Love made me fall into Drink,
And Drink made me fall into Debt;
And tho' I have ſtruggl'd, and ſtruggl'd, and ſtrove,
I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but Money can cure me,
And rid me of all my Pain;
'Twill pay all my Debts,
And remove all my Letts;
And my Miſtreſs that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again:
Then, then I'll fall to my loving and drinking again.

SONG CCXVII.

SHould I die by the Force of good Wine,
'Tis my Will that a Tun be my Shrine;
And for the Age to come,
Engrave this Story on my Tomb:
Here lies a Body once ſo brave,
Who with drinking made his Grave.

Since thus to die will purchaſe Fame,
And raiſe an everlaſting Name;
Drink, drink away; drink, drink away:
And here let's be nobly interr'd;
Let Miſers and Slaves pop into their Graves,
And rot in a dirty Church-yard.

SONG CCXVIII.

HOW bleſt are Beggar Laſſes,
Who never toil for Treaſure?
We know no Care, but how to ſhare
Each Day's ſucceſſive Pleaſure.
Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars ſtill with Bliſs abound;
Mirth and Joy ne'er can cloy,
Whilſt the ſparkling Glaſs goes round.

A Fig for gaudy Faſhions,
No want of Clothes oppreſs us:
We live at Eaſe with Rags and Fleas;
We value not our Dreſſes.
Drink away, &c.

We ſcorn all Ladies Waſhes,
With which they ſpoil each Feature:
No Patch or Paint our Beauties taint;
We live in ſimple Nature.
Drink away, &c.

No Cholick, Spleen, or Vapours;
At Morn or Ev'ning teaze us;
We drink not Tea, or Ratafie;
When ſick, a Dram can eaſe us.
Drink away, &c.

What Ladies act in private,
By Nature's ſoft Complaiſance,
We think no Crime, when in our Prime,
To kiſs without a Licence.
Drink away, &c.

We know no Shame or Scandal,
The Beggars Law befriends us;
We all agree in Liberty,
And Poverty defends us.
Drink away, &c.

Like jolly Beggar-Wenches
Thus, thus, we drown all Sorrow;
We live to-day, and ne'er delay
Our Pleasure till to-morrow.
Drink away, &c.

SONG CCXIX.

YE fair injur'd Nymphs, and ye Beaus who deceive 'em,
Who with Passion engage, and without Reason leave 'em;
Draw near and attend, how the Hero I sing,
Was foil'd by a Girl, tho' *at Arms he was King*.
Derry down, &c.

Crests, Motto's, Supporters, and Bearings, knew he,
And deeply was study'd in old Pedigree;
He would sit a whole Ev'ning, and not without Rapture,
Tell who begot whom, to the End of the Chapter.
Derry down, &c.

In forming his Tables, nought griev'd him, but solely,
That this Man dy'd *cœlebs*, and that *sine prole*.
At last, having trac'd others Families down,
He began to have Thoughts of encreasing his own.
Derry down, &c.

A Dam'sel he chose, not too slow of Belief,
And fain would be deem'd her Amirer *in chief*:

He *blazon'd* his Suit, and the Sum of his Tale,
Was, *his Coat and her Coat*, join'd *party par pale*.
Derry down, &c.

In different Stile, to tie faſter the Nooſe,
He next would attack her in ſoft Billet-doux:
His *Argent* and *Sable* were laid aſide quite,
Plain *Engliſh* he wrote, and in plain black and white.
Derry down, &c.

Againſt ſuch *Atchievements* what Beauty could fence? (tence?
Or who would have thought it was all but Pre-
His Pain to relieve, and fulfil his Deſire,
The Lady agreed to join hands with the Squire.
Derry down, &c.

The Squire in a fret that the Jeſt went ſo far,
Conſider'd with ſpeed how to put in a *Barr*.
His Words bound him not, ſince hers did not confine her;
And this is plain Law becauſe Miſs is a Minor.
Derry down, &c.

Miſs briskly reply'd, that the Law was too hard,
If ſhe who is Minor may not be a *Ward*:
In Law then confiding, ſhe took it upon her,
By Juſtice to mend thoſe foul Breaches of Honour.
Derry down, &c.

She handl'd him ſo, that few would, I warrant,
Have been in his *Coat*, on ſo *ſleeveleſs* an Errand:
She made him give Bond for ſtamp'd *Argent* and *Or*,
And *ſabl'd* his *Shield* with *Gules*, *blazon'd* before.
Derry down, &c.

Ye Heralds, produce, from the Time of the *Normans*,
In all your Records ſuch a baſe Non-performance,
Or if without Inſtance the Caſe is we touch on,
Let this be ſet down as a *Blot in his 'Scutcheon.*
Derry down, &c.

SONG CCXX.

FILL all the Glaſſes, fill 'em high,
Drink, drink, and defy all Power but Love:
Wines gives the Slave his Liberty;
But Love makes a Slave of thund'ring *Jove.*
Drink, drink away,
Make a Night of the Day,
'Tis Nectar, 'tis Liquor divine;
The Pleaſure of Life,
Free from Anguiſh and Strife,
Are owing to Love and good Wine.

SONG CCXXI.

GO vind the Vicar of *Taunton-Dean*,
And he'll tell you the Banns were asked;
A good vat Capon he had ver's Pains,
And I zent it home in a Basket.
And a *Friday* Night I was, by right,
To have prov'd if ſhe were a Maiden;
And now ſhe's run with a Soldier to Town:
Heydledom deydledom, cudden;
Heydon, cudden, cudden, Tom:
Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.
My Mother ſhe zold her blue game Cock,
And a dainty Brood of Chicken:
Then bought herſelf a Canvaſs Smock,
And rack'd it up in the Kitchen:
And ſhe bought me a Cambrick-Band,
With a Bumpkin Pair of Breeches:

Not thinking but *Joan*
Would have made me her own:
But i'faith ſhe'd have none of thoſe Vetches.
Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom:
Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.
I'll take a Hatchet and hang my zell,
Before I'll endure theſe Loſſes:
Or elſe a Rope in a doleſome Well,
For I never can bear theſe Croſſes:
Or I'll go to ſome Beacon high,
For i'vaith I am welly wooden,
And throw my zelf down, her Kindneſs to try.
Heydledom, deydledom, &c.

If ſhe can think 'tis a better Trade,
This ſhooting of Guns, and flaſhing:
She'll find herſelf but a ſimple Jade,
For there's more to be got by Threſhing.
I ne'er ſhall beg without a Leg,
Nor Occaſion have vor a wooden;
Nor Cripple become,
By vollowing a Drum,
Heydledom, deydledom, cudden.
Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom:
Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.

SONG CCXXII.

STAY, Shepherd, ſtay; I prithee ſtay;
Did not you ſee her go this Way;
Where can ſhe be, can you not gueſs;
Alas! I have loſt my Shepherdeſs!

I fear ſome Satyr has betray'd
My wand'ring Nymph out of the Shade:
Oh! woe is me, I am undone!
For in the Shade ſhe was my Sun.

The Pink, the Violet, and the Roſe,
Strive to ſalute her as ſhe goes;

Nay, be content to kiſs her Shoe,
The Primroſe, and the Daiſie too.

Oh! woe is me! what muſt I do?
Or who muſt I complain unto?
Methinks the Vallies cry, forbear,
And ſighing ſay, She is not here:

Oh! what ſhall I, unhappy, do?
Or who muſt I complain unto?
Where may ſhe be, can you not gueſs?
Where I may find my Shepherdeſs?

SONG CCXXIII.

YOung Virgins love Pleaſure,
As Miſers do Treaſure,
And both alike ſtudy to heighten the Meaſure;
Their Hearts they will riſle
For ev'ry new Trifle;
And when in their Teens fall in Love for a Song:
But ſoon as they marry,
And find things miſcarry,
Oh! how they ſigh, that they were not more wary;
Inſtead of ſoft Wooing,
They run to their Ruin,
And all their Lives after drag Sorrow along.

SONG CCXXIV.

LET Ambition fire thy Mind,
Thou wer't born o'er Men to reign;
Not to follow Flocks deſign'd,
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,
Thou on Necks of Kings ſhalt tread;
Joys in Circles, Joys ſhall meet,
Which way e'er thy Fancy lead.

Let not Toils of Empire fright,
Toils of Empire Pleaſure are;
Thou ſhalt only know Delight,
All the Joy, but not the Care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize,
For the Bleſſings I beſtow:
Joyful I'll aſcend the Skies,
Happy thou ſhalt reign below.

SONG CCXXV.

OH! happy, happy Groves!
Witneſs of our tender Loves!
Oh! happy, happy Shade,
Where firſt our Vows were made,
Bluſhing, ſighing, melting, dying:
Looks would charm a *Jove*:
A thouſand pretty things ſhe ſaid,
And all, and all was Love.

But *Corrinna* perjur'd proves,
And forſakes the ſhady Groves:
When I ſpeak of mutual Joys,
She knows not what I mean:
Wanton Glances, fond Careſſes,
Now no more are ſeen.
Since the falſe deluding Fair
Left the flow'ry Green.

Mourn ye Nymphs that ſporting play'd,
Where poor *Strephon* was betray'd;
There the ſecret Wound ſhe gave,
When I firſt was made her Slave.

SONG CCXXVI.

I Go to the *Elyſian* Shade,
Where Sorrow ne'er ſhall wound me:
Where nothing ſhall my Reſt invade,
But Joy ſhall ſtill ſurround me.

I fly from *Cælia*'s cold Diſdain,
From her Diſdain I fly;
She is the Cauſe of all my Pain,
For her alone I die.

Her Eyes are brighter than the Mid-day Sun,
When he but half his radiant Courſe has run,
When his Meridian Glories gaily ſhine,
And glad all Nature with a Warmth divine.

See yonder River's flowing Tide,
Which now ſo full appears,
Thoſe Streams, that do ſo ſwiftly glide,
Are nothing but my Tears.

There have I wept, till I could weep no more,
And curs'd mine Eyes, when they have ſhed their Store;
Then, like the Clouds that rob the azure Main,
I've drein'd the Flood, to weep it back again.

Pity my Pains,
Ye gentle Swains,
Cover me with Ice and Snow,
I ſcorch, I burn, I flame, I glow:
Furies, tear me,
Quickly bear me
To the diſmal Shades below;
Where Yelling, and Howling,
And Grumbling and Growling,
Strike our Ears with horrid Woe.

Hiſſing Snakes,
Fiery Lakes,
Would be a Pleaſure and a Cure;
Not all the Hells
Where *Pluto* dwells,
Can give ſuch Pains as I endure.

To ſome peaceful Plain convey me,
On a moſſy Carpet lay me;
Fan me with ambroſial Breeze,
Let me die, and ſo have Eaſe.

SONG CCXXVII.

LEave off this idle Prating,
Talk no more of *Whig* and *Tory*,
But drink your Glaſs,
Round let it paſs,
The Bottle ſtands before ye.
Chorus. *Fill it up*
To the Top,
Let the Night with Mirth be crown'd,
Drink about,
See it out,
Love and Friendſhip ſtill go round.

If Claret be a Bleſſing,
This Night devote to Pleaſure;
Let worldly Cares,
And State Affairs,
Be thought on at more leiſure.
Fill it up, &c.

If any be ſo zealous,
To be a Party's Minion,
Let him drink like me,
We'll ſoon agree,
And be of one Opinion.
Fill it up, &c.

SONG CCXXVIII.

HEre's to thee, my Boy,
My Darling, my Joy,
For a Toper I love, as my Life,
I love as my Life;

Who ne'er baulks his Glaſs,
Nor cries like an Aſs,
To go home to his Miſtreſs or Wife.
To go home to his Miſtreſs or Wife.

But heartily quaffs,
Sings Catches and laughs;
All the Night he looks jovial and gay.
Looks jovial and gay;
When Morning appears,
Then homeward he ſteers,
To ſnore out the reſt of the Day,
To ſnore out the reſt of the Day.

He feels not the Cares,
The Griefs, nor the Fears,
That the Sober too often attend,
Too often attend;
Nor knows he a Loſs,
Diſturbance, or Croſs,
Save the want of his Bottle and Friend,
Save the want of his Bottle and Friend.

SONG CCXXIX. London *is a fine Town*, &c.

COME, all ye Sons of *Adam*,
The which do haunt this Place;
Come, all you little Eves-droppers,
Who paſs for Babes of Grace;
Come, all you Shapes and Figures,
And as you paſs along,
Pray mind a Brother Animal,
And liſten to his Song.
Oh! Maſquerades are fine things,
For to delight the Eyes;
And tho' they vex the Fooliſh,
They don't offend the Wiſe.

For why ſhould Mirth and Pleaſure,
And harmleſs Sport and Play,
Or ſpeaking with Sincerity,
Be thought a rude Eſſay?
For when we maſk our Faces,
We then unmask our Hearts;
And hide our leſſer Beauties,
To ſhew our better Parts.
Oh! Maſquerades, &c.

Here all Sorts of Conditions
Are ſociable and free,
They judge not by Appearances,
Which often diſagree:
A Lord will court a Skullion,
A Lady hug a Clown;
A Judge embrace moſt tenderly
A Madam of the Town.
Oh! Maſquerades, &c.

Here Party makes no Difference,
No Politicians jar;
Here Stateſmen lay aſide their Pride,
And with it all their Care.
A *Babyloniſh* Dialect
Inſpires all the Place;
Which muſt produce, no doubt on't,
A very ſprightly Race.
Oh! Maſquerades, &c.

Here I an honeſt Calling
Have choſen at my Leiſure;
For Profit, by the bye, Sir,
But in the main for Pleaſure:
For Pleaſure each Man hither comes,
Each Lady comes for Pleaſure;
And, if I'm in the right, Sir,
Why then, my Song is Meaſure.
Oh! Maſquerades, &c.

SONG CCXXX. *Greenwood Tree.*

OF all the Things beneath the Sun,
To love's the greateſt Curſe;
If one's deny'd, then he's undone,
If not, 'tis ten times worſe.
Poor *Adam*, by his Wife, 'tis known,
Was trick'd ſome Years ago;
But *Adam* was not trick'd alone,
For all his Sons were ſo.

Lovers the ſtrangeſt Fools are made,
When they their Nymphs purſue,
Which they will ne'er believe, till wed,
But then, alas! 'tis true.
They beg, they pray, and they adore,
'Till weary'd out of Life;
And pray, what's all this Trouble for?
Why truly, for a Wife.

How odd a thing's a whining Sot,
Who ſighs, in greateſt Need,
For that, which 'ſoon as ever got,
Does make him ſigh indeed.
Each Maid's an Angel while ſhe's woo'd,
But when the Wooing's done,
The Wife, inſtead of Fleſh and Blood,
Proves nothing but a Bone.

Ills, more or leſs, in human Life,
No mortal Man can ſhun;
But when a Man has got a Wife,
He has them all in one.
The Liver of *Prometheus*
A gnawing Vultur fed;
A Fable, that the thing was thus,
The poor old Man was wed.

A Wife, all Men of Learning know,
Was *Tantalus*'s Curſe;
The Apples which did tempt him ſo;
Were nought but a Divorce.

Let no Fool dream, that to his Share
A better Wife will fall;
They're all the ſame faith, to a Hair,
For they are Women all.

When firſt the ſenſeleſs empty Nokes
With Wooing does begin,
Far better he might beg the Stocks,
That they would let him in.

Yet for a Lover we may ſay,
He wears no cheating Phiz;
Tho' others Looks do oft betray,
He looks like what he is.

More Joys a Glaſs of Wine does give,
(Wife take him that gainſays)
Than all the Wenches ſprung from *Eve*,
E'er gave in all their Days.

But come, to Lovers here's a Glaſs,
God-wot, they need no Curſe:
Each wiſhes he may wed his Laſs,
No Soul can wiſh him worſe.

SONG CCXXXI.

THIS great World is a Trouble,
Where all muſt their Fortunes bear;
Make the moſt of the Bubble,
You'll have but Neighbours Fare.

Let not Jealouſy teaze ye,
Think of nought but to pleaſe ye;
What's paſt, 'tis but in vain
For Mortals to wiſh again.

When dull Cares do attack ye,
Drinking will thoſe Clouds repel;
Four good Bottles will make ye
Happy, they ſeldom fail.

If a Fifth ſhould be wanted,
Ask the Gods 'twill be granted;
Thus, with eaſe, you'll obtain
A Remedy for all Pain.

SONG CCXXXII.

DO not ask me, charming *Phillis*,
Why I lead you here alone
By this Bank of Pinks and Lilies,
And Roſes newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the Beauty
Of thoſe Flow'rs that crown the Spring;
'Tis, to——but I know my Duty,
And I dare not name the Thing.

'Tis, at worſt, but her denying,
Why ſhould I thus fearful be?
Ev'ry Moment, gently flying,
Smiles, and ſays, Make uſe of me.

What the Sun does to theſe Roſes,
While the Beams play gently in,
I would——but my Fear oppoſes,
And I dare not name the Thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it,
Ask my Eyes to ask your own;
And if neither can reveal it,
Think what Lovers think alone.

On this Bank of Pinks and Lilies,
Might I ſpeak what I would do;
I would with my lovely *Phillis*,
I would, I would,——ah! would not you?

SONG CCXXXIII.

A Cuckold it is thought
A moſt reproachful Name;
Since Wives commit the Fault,
Whilſt Husbands bear the Blame.
'Tis natural for Women
Such little Slips to make;
And if they were not common,
How many Heads would ake?

I'll give my Wife her Humour,
If ſhe'll but give me mine;
And tho' I hear bad Rumour,
I never will repine,
If ſhe a Cuckold make me,
I'll ſerve her in her Coin;
And may the Devil take me,
If e'er I lag behind.

SONG CCXXXIV.

YE Maidens, ye Wives and young Widows, rejoice,
Proclaim a Thankſgiving with Heart and with Voice,
Since Waters were Waters, I dare boldly ſay,
Ye ne'er had more Cauſe for a Thankſgiving Day.
For from *London* Town there is lately come down
Four able Phyſicians, who never wore Gown,
Whoſe Phyſick is pleaſant, tho' their Doſes are large,
And you may be cur'd, without Danger or Charge.

No Bolus, no Vomit, no Potion, no Pill,
Which ſometimes do cure, but oft'ner do kill:
Your Taſte, or your Palate, need ne'er be diſpleas'd,
If you'll be adviſ'd, you'd buy one of theſe.

For they have a new Drug, 'tis call'd, The Cloſe Hug,
'Twill mend your Complection, and make you look ſmug:
'Tis a ſovereign Balſam, when once well apply'd,
For, tho' wounded at Heart, the Patient ne'er dy'd.

In the Morning you need not be robb'd of your Reſt,
For in your warm Bed this Phyſick works beſt;
What, tho' in the taking ſome Stirring's requir'd,
The Motion's ſo pleaſant, you cannot be tir'd:
On your Backs you muſt lie, with your Bodies rais'd high,
And one of theſe Doctors muſt always be nigh,
Who ſtill will be ready to cover you warm;
For if you take Cold, all Phyſick does harm.

But before theſe fine Doctors will give their Direction,
They always conſider the Patient's Complection;
If ſhe has a moiſt Palm, or a red Head-of-Hair,
She requires more Balſam than one Man can ſpare;
If ſhe has a long Noſe, the Lord above knows
How many large Handfuls muſt go to her Doſe:
You Ladies that have ſuch ill Symptoms as theſe,
In Conſcience and Honour ſhould pay double Fees.

And ſo let us give to theſe Doctors due Praiſe,
Who to all kind of Perſons their Favour conveys;
On the Ugly, for Pity's ſake, Skill ſhould be ſhown,
But as for the Handſome, they're cur'd for their own.

On their Silver or Gold they never lay hold,
For what comes ſo freely, they ſcorn ſhould be ſold:
Then join with theſe Doctors, and heartily pray,
That the Power of their Phyſick may never decay.

SONG CCXXXV.

WHEN *Sol* had loos'd his weary Teams,
And turn'd his Steeds a Grazing,
Ten Fathoms deep in *Neptune*'s Streams,
His *Thetis* lay embracing;
The Stars tripp'd in the Firmament,
Like Milkmaids on a *May*-Day,
Or Country Laſſes a Mumming ſent,
Or School-Boys on a Play-Day.

When apace grew on the grey-ey'd Morn,
The Herds in Fields were lowing;
And 'mongſt the Poultry in the Barn,
The Plowman's Cock was crowing;
When *Roger*, dreaming of golden Joys,
Was wak'd by a Revel-Rout, Sir,
And *Cec'ly* told him, he needs muſt riſe,
For his *Juggy* was crying-out, Sir.

Not half ſo merry the Cups go round
At the Tapping a good Ale Firkin,
As *Roger* when his Hoſen and Shoon he'ad found,
And button'd his Leathern Jerkin;
Grey-Mare he ſaddl'd with wond'rous Speed,
With Pillion on Buttock right, Sir;
And for an old Midwife away he rode,
To bring the young Brat to light, Sir.

Oh! good Mother, I pray get up,
The Fruit of my Labour's now come,
And there lies ſtruggling in *Juggy*'s Womb,
And cannot get out till you come.

I'll help it, cries the old Hag, ne'er doubt,
Thy *Juggy* ſhall do well again, Boy;
For Ize warrant thee, I can get the Kid out,
As well as thou got'ſt it in, Boy.

The Mare now mounting very ſoon,
No Whip nor Spur was wanting;
And as ſoon as the old Wife enters the Room,
Whew! cries out the Bantling.
A Female Chit ſo ſmall was born,
You might have put it into a Flaggon;
And it muſt be Chriſten'd that very Morn,
For fear it ſhould die a Pagan.

There was *Roger* and *Doll*, and conſtant *Kate*,
Goſſips to this great Chriſt'ning;
And while the good Wives did merrily prate,
Juggy in Bed lay liſt'ning.
Some talk'd of this, ſome talk'd of that,
Of Chat they were not ſparing;
Some ſaid it was ſo ſmall a Brat,
'Twas hardly worth the Rearing.

But *Roger* he ſtrutted about the Hall,
As great as the Prince of *Condé*;
He cries, altho' her Parts are ſmall,
They may be bigger one Day;
What tho' her Thighs and Legs be cloſe,
And as little as any Spider,
You need not fear, but in ſixteen Year,
She'll lay them a great deal wider.

For then ſhe'll be a Woman grown,
Ize hau'd five Pound in Money,
And will have a little One of her own,
As well as *Jugg* my Honey:
Oh theſe will be joyful Days to ſee!
And I'll ſtrive for to advance her,
That *Juggy* may a Granny be,
Then I ſhall be a Grandſire.

The nappy Ale went ſwiftly round,
As brown as any Berry;
With which the good Wives being crown'd,
They all were wond'rous merry;
When *Roger* he tipp'd it over his Thumb
To every honeſt Neighbour,
Saying, a Twelve-month hence, pray come
Once more to my *Juggy*'s Labour.

SONG CCXXXVI.

A Beggar got a Beadle,
A Beadle got a Yeoman;
A Yeoman got a Prentice,
A Prentice got a Freeman:
The Freeman got a Maſter,
The Maſter got a Leaſe;
The Leaſe made him a Gentleman,
And Juſtice of the Peace.

The Juſtice being rich,
And gallant in Deſire,
He marry'd with a Lady,
And ſo he got a Squire:
The Squire got a Knight
Of Courage bold and ſtout;
The Knight he got a Lord,
And ſo it came about.

The Lord he got an Earl,
His Country he forſook,
He travell'd into *Spain*,
And there he got a Duke:
The Duke, he got a Prince,
The Prince, a King of Hope;
The King, he got an Emperor,
The Emperor, a Pope.

Thus, as the Story ſays,
The Pedigree did run;

The Pope he got a Fryar,
The Fryar got a Nun:
The Nun by chance did ſtumble,
And on her Back ſhe ſunk,
The Fryar he fell top of her,
And ſo he got a Monk.

The Monk he had a Son,
With whom he did inhabit,
Who when the Father dy'd,
The Son became Lord Abbot:
Lord Abbot had a Maid,
And he catch'd her in the Dark,
And ſomething he did to her,
And ſo begot a Clerk.

The Clerk he got a Sexton,
The Sexton got a Digger;
The Digger got a Prebend,
The Prebend got a Vicar;
The Vicar got an Attorney,
The which he took in Snuff;
The Attorney got a Barriſter,
The Barriſter a Ruff.

The Ruff did get good Counſel,
Good Counſel got a Fee;
The Fee did get a Motion,
That it might pleaded be:
The Motion got a Judgment;
And ſo it came to paſs,
A Beggar's Brat, a ſcolding Knave,
A crafty Lawyer was.

SONG CCXXXVII.

AT a *May*-Pole down in *Kent*,
Now Spring with flow'ry Sweets was come,
Nymphs with Swains to Dancing went,
Each hop'd to bring the Garland home.

When *Amelia* came they all gave way,
Youths with Joy their Homage pay,
Nymphs confeſs her Queen of *May*,
No one was ever yet ſo gay.

As her Skin the Lily fair,
New-budding Roſe her Mouth imparts.
New-ſtrung *Cupid*'s Bow, her Hair;
Eyes, his keeneſt Ebon Darts.
When you do her Temper view,
Young, but wiſe; admir'd, yet true,
Never charm'd with empty Shew,
Ne'er indiſcreet, yet eaſy too.

All around your Steps advance,
Now foot it in a fairy Ring,
Nimbly trip, and as you dance,
Ever live, bright *Amelia!* ſing.
With Boughs their Hearts of Oak beſet,
Your brave Sires their Conqu'ror met
No Crown, but her Locks of Jet,
Now does your free Allegiance get.

SONG CCXXXVIII.

IN vain dear *Chloe*, you ſuggeſt,
That I, inconſtant, have poſſeſt,
Or lov'd a fairer She:
Wou'd you, with Eaſe at once be cur'd,
Of all the Ills you've long endur'd,
Conſult your Glaſs and me.

If then you think, that I can find
A Nymph more fair, or one more kind,
You've Reaſon for your Fears;
But if impartial you will prove

To your own Beauty, and my Love,
How needleſs are your Tears!

If in my Way I ſhould, by chance,
Give, or receive a wanton Glance,
I like but while I view:
How ſlight the Glance, how faint the Kiſs,
Compar'd to that ſubſtantial Bliſs,
Which I receive from you!

With wanton Flight the curious Bee
From Flow'r to Flow'r ſtill wanders free,
And where each Bloſſom blows,
Extracts the Juice from all he meets;
But for his Quinteſſence of Sweets,
He raviſhes the Roſe.

So I, my Fancy to employ,
In each Variety of Joy,
From Nymph to Nymph do roam
Perhaps ſee fifty in a Day;
They're all but Viſits which I pay,
For *Chloe*'s ſtill my Home.

SONG CCXXXIX.

AS I ſaw fair *Chloe* walk alone,
The feather'd Snow came ſoftly down,
Like *Jove* deſcending from his Tower,
To court her in a ſilver Shower.
The wanton Snow flew to her Breaſts,
Like little Birds into their Neſts;
But, being o'ercome with Whiteneſs there,
For Grief diſſolv'd into a Tear;
Then flowing down her Garment's Hem,
To deck her, froze into a Gem.

SONG CCXL.

WINE's a Miſtreſs gay and eaſy,
Ever free to give Delight;
Let what may perplex and teaze ye,
'Tis the Bottle ſets all right.

Who would leave a laſting Treaſure,
To embrace a childiſh Pleaſure,
Which ſoon as taſted takes its Flight?

Pierce the Cask of gen'rous Claret,
Rouze your Hearts, ere 'tis too late;
Fill the Goblet, never ſpare it,
That's your Armour 'gainſt all Fate.

SONG CCXLI.

WHILE *Phillis* is drinking, Love and Wine in Alliance,
With Forces united, bid reſiſtleſs Defiance;
By the Touch of her Lips the Wine ſparkles higher,
And her Eyes from her Drinking, redouble, redouble their Fire.

Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their Colour,
As Flowers by ſprinkling, revive with freſh Odour;
His Dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Flame, makes the Flame more enduring.

By Cordials of Wine, Love is kept from expiring,
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love, and Deſiring;
Relieving each other, the Pleaſure is laſting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever, are ever a taſting.

Then *Phillis*, begin, let our Raptures abound,
And a Kiſs, and a Glaſs, be ſtill going round;
Our Joys are immortal, while thus we remove
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle, the
Bottle to Love.

SONG CCXLII.

BElieve my Sighs, my Tears, my Dear,
Believe the Heart you've won:
Believe my Vows to you ſincere,
Or, *Moggy* I'm undone.
You ſay I'm fickle, and apt to change
At ev'ry Face that's new;
But, of all the Girls I ever ſaw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My Heart was but a Lump of Ice,
'Till warm'd by your bright Eyes;
But ah! it kindled in a trice
A Flame which never dies.
Come, take me, try me, and you'll find,
Tho' you ſay that I am not true;
Of all the Girls I ever ſaw
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

SONG CCXLIII.

BE gone, old Care, I prithee be gone from me;
Be gone old Care, you and I ſhall never agree:
Long Time I ave you been vexing me,
And fain you would me kill,
But efaith old Care,
Thou never ſhalt have thy Will.

Too much Care will make a young Man look grey,
And too much Care will turn an old Man to Clay:

Come, you ſhall dance, and I will ſing,
So merrily we will play;
For I hold it one of the wiſeſt things
To drive old Care away.

SONG CCXLIV.

IN my triumphant Chariot hurl'd,
I range around the World:
'Tis I mad *Tom* drive all before me,
While to my royal Throne I come;
Bow down, my Slaves, and adore me,
Your Sovereign Lord, mad *Tom*.

What, though the Sceptre that I bear,
Is all but Dream and Air?
I've the Pleaſure of Crowns,
Without the Care.
And tho' I give Law
From Beds of Straw,
And dreſs in a tatter'd Robe;
The Madman can be
More a Monarch than he
That commands the Vaſſal Globe.

SONG CCXLV.

HE that will not merry, merry be
With a gen'rous Bowl and a Toaſt,
May he in *Bridewell* be ſhut up,
And faſt bound to a Poſt.
Let him be merry, merry there,
And we'll be merry, merry here:
For who can know where we ſhall go,
To be merry another Year?

He that will not merry, merry be,
And take his Glaſs in Courſe,
May he be oblig'd to drink ſmall Beer,
Ne'er a Penny in his Purſe:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With a Comp'ny of jolly Boys,
May he be plagu'd with a ſcolding Wife,
To confound him with her Noiſe:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be
With his Miſtreſs in his Bed;
Let him be bury'd in the Church-yard,
And me put in his Stead:
Let him be merry, &c.

SONG CCXLIV.

AS *Sylvia* in a Foreſt lay,
To vent her Woes alone,
Her Swain *Philander* paſs'd that Way,
And heard her dying Moan.

Ah! is my Love, ſaid ſhe to you,
So worthleſs and ſo vain?
Why is your uſual Fondneſs now
Converted to Diſdain?

You vow'd, The Day ſhould Darkneſs turn,
Ere you'd forſake your Love;
In Shades now may Creation mourn
Since you unfaithful prove.

Was it for this I credit grave
To ev'ry Oath you ſwore?
But ah! it ſeems they moſt deceive,
Who moſt our Charms adore.

'Tis plain your Aim was all Deceit,
The Practice of Mankind:
Alas! I ſee it. — but too late,
My Love before was blind.

What Crime, *Philander*, have I done,
For Cruelty ſo great?

Yes, —— for your ſake neglected one,
And hugg'd you into Hate.

For you, delighted I could die,
But oh! with Grief I'm fill'd,
To think that fooliſh, conſtant I,
Should by yourſelf be kill'd.

But what avail my ſad Complaints,
While you my Cauſe neglect?
My Wailing inward Sorrow vents,
Without the wiſh'd Effect.

This ſaid, —— all breathleſs, ſick and pale,
Her Head upon her Hand,
She found her vital Spirits fail,
And Senſes at a ſtand.

Philander now begins to melt!
But ere the Word was ſpoke,
The heavy Hand of Death ſhe felt,
And her poor Heart was broke.

SONG CCXLVII.

TO Friend, and to Foe,
And to all that I know,
That to Marriage-State do prepare;
Remember your Days,
In their ſeveral Ways,
Are Trouble, with Sorrow and Care.

For he that doth look
In the marry'd Man's Book,
And reads but the *Items* all over,
Shall find them to come
At length to a Sum,
Shall empty Purſe, Pocket, and Coffer.

In the Paſtimes of Love,
When their Labour doth prove,

And the Kinchen beginneth to kick;
For this, and for that,
And I know not for what,
The Woman muſt have, or be ſick.

There's *Item* ſat down,
For a looſe-body'd Gown,
In her longing you muſt not deceive her:
For a Bodkin, a Ring,
And the other fine Thing,
For a Cornet and Lace to be braver.

Deliver'd and well,
Who is it can tell?
But while the Child lies at the Nipple,
There's *Item* for Wine,
'Mong Goſſips ſo fine,
And Sugar to ſweeten their Tipple.

There's *Item*, I hope,
For Starch, and for Soap,
There's *Item* for Fire, and Candle;
For better, for worſe,
There's *Item* for Nurſe,
The Baby to dreſs, and to dandle.

When ſwaddled in Lap,
There's *Item* for Pap,
And *Item* for Pot, Pan, and Ladle;
A Coral with Bells,
Which Cuſtom compels,
And *Item*, a Crown for a Cradle.

With twenty odd Knacks,
Which the Little-one lacks;
And thus doth thy Pleaſure betray thee:
Yet this is the Sport
In Country and Court,
Then let not the Charges diſmay thee.

SONG CCXLVIII.

WITH artful Voice, young *Thyrſis*, you,
In vain, perſuade me, you are true;
Since that can never be:
For he's no Proſelyte of mine,
That offers at another's Shrine
Thoſe Vows he made to me.

The faithleſs fickle wav'ring Loon,
That changes oftner than the Moon;
Courts each new Face he meets;
Smells ev'ry fragrant Flow'r that blows,
Yet ſlily calls the bluſhing Roſe
His Quinteſſence of Sweets.

So *Thyrſis*, when in wanton Play,
From Fair to Fair you fondly ſtray,
And ſteal from each a Kiſs;
It ſhows, if what you ſay be true,
A ſickly Appetite in you,
And no ſubſtantial Bliſs.

For you, inconſtant, roving Swain,
Tho' ſeemingly you hug your Chain,
Wou'd fain, I know, get free;
To ſip freſh balmy Sweets of Love,
From Bow'r to Bower wildly rove,
And imitate your Bee.

Then calm that flutt'ring Thing, your Heart,
Let it admit no other Dart;
But reſt with me alone:
For while, dear Bee, you rove and ſing,
Should you return, without your Sting,
I'd not protect a Drone.

SONG CCXLIX.

IN vain, fond Youth, thy Tears give o'er;
What more, alas! can *Flavia* do?
Thy Truth I own, thy Fate deplore:
All are not happy that are true.

Suppreſs thoſe Sighs, and weep no more;
Should Heav'n and Earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain, ſince any Pow'r,
To crown thy Love, muſt alter mine.

But if Revenge can eaſe thy Pain,
I'll ſooth the Ills I cannot cure,
Tell that I drag a hopeleſs Chain,
And all that I inflict, endure.

SONG CCL.

WHO comes there? ſtand,
And come before the Conſtable;
We'll know what you are.
What makes you out ſo late;
Says the Midnight Magiſtrate,
With his Noddle full of Ale,
In a Wooden Chair of State.

Whence came you, Sir?
And whither do you go?
You may be a Jeſuit, for aught I know.
You may as well, Sir, take me
For a *Mahometan.*
He ſpeaks *Latin*, ſecure him,
He's a dangerous Man.

To tell you the Truth, Sir,
I am an honeſt *Tory*;
There's a Crown to drink,
And there's an End of the Story.
Good morrow Sir; a civil Man
Is always welcome:
Go, *Barnaby Bounce*,
Light the Gentleman home.

SONG CCLI.

OF all the Joys we e'er poſſeſt,
Love and Wine are ſtill the beſt;
Sweetly they by Turns controul,
Wine the Heart, and Love the Soul.

Wealth and Power to ſtrive in vain,
Equal Happineſs to gain.
Wine ſuperior Joy doth prove,
And in ſober Seaſons Love.
Of all Joys we e'er poſſeſt,
Love and Wine are ſtill the beſt.

SONG CCLXII.

EUropa fair,
Love's chiefeſt Care,
Gaily ſmiling, hither turn your Eyes
To court your Love,
See mighty *Jove*,
Thus deſcending from the lofty Skies.

Shew no Diſdain,
To give me Pain,
But yield to Joy,
That ne'er will cloy,
And wiſely of my fond Paſſion approve,
And cool the ſcorching Thunder-bolt of Love.

Thus, earthly Fair,
When Mortals dare
Provoke my Rage,
You may aſſuage:
When in your Arms I'm cloſely curl'd,
Kiſſing, preſſing, you will ſave the World.

SONG CCLIII.

OH! I'll have a Husband, ah, marry,
For why ſhould I longer tarry,
For why ſhould I longer tarry
Than other brisk Girls have done?
For, if I ſtay,
'Till I grow grey,
They'll call me old Maid,
And fuſty old Jade,

So I'll no longer tarry,
But I'll have a Husband, ah, marry,
If Money will buy me one.

My Mother ſhe ſays I'm too coming,
And ſtill in my Ears ſhe is drumming,
And ſtill in my Ears ſhe is drumming,
That I ſuch vain Thoughts ſhould ſhun,
My Siſters they cry
O fie! and oh fie!
But yet I can ſee,
They're as coming as me;
So let me have Husbands in plenty,
I'd rather have twenty times twenty,
Than die an old Maid undone.

SONG CCLIV.

SHE tells me with Claret ſhe cannot agree,
And ſhe thinks of a Hogſhead whene'er ſhe ſees me;
For I ſmell like a Beaſt, and therefore muſt I
Reſolve to forſake her, or Claret deny.
Muſt I leave my dear Bottle, that was always my Friend?
And I hope will continue ſo to my Life's-end?
Muſt I leave it for her? 'tis a very hard Task:
Let her go to the Devil, to the Devil: Bring t'other Flask.

Had ſhe tax'd me with Gaming, and bid me forbear,
'Tis a thouſand to one I had lent her an Ear:
Had ſhe found out my *Sally*, up three Pair of Stairs,
I had baulk'd her, and gone to *St. James*'s to Pray'rs:
Had ſhe bade me read Homilies three times a-day,

She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to
say:
But at Night to deny me my Bottle of Red,
Let her go to the Devil, there's no more to be
said.

SONG CCLV.

I'LL ſing you a Song was never in Print,
'Tis newly and truly come out of the Mint,
And I'll tell you before-hand, you'll find no-
thing in't.
Tol, lol, &c.

'Tis nothing I think, 'tis nothing I write,
'Tis nothing I court, 'tis nothing I ſlight,
And I don't care a Pin if I get nothing by't.
Tol, lol, &c.

Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, Birds, Beaſts, Fiſh,
and Men,
Did ſtart out of Nothing, a Chaos, a Den,
And all things muſt turn to Nothing again.
Tol, lol, &c.

The Lad that makes Love to a delicate Smooth-
thing,
And hopes to obtain her by ſighing and ſooth-
thing,
Moſt frequently makes much ado about nothing.
Tol, lol, &c.

But ſoon as his Patience and Purſe is decay'd,
He may to the Arms of a Whore be betray'd,
For ſhe that has no *thing* muſt needs be a Maid.
Tol, lol, &c.

'Tis nothing makes many things often-times
hit,
As when Fools amongſt wiſe Men do ſilently ſit,
The Fool that ſays nothing may paſs for a Wit.
Tol, lol, &c.

When firſt by the Ears we together did fall,
Then ſomething got nothing, and nothing got all,
From nothing we came, and to nothing we fall,
Tol, lol, &c.

If any Man tax me with Weakneſs of Wit,
And ſays, that on nothing I nothing have writ,
I ſhall anſwer, *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*
Tol, lol, &c.

But let his Diſcretion be never ſo tall,
This very Word nothing may give him a Fall,
For in writing of Nothing I comprehend All.
Tol, lol, &c.

So let ev'ry Man give the Poet his due,
For then 'twas with him, as 'tis now with you,
He wrote it when that he had nothing to do.
Tol, lol, &c.

This very Word Nothing, if took the right way,
May be of Advantage; for what will you ſay,
When the Landlord he tells you there's nothing to pay?
Tol, lol, &c.

SONG CCLVI.

AS *Damon*, who had hardly ſped
In Wedlock's heavy Chains,
His tender Flock with *Thyrſis* fed
Upon the ſmiling Plains;
Thus to the Youth the Sage exclaim'd,
And the curſt Hour in which he marry'd, damn'd.

Woud'ſt thou, my Friend, in Pleaſure live,
Nor thy Repoſe deſtroy?
Would'ſt thou the Bliſs that Youth can give,
Without Remorſe enjoy?

Oh! ſhun that fatal Rock a Wife,
That galls thy Days with endleſs Plagues and Strife.

For when at laſt you have attain'd
The great myſterious Bliſs;
When you have that great Something gain'd,
And find how fleeting 'tis,
You'll curſe the fond and am'rous Heat,
And find out quickly who's the greateſt Cheat.

SONG CCLVII.

HOW cruel is a Parent's Care,
Who Riches only prizes?
When finding out ſome Booby Heir,
He thinks he wond'rous wiſe is?
While the poor Maid to ſhun her Fate,
And not to prove a Wretch in State,
To 'ſcape the Blockhead ſhe muſt hate,
She weds where ſhe deſpiſes.

The harmleſs Dove thus trembling flies
The rav'nous Hawk purſuing,
A while her tender Pinions tries,
'Till doom'd to certain Ruin:
Afraid her worſt of Foes to meet,
No Shelter near, no kind Retreat,
She drops beneath the Faulk'ner's Feet,
For gentler Uſage ſuing.

SONG CCLVIII.

LORD what's come to my Mother!
That ev'ry Day more than other,
My true Age ſhe would ſmother,
And ſays I'm not in my Teens.

Tho' my Sampler I have ſown through,
My Bib and Apron outgrown too:

My Baby quite away thrown too,
I wonder what 'tis ſhe means!
When our *John* does ſqueeze my Hand,
And calls me, Sugar-ſweet,
My Breath almoſts fails me,
I know not what ails me,
My Heart does ſo heave and ſo beat.

I've heard of Deſires
From Girls have been juſt of my Years,
Love compar'd to Sweet-Briars,
That hurts, and yet does pleaſe.
Is Love finer than Money?
Or can it be ſweeter than Honey?
I'm, poor Girl, ſuch a *Tony*,
Efaith, that I cannot gueſs,
But I'm ſure I'll watch more near,
There's ſomething that Truth will ſhow;
For if Love has a Bleſſing,
To pleaſe beyond Kiſſing,
Our *Jane* and the Butler do know.

SONG CCLIX.

ARiſe, ariſe, great Dead, for Arms renown'd,
Riſe from your Urns, and ſave your dying Story;
Your Deeds will be in dark Oblivion drown'd,
For mighty *William* ſeizes all your Glory.

Again the *Britiſh* Trumpet ſounds,
Again *Brittannia* bleeds;
To glorious Death, or comely Wounds,
Her godlike Monarch leads.

Pay us, kind Fate, the Debt you owe,
Celeſtial Minds from Clay untie;
Let coward Spirits dwell below,
And only give the Brave to die.

SONG CCLX.

IN vain poor *Damon* proſtrate lies,
And humbly trembles at my Feet,
While pleading Looks, and begging Sighs,
With moving Eloquence entreat.
Pity Perſuades my trembling Breaſt,
That Pains ſo great ſhould be redreſt.

But ſome ſtrange Whiſper intercedes,
And tells me I muſt let him wait,
And make him ſeal reſtrictive Deeds,
Ere I admit him to my State.
Women ſhould triumph whilſt they can,
Since Marriage makes them Slaves to Man.

SONG CCLXI.

LOVE and Folly were at play,
Both too wanton to be wiſe;
They fell out, and in their Fray
Folly put out *Cupid*'s Eyes.

Strait the Criminal was try'd,
And had his Puniſhment aſſign'd,
Folly ſhould to Love be ty'd,
And condemn'd to lead the Blind.

Then wiſely let's venture,
Ourſelves to deceive,
Since Fate has decreed us
To love and believe:

For all we can gain
By our Wiſdom and Eyes,
Is to find ourſelves cheated,
And wretched when wiſe.

SONG CCLXII.

HARK! the Cock Crows, 'tis Day all abroad,
And looks like a jolly, fair Morning:
Up *Roger* and *James*, and drive out your Teams,
Up quickly to carry the Corn in.
Davy the Drowsy, and *Barnaby* Bowsy,
At Breakfaſt we'll flout and we'll jeer, Boys:
Sluggards ſhall chatter with Small-Beer and Water,
While you ſhall tope off the *March*-Beer, Boys.

Laſſes that ſnore, for ſhame give it o'er,
Mouth open, the Flies will be blowing:
To get us ſtout Hum 'gainſt *Chriſtmas* does come,
Away, where the Barley is mowing.
In your Smock-Sleeves too bind up the Sheaves too,
With nimble young *Rowland* and *Harry*,
Then when Work's over, at Night give each Lover
A Hug and a Buſs in the Dairy.

Two for the Mow, and two for the Plough,
Is then the next Labour comes after;
I'm ſure I hir'd four, but if you want more,
I'll ſend you my Wife and my Daughter.
Roger the luſty tell *Rachel* the truſty,
The Barn's a rare place to ſteal Garters,
'Twixt her and you then, contrive up the Mow-then,
And take it at Night for your Quarters.

SONG CCLXIII.

OH! *London* is a fine Town, and a gallant City,
'Tis govern'd by the Scarlet Gown, come liſten to my Ditty.

This City has a Mayor, this Mayor he is a Lord,
And governeth the Citizens all by his own accord.
Oh! London, *&c.*

He boasteth his Gentility, and how nobly he was born,
His Arms they are three Ox-heads, and his Creſt a rampant Horn.
The firſt Journey his Lordſhip takes, is to *Weſtminſter Hall*,
Attended by twelve Companies, for he muſt have them all.
Oh! London, *&c.*

The Barges are made fine and gay, for his Lordſhip and the beſt,
And Dung-boats and Lighters provided for the reſt:
Then at the Exchequer he's ſworn upon a Shoe-Sole,
That he will be no wiſer Man than his Brother *Jobbernolle.*
Oh! London, *&c.*

The Sword is borne before him up and down the Stairs,
To fright away the little Boys that laugh at our Lord Mayors.
And when that is ended, home again he comes,
With joyful Noiſe upon the *Thames* of Trumpets and of Drums.
Oh! London, *&c.*

His Lordſhip lands at *Black-Fryars*, and on along he jogs,
Attended by his Companies, as hungry as Dogs.
Then in comes the Carver, and boldly falls to Work,
With Knife like to a Scimeter, as fierce as any *Turk.*
Oh! London, *&c.*

He hit upon the Gooſe-Bone, and turn'd both Edge and Point,

'Till he look'd upon my Lord-Mayor he could not hit the Joint.
Then up came Cuſtard with Twenty-four Nooks,
As you may find recorded in *Johnny Stow*'s Books.
Oh! London, &c.

And why it was ſo big, if you would know the Reaſon,
It was to keep their Chaps at work that would be prating Treaſon.
Then they go to *Greenwich* all in the City Barge,
And their they have a noble Treat all at the (City Charge.
Oh! London, &c.

And when they come to *Cuckold's-Point*, they make a gallant Show,
Their Wives bid the Muſick play *Cuckolds all a-row*.
Then they go to *Paul's Church*, ere Morning Prayer begins,
And as they go along the Street, they ſtoop to (pick up Pins.
Oh! London, &c.

But if you'd know, I'll tell you the moral Reaſon of it,
They that would to Riches grow, muſt ſtoop for little Profit.
My Lord May'r rides along the Street like unto a Law-maker,
With forty Catch-Poles at his Arſe, to proſecute (the Baker.
Oh! London, &c.

And when he comes to the Baker's Stall, and finds his Bread too light,
He ſends it home to his own Houſe, to feaſt both Lord and Knight.
Then to the *Seſſion-Houſe* they go, the Seſſions there to keep,
Until that the Recorder comes, they all are faſt (aſleep.
Oh! London, &c.

They call up all their Juries by twelves and by twelves,
And if they hang up no Man, they may go themſelves.
So then they borrow Boots and Spurs, and out of Town they ride,
To ſee the Bears bated on the *Bank-Side*.
Oh! London, &c.

And when that they have done, they all return again,
Like ſo many Apes on Horſe-back, with each his golden Chain.
Then to hear a Sermon once a Year he rides unto the *Spittle*,
And there he ſits full three Hours long, and brings away but little.
Oh! London, &c.

And when that he comes home, he ſits down at his Board,
And if he has not minc'd Pyes, his Chear's not worth a T——d.
My Lady ſays unto my Lord, when all the Gueſts are gone,
I do intend to-morrow to invite my Friend, Sir *John*.
Oh! London, &c.

For I don't think it fit always to have Tradeſmen,
I pray therefore let me rub in a Courtier now and then.
My Lady boldly ask'd my Lord what Diſhes ſhe ſhould have,
To entertain her Friend Sir *John*, that was ſo fine and brave.
Oh! London, &c.

My Lord he nam'd a Calf's-Head, at which ſhe made a Piſh,
And ſaid, ſhe'd have a Turkey-Cock, 'cauſe ſhe lov'd a ſtanding Diſh.

Next, once a Year into *Eſſex* a Hunting they do go,
To ſee 'em paſs along, oh! 'tis a pretty Show! *Oh!* London, &c.

Through *Cheapſide*, and *Fenchurch-Street*, and ſo to *Aldgate* Pump,
Each Man with's Spurs in's Horſe's Sides, and Back-Sword croſs his Rump:
My Lord he takes a Staff in Hand, to beat the Buſhes o'er,
I muſt confeſs it was a Work he ne'er had done before. *Oh!* London, &c.

A Creature bounces from a Buſh, which made them all to laugh,
My Lord he cry'd a Hare, a Hare! but it prov'd an *Eſſex* Calf.
And when they had done their Sport, they came to *London*, where they dwell,
Their Faces all ſo torn and ſcratch'd their Wives ſcarce knew them well. *Oh!* London, &c.

For t'was a very great Mercy ſo many 'ſcap'd alive,
For of twenty Saddles carry'd out, they brought again but five.
Oh! London, &c.

SONG CCLXIV. *An old Woman Cloathed in Grey*, &c.

THrough all the Employments of Life
Each Neighbour abuſes his Brother;
Whore and Rogue they call Husband and Wife:
All Profeſſions be-rogue one another.
The Prieſt calls the Lawyer a Cheat,
The Lawyer be-knaves the Divine;
And the Stateſman becauſe he's ſo great,
Think his Trade as honeſt as mine.

SONG CCLXV.

The following Song *was made by the* Czar Peter I. *when in* England, *upon his Miſtreſs* Moll Tims. *It was firſt written in the* Ruſſian, *and afterwards turn'd into the* Syberian *Language.*

RO--tin ungua Goſcinnia,
Ro--ttin ungua Marona,
Luſſutra Donque Silroſadong,
Moll Doqueronè.
Morravicé Kidaronquy *Moll Tim* faroné,
Morravicé Kidaronquy *Moll Tim* faroné,
Silroſſadong Kilroſſadé *Moll* Doqueroné.
Waugh, &c.

SONG CCLXVI. *The bonny grey-ey'd Morn*, &c.

'TIS Woman that ſeduces all Mankind,
By her we firſt were taught the wheedling Arts:
Her very Eyes can cheat; when moſt ſhe's kind,
She tricks us of our Money with our Hearts.
For her, like Wolves by Night, we roam for Prey,
And practiſe ev'ry Fraud to bribe her Charms;
For Suits of Love, like Law, are won by Pay,
And Beauty muſt be fee'd into our Arms.

SONG CCLXVII. *Cold and raw*, &c.

IF any Wench *Venus* Girdle wear,
Though ſhe be never ſo ugly;
Lilies and Roſes will quickly appear,
And her Face look wond'rous ſmugly.

Beneath the left Ear ſo fit but a Cord,
(A Rope ſo charming a Zone is!)
The Youth in his Cart hath the Air of a Lord,
And we cry, There dies an *Adonis!*

SONG CCLXVIII. *Why is your faithful Slave diſdain'd?* &c.

IF Love the Virgin's Heart invade,
How, like a Moth, the ſimple Maid
Still plays about the Flame!
If ſoon ſhe be not made a Wife,
Her Honour's ſing'd, and then for Life,
She's——what I dare not name.

SONG CCLXIX. *Of all the ſimple things we do,* &c.

A Maid is like the golden Ore,
Which hath Guineas intrinſical in't
Whoſe Worth is never known before
It is try'd and impreſt in the Mint.
A Wife's like a Guinea in Gold,
Stamp'd with the Name of her Spouſe;
Now here, now there, is bought, or is ſold;
And is current in every Houſe.

SONG CCLXX. *What ſhall I do to ſhew,* &c.

VIrgins are like the fair Flower in its Luſtre;
Which in the Garden enamels the Ground,
Near it the Bees in Play flutter and cluſter,
And gaudy Butterflies frolick around.
But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
To *Covent-Garden* 'tis ſent, (as yet ſweet)

There fades, and ſhrinks, and grows paſt all enduring,
Rots, ſtinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

SONG CCLXXI. *Cotillon.*

YOuth's the Seaſon made for Joys,
Love is then our Duty,
She alone who that employs,
We'll deſerves her Beauty.
Let's be gay,
While we may,
Beauty's a Flower, deſpis'd in Decay.
Youth's the Seaſon, &c.

Let us drink and ſport to-day,
Ours is not to morrow.
Love with Youth flies ſwift away,
Age is nought but Sorrow.
Dance and ſing,
Time's on the Wing,
Life never knows the Return of Spring.
Chorus. *Let us drink*, &c.

SONG CCLXXII. *Lillibulero.*

THE Modes of the Court ſo common are grown,
That a true Friend can hardly be met;
Friendſhip for Intereſt is but a Loan,
Which they let out for what they can get;
'Tis true, you find
Some Friends ſo kind,
Who will give you good Counſel themſelves to defend,
In ſorrowful Ditty,
They promiſe, they pity,
But ſhift you for Money, from Friend to Friend.

SONG CCLXXIII. *'Twas within a Furlong.*

IN Pimps and Politicians
The Genius is the ſame;
Both raiſe their own Conditions
On others Guilt and Shame.

With a Tongue well tipt with Lies,
Each the want of Parts ſupplies,
And with a Heart that's all Diſguiſe,
Keeps his Schemes unknown.

Seducing as the Devil,
They play the Tempter's Part,
And have, when moſt they're civil,
Moſt Miſchief in their Heart.

Each a ſecret Commerce drives,
Firſt corrupts, and then connives,
And by his Neighbours Vices thrives,
For they are all his own.

SONG CCLXXIV. *Ye Nymphs and Selvan Gods.*

I Hate thoſe cowardly Tribes,
Who by mean ſneaking Bribes,
By Trick and Diſguiſe,
By Flattery and Lies,
To Power and Grandeur riſe.
Like Heroes of old,
You are greatly bold,
The Sword your Cauſe ſupports:
Untaught to fawn,
You ne'er were drawn
Your Truth to pawn
Among the Spawn
Who practiſe the Frauds of Courts.

SONG CCLXXV. *Ton honneur eſt Catharine.*

WOman's like the flatt'ring Ocean,
Who her pathleſs Ways can find?
Every Blaſt directs her Motion;
Now ſhe's angry, now ſhe's kind.
What a Fool's the vent'rous Lover,
Whirl'd and toſs'd by ev'ry Wind?
Can the Bark the Port recover,
When the ſilly Pilot's blind?

SONG CCLXXVI.

AS near a Fountain's flow'ry Side
The bright *Selinda* lay,
Her Looks encreas'd the Summer's Pride,
Her Eyes the Blaze of Day.

The Roſes bluſh'd with deeper red,
To ſee themſelves out-done;
The Lilies ſhrunk into their Beds,
To find ſuch Rival ſhone.

Quick thro' the Air to this Retreat
A Bee induſtrious flew;
Prepar'd to riſle ev'ry Sweet,
And ſip the balmy Dew.

Drawn by the Fragrance of her Breath,
Her roſy Lips he found:
Where he in Tranſports met his Death,
And dropt upon the Ground.

Enjoy, bleſt Bee, enjoy thy Fate,
Nor at thy Fall repine;
Since Kings would quit their royal State,
To ſhare a Death like thine.

SONG CCLXXVII.

FOur and twenty Fidlers all in a row,
And there was fiddle, fiddle, and twice fiddle, fiddle,
'Cauſe it is my Lady's Birth-Day,
Therefore we keep Holiday,
We come to be merry.

Four and twenty Drummers all in a row,
And there was a Rub a dub, rub, rub, rub,
And there was fiddle, fiddle, &c.

Four and twenty Trumpeters all in a row,
And there was Tantara rara, tantara,
And there was rub a dub, &c.

Four and twenty Tabors and Pipes all in a row,
And there was whip and dub,
And tantara rara, &c.

Four and twenty Women all in a row,
And there was tittle tattle, and twice prittle prattle,
And whip and dub, &c.

Four and twently Singing-Maſters all in a row,
And there was Fa, la, la, la, Fa, la, la, la, la,
And there was tittle, &c.

Four and twenty Fencing-Maſters all in a row,
And this, and that, and down to the Legs clap, Sir,
And cut 'em off, and Fa, la, &c.

Four and twenty Lawyers all in a row,
And there was *Omne quod exit in um damno, Sed plus damno decorum*; and there was this and that, &c.

Four and twenty Vintners all in a row,
And there was rare Claret and White,

I ne'er drank worſe in my Life,
And excellent good Canary,
Drawn off the Lees of Sherry,
If you do not like it, *Omne quod*, &c.

Four and twenty Parliament-Men all in a row,
And there was Loyalty and Reaſon,
Without one Word of Treaſon,
And there was rare Claret, &c.

Four and twenty *Dutchmen* all in row,
And there was *Ater Malter' Vantor Dyken Shapen Kopen de Hogue Van Rottyck Vanton ſick de Brille Van Boorſtyck, Van Foorſtyck*, and *Soatrag Van Hogan Herien Van Donk*.
Rare Claret and White, &c.

SONG CCLXXVIII.

AH! *Chloris*, could I now but ſit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your Infant Beauty could beget
No Happineſs, nor Pain.
When I this Dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming Day,
I little thought that riſing Fire
Would take my Reſt away.

Your Charms in harmleſs Childhood lay,
As Metals in a Mine;
Age from no Face takes more away,
Than Youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your Charms inſenſibly
To their Perfection preſt;
So Love, as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my Breaſt.

My Paſſion with your Beauty grew,
While *Cupid* at my Heart,

Still at his Mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming Dart.

SONG CCLXXIX.

NOW the good Man's from home,
I'll caſt away Care;
And, with ſome briſk Fellow
Steal out to the Fair;
Though ſome are too baſhful,
And others too bold,
Yet Womens Intentions
Are not to be told.

But if I ſhould meet
With a Spark to my Mind,
One fit to be truſted,
I then may prove kind:
With him I would ramble
The Fair all around
I'd eat, and I'd drink
Of the beſt could be found.

There's *Fielding* and *Oates*,
And *Hipp'ſley* and *Hall*,
And *Bullock*, and *Lee*
And the Devil and all:
I'll have the beſt Place,
And I'll ſee ev'ry Sight,
And wanton in Pleaſure
From Morning 'till Night.

Oh! there I ſhall ſee
All the Gentlemen Rakes,
And hear the ſweet Cry
Of Beer, Ale, Wine, and Cakes,
Whilſt I in blue Apron
And clean Linnen Gown,
Draw all the fine Sparks
From the Flirts of the Town.

SONG CCLXXX.

O Fly from this Place, dear *Flora*,
Thy Goaler has ſet thee free;
And before the next Bluſh of *Aurora*,
You'll find a kind Guardian in me.
Deareſt Creature, exchange for the better,
Confinement can have no Charms;
Think of your Priſons which is ſweeter,
This, or a young Lover's Arm.

SONG CCLXXXI.

THE Nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
No leſs than a Wonder by Nature deſign'd:
She's the Grief of my Heart, the Joy of my Eye,
And the Cauſe of a Flame that never can die.

Her Mouth, from whence Wit ſtill obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful Bluſh, and the Smell of the Roſe;
Love and Deſtiny both ſtill attend on her Will,
She wounds with a Look, with a Frown ſhe can kill.

The deſperate Lover can hope no Redreſs,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in exceſs:
In *Silvia* they meet, ſo unhappy am I,
Who ſees her muſt love, and who loves her muſt die.

SONG CCLXXXII.

THUS mighty *Eaſtern* Kings, and ſome
Of *Abr'am*'s Race, and Monarchs good,
Of *Ægypt*, *Syria*, *Greece*, and *Rome*,
True Architecture underſtood.

No Wonder then if Maſons join
To celebrate thoſe Maſon Kings,
With ſolemn Note, and flowing Wine,
Whilſt ev'ry Brother jointly ſings.

CHORUS.

Who can unfold the Royal Art,
Or ſing its Secrets in a Song?
They're ſafely kept in Maſons Heart,
And to the ancient Lodge belong.

SONG CCLXXXIII. *Happy Clown.*

IT was the charming Month of *May*,
When all the Flow'rs were freſh and gay,
One Morning by the break of Day,
Sweet *Chloe*, chaſte, and fair,
From peaceful Slumbers ſhe aroſe,
Girt on her Mantle and her Hoſe,
And o'er the flow'ry Mead ſhe goes,
To breathe a purer Air.

Her Looks ſo ſweet, ſo gay her Mien,
Her handſome Shape, and Dreſs ſo clean,
She look'd all o'er like Beauty's Queen,
Dreſt in her beſt Array.
The gentle Winds and purling Stream,
Eſſay'd to whiſper *Chloe*'s Name,
The ſavage Beaſts, 'till then ne'er tame,
Wild Adoration pay.

The feather'd People you might ſee,
Perch'd all around her on a Tree,
With Notes of ſweeteſt Melody
They act a chearful Part.
The dull Slaves on the toilſome Plow,
Their weary'd Necks and Knees do bow,
A glad Subjection there they vow,
To pay with all their Heart.

The bleating Flocks that then came by,
Soon as the charming Nymph they ſpy,
They leave their hoarſe and rueful Cry,
And dance around the Brooks:
The Woods are glad, the Meadows ſmile,
And *Forth* that foam'd and roar'd e'er while,
Glides calmy down, as ſmooth as Oil,
Thro' all its charming Crooks.

The finny Squadrons are content,
To leave their wat'ry Element,
In glazie Numbers down the Bent,
They flutter all along.
The Inſects, and each creeping thing,
Join'd to make up the rural Ring,
All friſk and dance, if ſhe but ſing,
And make a jovial Throng.

King *Phœbus* now began to riſe,
And paint with red the eaſtern Skies,
Struck with the Glory of her Eyes,
He ſhines behind a Cloud:
Her Mantle on a Bough ſhe lays,
And all her Glory ſhe diſplays,
She left all Nature in Amaze,
And skipp'd into the Wood.

SONG CCLXXXIV.

YE Minutes, bring the happy Hour,
And *Chloe* bluſhing to the Bow'r;
Then ſhall all idle Flames be o'er,
Nor Eyes, or Heart, e'er wander more:
Both, *Chloe*, fix'd for e'er on thee,
For thou art all thy Sex to me.

A guilty is a falſe Embrace,
Corinna's Love's a Fairy Chaſe:
Be gone thou Meteor, fleeting Fire,
And all that can't ſurvive Deſire:

Chloe my Reaſon moves and Awe,
And *Cupid* ſhot me when I ſaw.

SONG CCLXXXV.

IF Wine and Muſick have the Pow'r
To eaſe the Sickneſs of the Soul,
Let *Phœbus* ev'ry String explore,
And *Bacchus* fill the ſprightly Bowl.

Let them their friendly Aid employ,
To make my *Chloe*'s Abſence light,
And ſeek for Pleaſures to deſtroy
The Sorrows of this live-long Night.

But ſhe to morrow will return;
Venus be thou to-morrow great,
Thy Myrtles ſtrew, thy Odours burn,
And meet the fav'rite Nymph in State.

Kind Goddeſs, to no other Pow'rs
Let us to-morrow's Bleſſings own;
Thy darling Loves ſhall guide the Hours,
And all the Day be thine alone.

SONG CCLXXXVI.

HOW hardly I conceal my Tears!
How oft did I complain?
When many tedious Days my Fears
Told me, I lov'd in vain.

But now my Joys as wild are grown,
And hard to be conceal'd;
Sorrow may make a ſilent Moan,
But Joy will be reveal'd.

I tell it to the bleating Flocks,
To e'vry Stream and Tree,
And bleſs the hollow murm'ring Rocks,
For echoing back to me.

Thus you may ſee, with how much Joy
We want, we wiſh, believe;
'Tis hard ſuch Paſſion to deſtroy,
But eaſy to deceive.

SONG CCLXXXVII.

AS after Noon, one Summer's Day,
Venus ſtood bathing in a River,
Cupid a Shooting went that Way,
New ſtrung his Bow, and fill'd his Quiver.

With Skill he choſe his ſharpeſt Dart,
With all his Might his Bow he drew,
Swift to his beauteous Parent's Heart
The too-well guided Arrow flew.

I faint, I die! the Goddeſs cry'd,
O cruel! could'ſt thou find none other
To wreck thy Spleen on? Parricide!
Like *Nero*, thou haſt ſlain thy Mother.

Poor *Cupid*, ſobbing, ſcarce could ſpeak,
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how eaſy my Miſtake?
I took you for your Likeneſs, *Chloe*.

SONG CCLXXXVIII.

FLY, fly, ye happy Shepherds, fly,
Avoid *Philiria*'s Charms;
The Rigour of her Heart denies
The Heav'n that's in her Arms.

Ne'er hope to gaze, and then retire,
Nor yielding to be bleſt;
Nature, who form'd her Eyes of Fire,
Of Ice compos'd her Breaſt.

Yet, lovely Maid, this once believe
A Slave, whoſe Zeal you move:

The Gods, alas! your Youth deceive,
The Heaven conſiſts in Love.

In ſpite of all the things you owe,
You may reproach 'em this;
That where they did their Form beſtow,
They have deny'd their Bliſs.

SONG CCLXXXIX.

MY Love was fickle once, and changing,
Nor e'er would ſettle in my Heart;
From Beauty ſtill to Beauty ranging,
In ev'ry Face I found a Dart.

'Twas firſt a charming Shape enſlav'd me,
An Eye then gave the fatal Stroke.
'Till by her Wit *Corinna* ſav'd me,
And all my former Fetters broke.

But now a long and laſting Anguiſh
For *Belvidera* I endure;
Hourly I ſigh, and hourly languiſh,
Nor hope to find the wonted Cure.

For here the falſe inconſtant Lover,
After a thouſand Beauties ſhewn,
Does now ſurpriſing Charms diſcover,
And finds Variety in one.

SONG CCXC.

WHEN firſt I laid Siege to my *Chloris*,
Cannon-Oaths I brought down,
To batter the Town,
And I ſtorm'd her with amorous Stories.

Billet-doux like Small ſhot did ſo ply her,
And ſometimes a Song
Went whiſtling along,
But ſtill I was never the nigher.

At length she sent word by a Trumpet,
If I lik'd that Life,
She would be my Wife,
But she would be no Man's Strumpet.

I told her that *Mars* would not marry,
And swore by my Scars,
Got in Combats and Wars,
That I'd sooner dig Stones in a Quarry.

At length she granted the Favour,
Without the dull Curse,
For better, for worse,
And sav'd the dull Parson the Labour.

SONG CCXCI.

OF all the Torments, all the Cares,
With which our Lives are curs'd,
Of all the Plagues a Lover bears,
Sure Rivals are the worst:
By Partners of another kind,
Afflictions easier grow,
In Love alone we hate to find
Companions of our Woe.

Cynthia, for all the Pains you see
Are lab'ring in my Breast,
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest:
How great soe'er your Rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope,
I can endure my own Despair,
But not another's Hope.

SONG CCXCII.

HOW happy am I,
The fair Sex can defy,
And can ev'ry Day say my Heart is my own;

For I never ſaw yet
That Beauty or Wit,
But I lov'd, if I pleas'd, or could let it alone.

I thought that my Flame
Would ſtill prove the ſame,
For beautiful *Celia*, while *Celia* was true;
But Love was ſo blind,
When *Celia* was kind,
I chang'd her for *Mopſa*, for *Mopſa* was new.

SONG CCXCIII.

YE Swains that are courting a Maid,
Be warn'd and inſtructed by me;
Tho' ſmall Experience I've had,
I'll give you good Counſel, and free.

The Women are changeable things,
And ſeldom a Moment the ſame;
As Time a Variety brings,
Their Looks new Humours proclaim.

But who in his Love would ſucceed,
And his Miſtreſs's Favour obtain,
Muſt mind it as ſure as his Creed,
To make Hay while the Sun is ſerene.

There's a Seaſon to conquer the Fair;
And that's when they're merry and gay:
To catch the Occaſion, take care,
When 'tis gone, in vain you'll eſſay.

SONG CCXCIV.

I Gently touch'd her Hand, ſhe gave
A Look that did my Soul enſlave;
I preſt her rebel Lips in vain,
They roſe up to be preſt again:
Thus happy I no further meant,
Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her ſoft Breaſts my Hand I laid,
And a quick, light Impreſſion made;
They with a kindly Warmth did glow,
And ſwell'd, and ſeem'd to overflow:
Yet truſt me, I no further meant,
Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her Eyes my Eyes did prey,
O'er her ſmooth Limbs my Hand did ſtray;
Each Senſe was raviſh'd with Delight,
And my Soul ſtood prepar'd for Flight,
Blame me not, if at laſt I meant,
More to be pleas'd, than innocent.

SONG CCXCV. *City Ramble.*

SOME ſing *Molly Mogg* of the Roſe,
And call her the *Oakingham* Pelle,
Whilſt others do Ferſes compoſe
On peautiful *Molly Lepelle.*

Put of all the young Firgins ſo fair,
Which *Pritain*'s crete Monarchy owns;
In Peauty there's none to compare
With hur charming dear *Gwiniſrid Shones.*

Unenviet the ſplentit Contition
Of Princes that ſit upon Thrones:
The higheſt of all hur Ampition,
Iſs the Loſe of fair *Gwiniſrid Shones.*

Pold Mortals the Clobe will ſearch ofer
For Cold, and for Tiamond Stones;
Put hur can more Treaſure tiſcofer
In peautiful *Gwiniſrid Shones.*

From the piggeſt crete Mountain in *Pritain,*
Hur wou'd fenture the preaking her Pones,
So that the ſoft Lap hur might ſit on
Of peautiful *Gwiniſrid Shones.*

Not the Nightingale's pitiful Note,
Can expreſs how poor *Shenkin* bemoans
His Fates? when in Places remote,
Hur is abſent from *Gwinifrid Shones.*

Hur Loſe iſs than Honey far ſweeter,
And hur is no *Shenkin* ap Drones;
Put wou'd lapour in Proſe, and in Metre
To praiſe hur tear *Gwinifrid Shones.*

As the Harp of St. *Tavit* turpaſſes
The Pagpipes, poor Tweetles and Crones;
So *Lepelle*, *Molly Mogg*, and all Laſſes
Are excell'd by hur *Gwinifrid Shones.*

SONG CCXCVI. *Ye Commons*, &c.

FAIR *Venus*, they ſay,
On a rainy bleak Day,
Thus ſent her Child *Cupid* a-packing:
Get thee gone from my Door,
Like a Son of a Whore,
And elſe where ſtand bouncing and cracking.

To tell the plain Truth,
Our little blind Youth
Beat the Hoof a long while up and down, Sir;
Till all Dangers paſt,
By good Fortune at laſt
He ſtumbled into a great Town, Sir.

Then ſtrait to himſelf
Cries this tiny ſly Elf,
Since Begging brings little Relief, Sir,
A Trade I'll commence
That ſhall bring in the Pence,
And ſtrait he ſet up for a Thief, Sir.

At Play-houſe and Kirk,
Where he ſlily did lurk,

He ſtole Hearts both from young and old People,
'Till at laſts, ſays my Song,
He had like to have ſwung
On a Gallows as high as a Steeple.

Then with Arrows and Bow
He a Soldier muſt go,
And ſtrait he ſhot Folks without Warning;
He thought it no Sin,
When his Hand once was in,
To kill you his Hundred a Morning.

When he found that he made
Little Gain by his Trade,
What does our ſly graceleſs Blinker?
But ſtrait chang'd his Note,
As well as his Coat,
And he needs muſt paſs for a Tinker.

Have you any Hearts to mend?
Come, I'll be your Friend,
Or elſe I expect not a Farthing:
Tho' they're burnt to a Coal,
I'll ſoon make 'em whole;
And Maids, is not this a fair Bargain?

But, Maids, have a Care,
Of this Tinker beware,
Shun the Rogue, tho' he ſets ſuch a Face on't,
Where he ſtops up one Hole,
'Tis true, by my Soul,
He'll at leaſt leave a Score in the Place on't.

SONG CCXCVII.

YOung *Roger* of the Mill, one Morning very ſoon,
Put on his beſt Apparel, his Hoſe and clouted Shoon;

And he a wooing came to bonny-buxom *Nell*,
Adzooks, cries he, coud'ſt fancy me, I like thee wond'rous well.

My Horſes I have dreſt, and gave them Corn and Hay,
Put on my beſt Apparel: and having come this way;
Let's ſit and chat a while with thee, my bonny *Nell*,
Adzooks, cries he, coud'ſt fancy me, I'ze like thy Perſon well.

Young *Roger* you're miſtaken, the Damſel then reply'd,
I am not in ſuch haſte to be a Plowman's Bride;
Know I then live in Hopes to marry a Farmer's Son.
If it be ſo, ſays *Hodge*, I'll go ſweet Miſtreſs, I have done.

Your Horſes you have dreſt, as I have heard you ſay,
Put on your beſt Apparel, and having come this Way;
Come ſit and chat a-while. O no indeed not I,
I'll neither wait, nor chat, nor prate, I'ze other Fiſh to fry.

Go take your Farmer's Son, with all my honeſt Heart,
What tho' my Name be *Roger* that go to Plow and Cart,
I need not tarry long, I ſoon may gain a Wife,
There's buxom *Joan*, it is well known, ſhe loves me as her Life.

Pray what of buxom *Joan*, can't I pleaſe you as well,
For ſhe has ne'er a Penny, and I am buxom *Nell*:

And I have fifty Shillings; the Money made him ſmile,
Oh then my dear, I'll draw a Chair, and chat with thee a-while.
Within the Space of half an Hour, this Couple a Bargain ſtruck,
And I hope then with the Money they both may have good Luck:
If you have fifty Shillings, then I have forty more, with which a Cow we'll buy,
We'll join our Hands in wedlock Bands, then who but you and I?

SONG CCXCVIII. *Sally*, &c.

WHAT tho' I am a Country Laſs,
A lofty Mind I bear-a,
And think myſelf as good as thoſe
Who gay Apparel wear-a.
What tho' my Clothes are home-ſpun Grey,
My Skin it is as ſoft-a,
As thoſe that in their Cypreſs Veils
Carry their Heads aloft-a.
What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep,
It is what muſt be done-a:
A Garland of the ſweeteſt Flow'rs
Shall ſhade me from the Sun-a.
And when I ſee they feeding be,
Where Graſs and Flow'rs do ſpring-a:
Beſide a purling Cryſtal Stream
I'll ſet me down and ſing-a.
My Leathern-Bottle, ſtuft with Sage,
Is Drink that's very thin-a:
No Wine did e'er my Brains engage,
Or tempt me for to ſin-a.

My Country Curds, and wooden Spoon,
Methinks are very fine-a:
When on a ſhady Bank, at Noon,
I ſet me down and dine-a.

What tho' my Portion won't allow
Of Bags of ſhining Gold-a;
A Farmer's Daughter now a-days,
Like Swine is bought and ſold-a.

My Body's fair, I'll keep it ſound,
And an honeſt Mind within-a;
But for an hundred thouſand Pound
I value't not a pin-a.

No Jewels wear I in my Ears,
Or Pearls about my Neck-a;
No coſtly Rings do I e'er uſe,
My Fingers for to deck-a.

But for the Man who-e'er he be,
Whom I ſhall chance to wed-a;
I'll keep a Jewel worth them all,
I mean my Maiden-head-a.

SONG CCXCIX. *Ye Commons*, &c.

IF any ſo wiſe is,
That Sack he deſpiſes,
Let him drink his ſmall Beer, and be ſober;
Whilſt we drink Wine, and ſing
As if it were Spring,
He ſhall droop like the Trees in *October*.

But be ſure, over Night,
If this Dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a Warning,
Soon as out of your Bed,
To ſettle your Head,
Take a Hair of his Tail in the Morning.

And not be ſo ſilly
To follow old *Lilly*;
For there's nothing but Wine that can tune us;
Let his *ne aſſueſcas*
Be put in his Cap-caſe,
And ſing *bibito vinum jejunus.*

SONG CCC.

ALas! when charming *Sylvia's* gone,
I ſigh, and think myſelf undone;
But when the lovely Nymph is here,
I'm pleas'd, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear.
Thoughtleſs of all but her, I rove,
Ah! tell me, is not this call'd Love?

Ah me! what Pow'rs can move me ſo?
I die with Grief when ſhe muſt go;
But I revive at her Return;
I ſmile, I freeze, I pant, I burn:
Tranſports ſo ſweet, ſo ſtrong, ſo new,
Say, can they be to Friendſhip due?

Ah no! 'tis Love, 'tis now too plain,
I feel, I feel the pleaſing Pain:
For who e'er ſaw bright *Sylvia's* Eyes,
But wiſh'd, and long'd, and was her Prize:
Gods, if the trueſt muſt be bleſt,
O let her be by me poſſeſt.

SONG CCCI.

HERE end my Chains, and Thraldom ceaſe;
If not in Joy, I'll live in Peace;
Since for the Pleaſures of an Hour
We muſt endure an Age of Pain,
I'll be this abject thing no more;
Love, give me back my Heart again.

Deſpair tormented firſt my Breaſt,
Now Falſhood, a more cruel Gueſt.
O, for the Peace of human kind,
Make Women longer true, or ſooner kind!
With Juſtice or with Mercy reign,
O Love! or give me back my Heart again.

SONG CCCII.

CHLOE's the Wonder of her Sex,
'Tis well her Heart is tender;
How might ſuch killing Eyes perplex,
With Virtue to defend her!

But Nature graciouſly inclin'd,
Not bent to vex but pleaſe us,
Has to her boundleſs Beauty join'd
A boundleſs Will to eaſe us.

SONG CCCIII.

WHEN *Orpheus* ſweetly did complain
Upon his Lute, with heavy Strain,
How his *Eurydice* was ſlain;
The Trees to hear
Obtain'd an Ear,
And after left it off again.

At ev'ry Stroke, at ev'ry Stay,
The Boughs kept time, and nodding lay,
And liſt'ned bending every way;
The Aſhen Tree
As well as he
Began to ſhake, and learnt to play.

If Wood could ſpeak, a Tree might hear,
If Wood can ſound our Grief ſo near,
A Tree might drop an Amber Tear:
If Wood ſo well
Could ſound a Knell,
The Cypreſs might condole the Bier.

The ſtanding Nobles of the Grove,
Hearing dead Wood to ſpeak and move,
The fatal Axe began to love;
They envy'd Death,
That gave ſuch Breath,
As Men alive do Saints above.

SONG CCCIV.

He. DID you not once, *Lucinda*, vow
You would love none but me?
She. Ay, but my Mother tells me now,
I muſt love Wealth, not thee.

He. Cruel, thy Love lies in thy Pow'r,
Tho' Fate to me's unkind,
She. Conſider but how ſmall thy Dow'r
Is in reſpect of mine.

He. Is it becauſe my Sheep are poor,
Or that my Flocks are few?
She. No, but I cannot love at all
So mean a Thing as you.

He. Ah me! ah me! mock you my Grief?
She. I pity thy hard Fate.
He. Pity for Love's but poor Relief,
I'll rather chuſe your Hate.

She. Content thy ſelf, Shepherd, a-while,
I'll love thee by this Kiſs,
Thou ſhalt have no more Cauſe to mourn,
Than thou canſt take in this.

He. Bear Record then, ye Pow'rs above,
And all thoſe holy Bands:
For it appears, the trueſt Love
Springs not from Wealth nor Lands.

SONG CCCV.

WHEN wilt thou break, my ſtubborn Heart?
O Death, how ſlow to take my Part!
Whatever I purſue, denies,
Death, Death it ſelf, like *Myra* flies.

Love and Deſpair, like Twins, poſſeſt
At the ſame fatal Birth my Breaſt;
No Hope could be, her Scorn was all
That to my deſtin'd Lot con'd fall.

I thought, alas! that Love cou'd dwell
But in warm Climes, where no Snow fell;
Like Plants that kindly Heat require,
To be maintain'd by conſtant Fire.

That, without Hope, 'twou'd die as ſoon,
A little Hope——But I have none:
On Air the poor Camelions thrive;
Deny'd even that, my Love can live.

As tougheſt Trees in Storms are bred,
And grow, in ſpite of Winds, and ſpread;
The more the Tempeſt tears and ſhakes
My Love, the deeper Root it takes.

Deſpair, that Aconite does prove,
And certain Death to others Love,
That Poiſon, never yet withſtood,
Does nouriſh mine, and turn to Food.

O! for what Crime is my torn Heart
Condemn'd to ſuffer deathleſs Smart?
Like ſad *Prometheus*, thus to lie
In endleſs Pain, and never die.

SONG CCCVI.

STript of their Green our Groves appear,
Our Vales lye bury'd deep in Snow,
The blowing North controuls the Air,
A nipping Cold chills all below,
The Froſt has glaz'd the deepeſt Streams,
Phœbus withdraws his kindly Beams,
Yet Winter bleſs'd be thy Return,
Thou'ſt brought the Swain for whom I us'd to mourn,
And in thy Ice with pleaſing Flames I burn.

Too ſoon the Sun's reviving Heat,
Will thaw that Ice, and melt that Snow,
Trumpets will ſound, and Drums will beat,
And tell me the dear Youth muſt go.
Then muſt my weak unwilling Arms
Reſign him up to ſtronger Charms:
What Sweets, what Flow'rs, what beauteous Thing,
Now *Damon*'s gone can Eaſe or Pleaſure bring?
Winter brings *Damon*, Winter is my Spring.

SONG CCCVII.

WHilſt I am ſcorch'd with hot Deſire,
In vain cold Friendſhip you return:
Your Drops of Pity on my Fire,
Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah! would you have the Flame ſuppreſt
That kills the Heart it heats too faſt?
Take half my Paſſion to your Breaſt,
The reſt in mine ſhall ever laſt.

SONG CCCVIII.

SINCE the Day of poor Man,
That little, little Span,
Tho' long it can't laſt,
For the future and paſt
Is ſpent with Remorſe and Deſpair,
With ſuch a full Glaſs
Let that of Life paſs,
'Tis made up of Trouble,
A Storm, tho' a Bubble,
There's no Bliſs like forgetting our Care.

Why all this whining,
Why all this pining,
Love is a Folly, and Beauty is vain?
Nothing ſo common
As Wealth and Woman,
To raiſe the Vapours, and ſo dull the Brain.

To him that's merry,
That's frolick and airy,
Nothing is grievous, nor nothing is ſad:
Then rouſe up thy Spirit,
And take off thy Claret,
In one ſmiling Bumper a Cure's to be had.

If *Chloe* fly thee,
And ſtill deny thee,
Never look ſneaking, nor never repine:
If 'tis her Faſhion,
To ſlight your Paſſion,
Then ſeem moſt eaſy, and deny her thine.

Yet ſlily wooe her,
And cloſely purſue her,
Or ſhe'll prove a Tyrant, and laugh you to Scorn:
When ſhe ſeems waſpiſh,
Coquettiſh and prudiſh,
Then give her her Humour, and let her be gone.

When next you meet her,
Again intreat her,
And if you find ſtill ſhe makes you her Tool,
Ne'er let it vex ye,
Or once perplex ye,
She'll ſoon repent it, and find who's the Fool.

Then to requite her,
Deſpiſe her, and ſlight her,
And what you commended, as much diſcommend;
But if Love grieve thee,
And will not leave thee,
Then e'en love thy ſelf, and next love thy Friend.

SONG CCCIX.

WHilſt I'm carouſing to chear up my Soul,
Oh how I triumph to ſee a full Bowl!
This is the Treaſure,
The only Pleaſure,
The Bleſſing that makes me rejoice and ſing.
Thus while I'm drinking,
Free from dull thinking,
Then am I greater than the greateſt King.

SONG CCCX.

SINCE from my dear *Aſtræa*'s Sight
I was ſo rudely torn,
My Soul has never known Delight,
Unleſs it was to mourn.

But oh, alas! with weeping Eyes
And bleeding Heart I lie;
Thinking on her, whoſe Abſence 'tis
That makes me wiſh to die.

SONG CCCXI.

AS *Ariana*, young and fair,
By Night the ſtarry Choir did tell,
She found in *Caſſiopeia's* Chair,
One beauteous Light the reſt excel:
This happy Star unſeen before,
Perhaps was kindled from her Eyes,
And made for Mortals to adore
A new-born Glory in the Skies.

Or if within the Sphere it grew,
Before ſhe gaz'd, the Lamp was dim;
But from her Eyes the Sparkles flew
That gave new Luſtre to the Gem.
Bright Omen! what doſt thou portend,
Thou threat'ning Beauty of the Sky?
What great, what happy Monarch's End!
For ſure by thee 'tis ſweet to die.

Whether to thy fore-boding Fire
We owe the *Creſcent* in decay?
Or muſt the mighty *Gaul* expire
A Victim to thy fatal Ray?
Such a Preſage will late be ſhown
Before the World in Aſhes lies;
But if leſs Ruin will attone,
Let *Strephon's* only Fate ſuffice.

SONG CCCXII.

WHY, lovely Charmer, tell me why
So very kind, and yet ſo ſhy?
Why does that cold, forbidding Air
Give Damps of Sorrow and Deſpair?
Or why that Smile my Soul ſubdue,
And kindle up my Flames anew.

In vain you ſtrive with all your Art,
By turns to freeze and fire my Heart:

When I behold a Face ſo fair,
So ſweet a Look, ſo ſoft an Air,
My raviſh'd Soul is charm'd all o'er,
I cannot love thee leſs nor more.

SONG CCCXIII.

WHILE gentle *Partheniſſa* walks,
And ſweetly ſmiles, and gaily talks,
A thouſand Shafts around her fly,
A thouſand Swains unheeded die.
If then ſhe labours to be ſeen,
With all her killing Air and Mien,
From ſo much Beauty, ſo much Art,
What mortal can ſecure his Heart?

SONG CCCXIV.

AS Naked almoſt, and more fair you appear,
Than *Diana*, when ſpy'd by *Actæon*;
Yet that Stag-hunter's Fate, your Votaries here,
We hope you're too gentle to lay on.

For he like a Fool, took a Peep, and no more,
So ſhe gave him a large Pair of Horns, Sir:
What Goddeſs, undreſt, ſuch Neglect ever bore;
Or what Woman e'er pardon'd ſuch Scorn, Sir?

The Man who with Beauty feaſts only his Eyes,
With the Fair always works his own Ruin,
You ſhall find by our Actions, our Looks, and our Sighs,
We're not barely contented with viewing.

SONG CCCXV.

THE rolling Years the Joys reſtore,
Which happy, happy *Britain* knew,
When in a Female Age before
Beauty the Sword of Juſtice drew,

Nymphs and Fauns, and rural Pow'rs,
Of chryſtal Floods and ſhady Bow'rs,
No more ſhall here preſide:
The flowing Wave, and living Green,
Owe only to their preſent Queen
Their Safety and their Pride.

United Air, and Pleaſures bring,
Of tender Note, and tuneful String,
All your Arts devoted are
To move the Innocent and Fair:
While they receive the pleaſing Wound,
Echo repeats the dying Sound.

SONG CCCXVI.

CRUEL *Amynta*, can you ſee
A Heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
Love of himſelf ne'er vanquiſh'd me,
But thro' your Eyes the Conqueſt made.

In Ambuſh there the Traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithleſs Smiles,
No Wretches are ſo loſt as they
Whom much Security beguiles.

SONG CCCXVII.

DEjected as true Converts die,
But yet with fervent Thoughts inflam'd:
So, Faireſt, at your Feet I lie,
Of all my Sex's Faults aſham'd.

Too long, alas! have I defy'd
The Force of Love's almighty Flame,
And often did aloud deride
His Godhead, as an empty Name.

But ſince ſo freely I confeſs
A Crime, which may your Scorn produce,
Allow me now to make it leſs,
By any juſt and fair Excuſe.

I then did vulgar Joys purſue,
Variety was all my Bliſs;
But ignorant of Love and you,
How could I chuſe but do amiſs?

If ever now my wand'ring Eyes
Search out Temptations as before;
If once I look, but to deſpiſe
Their Charms, and value yours the more:

May ſad Remorſe, and guilty Shame,
Revenge your Wrongs on faithleſs me;
And, what I tremble ev'n to name,
May I loſe all, in loſing thee.

SONG CCCXVIII.

WHY all this Pride and Scorn, Miſs *F*—
Your Siſter's fair, 'tis true;
But ſtill to boaſt of Charms or Wit,
What juſt Pretence have you?

With equal Right the livid Moon
Might boaſt her borrow'd Light;
And fancy, tho' the Sun ne'er ſhone,
The World would think her bright.

Look down, ye Great, whom Titles crown,
Some Pity on her ſhew;
She'd quit, (oh! do not on her frown)
Her Friend, or G——, for you.

SONG CCCXIX.

WIthout Affectation, gay, youthful and pretty;
Without Pride or Meanneſs, familiar and witty;
Without Form obliging, good-natur'd and free;
Without Art, as lovely as lovely can be.

She acts what she thinks, and thinks what she says,
Regardless alike both of Censure and Praise;
But her Thoughts, and her Words, and her Actions are such,
That none can admire them, or praise them too much.

SONG CCCXX.

WHEN *London*'s famous Town
Is almost left alone,
And Beaus and Belles retreat
From Duns and empty Streets,
The founder'd Hack, and rusty Chaise
Runs to fair *Windsor*, there to gaze.

O'er *Hounslow Heath* away,
If no C——tier bid us stay;
We soon the Hill ascend,
And there's our Journey's end:
The *Town-hall* first salutes our Ears,
With thund'ring Oaths of Grenadiers.

The Hostler he's in Sight,
Before we mean to light;
The Barber spies his Prey,
The Shoe-boy's in your way;
And ev'ry Sharper in the Place
Stares us fiercely in the Face.

Then to the Coffee-Room,
There's Powder and Perfume;
Where pamper'd Minions prate
Of *Britain*'s happy State;
Who Trade's Decay nor Taxes feel,
But drink and wh——re, and cry, all's well.

We view the Castle round,
With Prospects that abound;

We ſee the *Champions-Hall*,
And ev'ry Noble's Stall;
Where holy Men unite in Pray'r.
While Booted Cits croud in to ſtare.

The *Mermaid*, *Bell* and *Hart*,
Our Purſes ſure make ſmart;
High Bills without controul,
For Wine, Fiſh, Fleſh and Fowl;
And when we bid the Houſe farewel,
They hardly ring the welcome Knell.

SONG CCCXXI.

AS it fell on a Holy-day,
As it fell on a Holy-day,
And upon a Holy-tide *a*,
And upon a Holy-tide *a*.

And when *John Dory* to *Paris* was come,
A little before the Gate *a*;
John Dory was fitted, the Porter was witted,
To let him in thereat *a*.

The firſt Man that *John Dory* did meet,
Was good King *John* of *France a*;
John Dory could well of his courteſie,
But fell down in a Trance *a*.

A Pardon, a Pardon, my Liege and my King,
For my merry Men and for Me *a*;
And all the Churls in merry *England*
I'll bring them all bound to thee *a*.

And *Nichol* was then a *Corniſh* Man,
A little beſide *Bohide a*;
And he mann'd forth a good black Bark,
With fifty good Oars on a ſide *a*.

Run up, my Boy, unto the main top,
And look what thou can'ſt ſpy *a*;

Who ho! who ho! a goodly Ship I do ſee,
I trow it be *John Dory a.*

They hoiſt their Sails, both top and top,
The Miſein and all was try'd *a*;
And every Man ſtood to his Lot,
Whatever ſhould betide *a.*

The roaring Cannons then were ply'd:
And Dub a dub went the Drum *a*;
The ſounding Trumpets loud they cry'd,
To courage both all and ſome *a.*

The grapling Hooks were brought at length,
The brown Bill, and the Sword *a*,
John Dory at length, for all his Strength,
Was clapp'd faſt under board *a.*

SONG CCCXXII.

FAIR Maidens, O! beware
Of uſing Men too well!
Their Pride is all their Care,
They only kiſs to tell.
How hard the Virgin's Fate!
While ev'ry way undone;
The coy grow out of Date,
They're ruin'd, if they're won.

SONG CCCXXIII.

A Swain untaught in Arts of Love,
Whom Love cou'd ne'er ſubdue,
Obſequious bows, but never dies,
Oft pleaſing views with wiſhing Eyes
Myra and *Chloe* too.

The ſoothing Virgin, at whoſe Feet
The Youth firſt lowly fell,
With courting Eyes and ſmooth Deceit
His ev'ry Offer ſeems to greet,
And liſtens to his Tale.

But *Chloe* ſhe a wanton Fair,
Whoſe Beauties well prevail'd,
With wav'ring Mind oft Love deny'd,
And if her ſecret Heart comply'd,
Yet Affectation fail'd.

Now truſt me, fair one, wou'd ye wiſh
The Swain might ceaſe to rove,
Of ſteady Temper always be,
From fooliſh Affectation free,
And each with Caution love.

Let *Chloe* leave affecting Pride,
Myra from Fraud repair;
His Heart (believe!) howe'er it burns,
To one of you at length returns,
And ſeeks its Boſom there.

SONG CCCXXIV.

SAY, all ye Friends that now are met?
Around this ſparkling Bowl,
Does any ſad unhappy Fate
Lag heavy on the Soul.

Does any here the Lover mourn
Of ſome imperious Fair,
Who treats his Offerings with Scorn,
And kills him with Deſpair?

Or is there any weary Mind
With Poverty ſo great,
As keeps his Joys too cloſe confin'd,
In ſlaviſh Goals of Debt?

If ſo, drink twice a ſingle Share,
Quick toſs the Liquor round,
And you ſhall find that ſtupid Care
Will preſently be drown'd.

See, ſee the Bowl with pleaſing Smiles
Invites us to a Bliſs;

All cloudy Sorrows it beguiles,
And flows all Happineſs.

Come join in Chorus, to the Praiſe
Of the great God of Wine;
O jolly *Bacchus!* pow'rful God,
All Happineſs is thine.

SONG CCCXXV.

YOU Fair, who play Tricks to be fairer, draw near,
As a Warning to tamper no more, you ſhall hear
What a Prank of this kind had one like to have coſt,
And the beſt in all Chriſtendom had like to have loſt. *Derry down.*

All know what is good to aſſiſt the Digeſtion,
To clear Poets Brains, and a Lady's Complexion;
To name it outright, I've been told 'tis not clean,
And none are ſo dull not to know what I mean.

A Nymph who ne'er yet work'd in *Hymen*'s ſoft Yoke,
To heighten her Charms, once this Med'cine beſpoke;
She's chaſte, and ſhe's fair, and a Virgin of Honour,
Who lawfully wiſhes to take Man upon her.

None hold it abſurd, that to brighten her Face,
She ſhould think of applying a Waſh to her A——e;
If a fair Flower droops, to enliven the Shoot,
You touch not the Top, but you water the Root.

The things were all ready, the Nymph on her Bed,
Her B—— lay exalted, and low lay her Head;

Her Coats o'er her Neck were conveniently thrown,
And I wou'd, but I dare not, tell all that was ſhown.

The Maid now approaches, to begin Operation,
No Monarch, I ween, but might covet the Station:
Laud! what are ye fumbling? ſhe cry'd, *Betty*, come,
If you follow your Noſe, you're as ſure as a Gun.

With your Hand try the Heat tho' before you begin,
And for G—'s ſake take care to greaſe well the Machine;
For your Thing is ſo ſtiff, and my Hole is ſo ſmall,
If you enter too roughly, I ſurely ſhall ſquall.

Never doubt of my Caution, poor *Betty* reply'd,
But lend your Hand, my dear Miſs, and that ſhall be my Guide;
Miſs lent her her Hand, and Miſs gave her her Cue,
But her Buſineſs, alas! *Betty*'s Thing wou'd not do.

It was thruſt in as far as 'twou'd go, but in vain,
Miſs cry'd I feel nothing, good *Betty*, but Pain:
And ſuch Pain, that not more I believe 'twould have coſt,
Were a Man on the Bed, and my Maiden-head loſt.

Let us open the Bladder—the Devil what's here?
I ſmell Vinegar ſure —— Is this *Betty* your care?
Pray ſee all the Liquor is turn'd to a Curd,
'Tis no wonder the Clyſter don't prove worth a T——d.

How the old Proverb lyes, that ſays ſh--n Luck's good!
Had I taken the Med'cine, 't had ſurely fetch'd Blood;
Nay, ſo ſharp is its Nature, if once that comes there,
I believe it had flea'd me all round to a Hair.

When Danger was near, one thanks G— for the 'Scape,
I could not have been gladder had it been from a Rape.
Then I'll try no more Tricks, but let Nature prevail,
For it ſhan't be a Maid that pokes next in my T—l.

So ſhe dreſt, and away to the Circle at C——t,
The brighteſt of all, where the brighteſt reſort;
Nor wanted to borrow Aſſiſtance from Art,
To delight ev'ry Eye, and attract ev'ry Heart.

SONG CCCXXVI.

WHAT care I for Affairs of State,
Or who is Rich, or who is Great!
How far abroad th' Ambitions roam,
To bring both Gold and Silver home!
What is't to me, if *France* or *Spain*
Conſents to Peace, or War maintain?

I pay my Taxes, Peace or War,
And wiſh all well at *Gibraltar*;
But mind a Cardinal no more
Than any other ſcarlet Whore:
Grant me, ye Pow'rs, but Heath and Reſt,
And let who will the World conteſt.

Near ſome ſmooth Stream oh! let me keep
My Liberty, and feed my Sheep:

A ſhady Walk, well lin'd with Trees;
A Garden with a Range of Bees;
An Orchard which good Apples bears,
When Spring a long green Mantle wears.

Where Winters never are ſevere,
Good Barley Land to make good Beer;
With Entertainment for a Friend,
In Peace to ſpend my latter End;
In honeſt Eaſe, and home-ſpun Grey,
And let the Evening crown the Day.

SONG CCCXXVII.

MY Maſters give Ear,
And a Story you'll hear
Of a fine Raree-Show and a Garter;
Ne'er was ſeen ſuch a Sight,
Since *Tom Thumb* was a Knight,
In the Days of our noble King *Arthur*.

When King *George* was abroad,
'Twas a Seaſon thought good,
To ſhew us King *Robin* in Glory,
With his Squires in a Row,
And his Knights two by two,
All as gallant as Sir *John Dory*.

E'en Baronets here
Humble Squires did appear,
And Members were proud of the Station;
And who would not be ſtill
For the Civil-Liſt Bill,
T'have a Place in a ſham Coronation?

They all walk'd, but their Prince
Did with Riding diſpenſe,
And with Bathing, a troubleſome Rite-a;
For he knew 'twas in vain,
They cou'd ne'er be waſh'd clean,
Any more than a Black-a-moor white-a.

In the Abbey that Day
Men did all things but pray;
There was Ale, Wine, and Gin for the Rabble;
Such Doings unclean
In a Church ne'er were ſeen,
Since the Days that old *Paul*'s was a Stable.

In the Iſles, if you pleaſe,
You your Bodies might eaſe,
By the Suff'ring at leaſt of your Betters.
O *Stanhope!* had'ſt thou
Been alive but till now,
To have ſeen a Jakes made of St. *Peter*'s.

And odd Way they all took
Thro' a blind crooked Nook
In the Church, for their Robes to be ſeen-a;
But then Scaffolds had they,
To direct them the Way,
Where they ſeldom or never had been-a.

After this, they all took
An odd Oath with the Book,
In the Days of old Popery known-a:
To be true all their Lives
To all Women but Wives,
To all Ladies excepting their own-a.

Which Oath, if they broke,
Then their Sovereign's Cook
Was to hack off the Spurs of each Don-a;
But 'twas much if he cou'd,
For his Eyes muſt be good,
To diſcern that they had any on-a.

Then this being done,
To their Dinner they run,
With Stomachs ſo ſharp and ſo keen-a,
Without Grace they fall to,
As they uſed to do,
Never minding their Chaplain the Dean-a.

To the cloſing of all,
They at Night had a Ball,
Where their Damſels were dreſt to receive 'em:
What farther was done
Will be better unknown,
For 'tis decent that here I ſhould leave 'em.

SONG CCCXXVIII.

HARK! away, 'tis the merry-ton'd Horn
Calls the Hunters all up in the Morn:
To the Hills and the Wood-lands they ſteer,
To unharbour the out-lying Deer.

CHORUS of Huntſmen.

All the Day long
This, this is our Song;
Till hollowing,
And following,
So frolick and free;
Our Joys know no Bounds,
While we're after the Hounds,
No Mortals on Earth are ſo jolly as we.

Round the Woods when we beat, how we glow,
While the Hills they all echo Hillo!
With a Bounce from his Cover when he flies,
Then our Shouts they reſound to the Skies;
And all the Day long, &c.

When we ſweep o'er the Vallies, or climb
Up the Heath-breathing Mountain ſublime,
What a Joy from our Labours we feel,
Which alone they who taſte can reveal?
And all the Day long, &c.

SONG CCCXXIX.

MY time oh! ye Muſes, was happily ſpent,
When *Phebe* went with me wherever I went;

Ten thouſand ſoft Pleaſures I felt in my Breaſt,
Sure never fond Shepherd like *Collin* was bleſt!
But now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous Change on a ſudden I find!
When things were as fine as cou'd poſſible be,
I thought 'twas the Spring, but alas! it was ſhe.

With ſuch a Companion to tend a few Sheep,
To riſe up to play, or to lie down to ſleep,
I was ſo good-humour'd, ſo chearful and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day;
But I now ſo croſs and ſo peeviſh am grown,
So ſtrangely uneaſy as never was known,
My fair one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,
And my Heart I am ſure it weighs more than a Pound.

The Fountain, that wont to run ſweetly along,
And dance to ſoft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou know'ſt, little *Cupid*, if *Phebe* was there,
'Twas Pleaſure to look at, 'twas Muſick to hear;
But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its Side,
And, ſtill as it murmurs, do nothing but chide.
But you be ſo chearful! why I go in Pain?
Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when *Phebe* and I were as joyful as they,
How pleaſant their Sporting, how happy the Time,
When Spring, Love and Beauty were all in their Prime!
But now in their Frolicks when by me they paſs,
I fling at their Fleeces an Handful of Graſs;
Be ſtill then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad
To ſee you ſo merry, while I am ſo ſad.

My Dog I was very well pleaſed to ſee
Come wagging his Tail to my fair one and me;

And *Phebe* was pleas'd too, and to the Dog ſaid,
Come hither poor Fellow, and patted his Head:
But now when he's fawning, I with a ſour Look
Cry, Sirrah! and give him a Blow with my Crook;
And I'll give him another, for why ſhould not *Tray*
Be as dull as his Maſter, when *Phebe*'s away?

When walking with *Phebe*, what Sights have I ſeen!
How fair was the Flow'r, how freſh was the Green!
What a lovely Appearance the Trees and the Shade,
The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry thing made?
But ſince ſhe has left me, tho' all are ſtill there,
They none of them now ſo delightful appear;
'Twas nought but the Magick, I find, of her Eyes,
Made ſo many beautiful Proſpects ariſe.

Sweet Muſick went with us both all the Wood thro'.
The Lark, Linnet, Thruſh, and Nightingale too;
Winds over us whiſper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the Graſhopper under our Feet;
And now ſhe is abſent, tho' ſtill they ſing on,
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone;
Her Voice is the Concert, as now I have found,
Gave every thing elſe its agreeable Sound.

Roſe, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
Does aught of its Sweetneſs the Bloſſom beguile?
That Meadow, thoſe Daiſies, why do they not ſmile?

Ah! Rivals, I ſee what it is that you dreſt,
And made your ſelves fine for, a Place in her Breaſt;
You put on your Colours to pleaſure her Eye,
To be pluck'd by her Hand, on her Boſom to die.

How ſlowly time creeps, 'till my *Phebe* return,
While amidſt the ſoft Zephyr's cool Breezes I burn!
Methinks, if I knew whereabout ſhe would tread,
could breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down the Lead;
Fly ſwiftly, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
And reſt ſo much longer for't, when ſhe is here,
Ah! *Collin*, old Time is full of Delay,
Nor will budge one Foot faſter for all thou can'ſt ſay.

Will no pitying Pow'r, that hears me complain,
Or cure my Diſquiet, or ſoften my Pain?
To be cur'd thou muſt, *Collin*, thy Paſſion remove,
But what Swain is ſo ſilly to live without Love;
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor Shepherd ſo ſadly forlorn:
Ah! what ſhall I do? I ſhall die with Deſpair,
Take heed, all ye Swains, how ye love one ſo fair.

SONG CCCXXX.

WHITE as her Hand, fair *Julia* threw
A Ball of Silver Snow;
The frozen Globe fir'd as it flew,
My Boſom felt it glow.

Strange Pow'r of Love! whoſe great Command
Can thus a Snown-ball arm;
When ſent, fair *Julia*, from thy Hand,
Ev'n Ice itſelf can warm.

How ſhou'd we then ſecure our Hearts?
Love's Pow'r we all muſt feel;

Who thus can by ſtrange magick Arts
In Ice his Flame conceal?

'Tis thou alone, fair *Julia*, know,
Can'ſt quench my fierce Deſire,
But not with Water, Ice, nor Snow,
But with an equal Fire.

SONG CCCXXXI.

WHEN firſt I ſought fair *Cælia*'s Love,
And ev'ry charm was new,
I ſwore by all the Gods above
To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
Long wept and ſigh'd in vain;
She ſtill proteſted, vow'd, and ſwore
She ne'er wou'd eaſe my Pain.

At laſt, o'ercome, ſhe made me bleſt,
And yielded all her Charms;
And I forſook her, when poſſeſt,
And fled to others Arms.

But let not this, dear *Cælia*, now
Thy Breaſt to Rage incline;
For why, ſince you forgot your Vow,
Shou'd I remember mine?

SONG CCCXXXII.

TOO plain, dear Youth, theſe tell tale Eyes
My Heart your own declare;
But, for Heav'n's ſake, let it ſuffice,
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmoſt Pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your Sway;
Preſs not for what I muſt deny
For fear I ſhou'd obey.

But cou'd your Arts ſucceſsful prove,
Wou'd you a Maid undo,
Whoſe greateſt Failing is her Love,
And that her Love for you.

Say, wou'd you uſe that very Pow'r
You from her Fondneſs claim,
To ruin in one fatal Hour
A Life of ſpotleſs Fame?

Ah! ceaſe, my Dear, to do an Ill,
Becauſe perhaps you may;
But rather try your utmoſt Skill
To ſave me, than betray.

Be you yourſelf my Virtue's Guard,
Defend, and not purſue,
Since 'tis a Task for me too hard
To ſtrive with Love and you.

SONG CCCXXXIII.

CLorinda does at Fifty Six
To youthful Charms lay claim,
Saunters and liſps, plays Monkey Tricks,
At ev'ry Heart takes Aim.

Aukwardly gay, the Coquet apes,
And rolls her dying Eyes,
Aſſumes Variety of Shapes,
Yet makes, alas! no Prize.

Twelve diff'rent Airs one Hour will ſhew,
Our ſtubborn Hearts t'engage;
But all theſe Arts will never do
To blind us to her Age.

Fain ſhe'd avoid the heavy Curſe
Laid on the ancient *Belle*,
But as ſhe has no heavy Purſe,
She muſt lead Apes in Hell.

SONG CCCXXXIV.

SHE ſung——with ſuch a Sweetneſs ſung,
And look'd with ſuch a Grace,
Methought I heard an Angel's Tongue,
And ſaw an Angel's Face.

Of Beauty ſuch a winning Charm,
Such Innocence of Soul;
At once the coldeſt Heart may warm,
The warmeſt may controul.

And ſhall then Gold——(O impious Thought!
Such Excellence out-weigh?
Can ſhe (O vile Exchange!) be bought
To brutal Luſt a Prey?

Are theſe the Fruits of Charms divine?
O wond'rous hapleſs Maid!
And do the more thy Graces ſhine,
The more to be betray'd?

But know, O Fair! the World's a Stage,
And Life itſelf a Play;
The vary'd Act, a vary'd Age,
The changeful Scene, a Day.

How ſweetly haſt thou fill'd thy Part,
As *Caſmire*'s gen'rous Wife!
Be ſtill the ſame, and keep thy Heart
Still ſpotleſs in thy Life.

O! Scorn a *Polly*'s tawdry Fate——
No, ſtill be nobly poor:
What Gold can gild, or change the hateful Name of Guilt or W——

Nor need'ſt thou (as I judge) be told,
No Sums can countervail the Coſt,
(Tho' Crowns or Garters give the Gold)
Of Innocence and Virtue loſt.

SONG CCCXXXV.

TELL me, *Dorinda*, why ſo gay,
With ſuch Embroid'ry, Fringe and Lace?
Can any Dreſſes find a way,
To ſtop th' Approaches of Decay,
And mend a ruin'd Face?

Wilt thou ſtill ſparkle in the Box,
And ogle in the Ring?
Can'ſt thou forget thy Age and Pox?
Can all that ſhines on Shells and Rocks
Make thee a fine young thing?

So have I ſeen in Larder dark
Of Veal a lucid Loin,
Replete with many a helliſh Spark,
As wiſe Philoſophers remark,
At once both ſtink and ſing.

SONG CCCXXXVI.

I Love thee, by Heav'ns, I cannot ſay more;
Then ſet not my Paſſion a-cooling;
If thou yield'ſt not at once, I muſt e'en give thee o'er,
For I'm but a Novice at fooling.

What my Love wants in Words, it ſhall make up in Deeds,
Then whyſhou'd we waſte Time in Stuff Child?
A Performance, you wot well, a Promiſe exceeds,
A Word to the Wiſe is enough, Child.

I know how to love, and to make that Love known,
But I hate all proteſting and arguing:
Had a Goddeſs my Heart, ſhe ſhou'd ev'n lye alone,
If ſhe made many Words to a Bargain.

I'm a Quaker in Love, and but barely affirm
Whate'er my fond Eyes have been ſaying;
Pr'ythee, be thou ſo too, ſeek for no better Term,
But e'en throw thy Yea or thy Nay in.

I cannot bear Love, like a Chancery Suit,
The Age of a Patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a Spirit, no longer be mute,
Give it one way or other an Ending.

Long Courtſhip's the Vice of a phlegmatick Fool,
Like the Grace of fanatical Sinners,
Where the Stomachs are loſt, and the Victuals grow cool,
Before Men ſit down to their Dinners.

SONG CCCXXXVII.

NO longer boaſt your healing Tides,
Or the Chalybeat's Stain;
When *Chloris* at theſe Springs preſides,
They ſpend their Force in vain.

While for theſe Ills Relief is found
Which we with Eaſe endure,
The heedleſs Patient feels the Wound
No Mineral can cure.

So from the Heat the thirſty Swain
To the freſh Fountain flies,
There ſoon allays his former Pain,
But of a Fever dies.

SONG CCCXXXVIII.

SINCE Love has kindled in our Eyes
A chaſte and holy Fire,
It were a Sin if thou or I
Should let its Flame expire.

What tho' our Bodies never meet,
Love's Fuel's more divine.
The ſixt Stars by their Twinklings greet,
And yet they never join.

False Meteors, that ſtill change their Place,
Tho' they ſeem fair and bright,
Yet, what they covet to embrace,
Fall down, and loſe their Light.

If thou perceive thy Flame decay,
Come light thy Eyes at mine;
And when I feel mine fade away,
I'll take freſh Fires from thine.

Thus then we ſhall preſerve from Waſte
The Flames of our Deſires,
No Veſtals ſhall preſerve more chaſte,
Or more immortal Fires.

SONG CCCXXXIX.

THE Lark now leaves his wat'ry Neſt,
And, climbing, ſhakes his dewy Wings;
He takes this Window for the Eaſt,
And, to implore your Sight, he ſings.

Awake, awake, the Morn will never riſe,
Till ſhe can dreſs her Beauties at your Eyes.

Awake, awake, break thro' your Veil of Lawn;
Then draw your Curtain, and begin the Dawn.

Charming is your Face and Eyes,
Ev'ry Look gives freſh Surprize.

'Tis always Night, when you're away,
But when you're preſent, always Day.

SONG CCCXL.

AH! ſacred Boy, deſiſt, for I
Comply with your reſiſtleſs Art;
Your Arrows with ſuch Vigour fly,
Already they've inflam'd my Heart.

I will no more deſpiſe your Pow'r,
But thus ſubmiſſively obey;
Yet, by your Favour, 'twas not your,
But *Cælia*'s Victory to-day.

For had ſhe veil'd that charming Face,
And you your keeneſt Darts had ſhot,
Your's had been the juſt Diſgrace,
And I'd obtain'd the Victor's Lot.

Then not your Pow'r, but Chance admire,
In having ſuch a Friend as ſhe,
Who lent you Rays t'increaſe my Fire,
And thus made you a Deity.

SONG CCCXLI.

NYMPH.

INjurious Charmer of my vanquiſh'd Heart,
Can'ſt thou feel Love, and yet no Pity know;
Since, of my ſelf, from thee I cannot part,
Invent ſome gentle Way to let me go:
For what with Joy thou did'ſt obtain,
And I with more did give,
In Time will make thee falſe and vain,
And me unfit to live.

SHEPHERD.

Frail Angel, that would'ſt leave a Heart forlorn
With vain Pretenſe, Falſhood therein might lie,
Seek not to caſt wild Shadows o'er thy Scorn,
You cannot ſooner change than I can die.
To tedious Life I'll never fall,
Thrown from thy dear-lov'd Breaſt;
He merits not to live at all,
Who cares to live unbleſt.

CHORUS.

Then let our flaming Hearts be join'd,
While in that ſacred Fire,
Ere thou prove falſe, or I unkind,
Together both expire.

SONG CCCXLII.

WHERE would coy *Aminta* run
From a deſpairing Lover's Story
When her Eyes have Conqueſt won:
Why ſhou'd her Ears refuſe the Glory?
Shall a Slave whom Racks conſtrain,
Be forbidden to complain?
Let her ſcorn me, let her fly me;
Ne'er can my Heart change for Relief,
Or my Tongue ceaſe to tell my Grief.
Much to love, and much to pray,
Is to Heav'n the only Way.

SONG CCCXLIII.

NO, *Delia*, no, what Man can range
From ſuch ſeraphick Pleaſure:
'Tis want of Charms that makes us change,
To graſp the Fairy Treaſure:
What Man of Senſe wou'd quit a certain Bliſs
For Hopes, and empty Poſſibilities?

Vain Fools their ſure Poſſeſſions ſpend,
In Hopes of chymick Treaſure,
But for their fancy'd Riches find
Both Want of Gold and Pleaſure.
Rich in my *Delia*, I can wiſh no more;
The Wand'rer, like the Chymiſt, muſt be poor.

SONG CCCXLIV.

BEauty is not what I pray,
I ask no ſhining Graces;
Celia has another Way,
Without the Tricks of Faces
So our Humours ſtill agree,
Kind Heav'n, it is enough for me.

Mere Fruition is a Joy
But of a Moment's laſting,

Fruit that doth ſo quickly cloy,
It ſurfeits but with taſting:
No true Bliſs in Love we find,
Unleſs two Bodies ſhare one Mind.

SONG CCCXLV.

KIndneſs hath reſiſtleſs Charms,
All beſides can weakly move;
Fierceſt Anger it diſarms,
And clips the Wings of flying Love.

Beauty does the Heart invade,
Kindneſs only can perſuade;
It gilds the Lover's ſervile Chain,
And makes the Slave grow pleas'd and vain.

SONG CCCXLVI.

HOW wretched is the Slave to Love,
Who can no real Pleaſures prove,
For ſtill they're mix'd with Pain:
When not obtain'd, reſtleſs is the Deſire;
Enjoyment puts out all the Fire,
And ſhews the Love was vain.

It wanders to another ſoon,
Wanes and increaſes, like the Moon,
And, like her, never reſts;
Brings Tides of Pleaſure now, and then of Tears,
Makes Ebbs and Floods of Joys and Cares,
In Lovers wav'ring Breaſts.

But, ſpite of Love, I will be free,
And triumph in the Liberty
I without him enjoy:
I'th' worſt of Priſons I'll my Body bind,
Rather than change my Free-born Mind
For ſuch a fooliſh Toy.

SONG CCCXLVII.

HOW ſilly's the Heart of a Woman,
When courted by many, to fly!
But when ſhe is follow'd by no Man,
For one ſhe will languiſh and die;
Beguiling,
And ſmiling;
Now coying,
Then toying,
She'll her Fancy purſue;
Deſigning,
Or whining,
She'll vex ye,
Perplex ye,
And all that purſue her undo.

SONG CCCXLVIII.

AS *Cupid* roguiſhly one Day
Had all alone ſtole out to play,
The Muſes caught the little Knave,
And captive Love to Beauty gave.
The laughing Dame ſoon miſs'd her Son,
And here and there diſtracted run;
And ſtill, his Liberty to gain,
Offer'd his Ranſom, but in vain;
The willing Priſ'ner hugs his Chain,
And vows he'll ne'er be free again.

SONG CCCXLIX.

SINCE you will needs my Heart poſſeſs,
'Tis juſt to you I firſt confeſs
The Faults to which 'tis given:
It is to change much more inclin'd
Than Woman, or the Sea, or Wind,
Or aught that's under Heaven.
Nor will I hide from you this Truth,
It has been, from its very Youth,

A moſt egregious Ranger:
And ſince from me 't has often fled
With whom it was both born and bred,
'Twill ſcarce ſtay with a Stranger.

The Black, the Fair, the Grey, the Sad,
(Which often made me fear 'twas mad)
With one kind Look cou'd win it;
So nat'rally it loves to range,
That it has left Succeſs for Change,
And, what's worſe, glories in it.

Oft, when I have been laid to Reſt,
'Twou'd make me act like one poſſeſt,
For ſtill 'twill keep a Pother;
And tho' you only I eſteem,
Yet it will make me in a Dream
Court and enjoy another.

And now if you are not afraid,
After theſe Truths that I have ſaid,
To take this arrant Rover;
Be not diſpleas'd, if I proteſt,
I think the Heart within your Breaſt
Will prove juſt ſuch another.

SONG CCCI.

MY *Chloe*, why d'ye ſlight me,
Since all you ask you have?
No more with Frowns affright me,
Nor uſe me like a Slave.
Good-Nature to diſcover,
Uſe well your faithful Lover;
I'll be no more a Rover,
But conſtant to my Grave.

Could we but change Condition,
My Griefs would all be flown;

Poor I the kind Phyſician,
And you the Patient grown.
All own you're wond'rous pretty,
Well-ſhap'd and alſo witty;
Enforc'd by gen'rous Pity,
Then make my Caſe your own.

The Pow'rs who kindly gave us,
And form'd our Shape and Mind,
Too ſurely would enſlave us,
Were they like you inclin'd:
Then Goodneſs be your Duty,
Or I muſt bid adieu t'ye;
Let them, with all your Beauty,
Be merciful and kind.

The ſilver Swan, when dying,
Has moſt melodious Lays,
Like him, when Life is flying,
In Songs I'll end my Days:
But know, thou cruel Creature,
My Soul ſhall mount the fleeter,
And I ſhall ſing the ſweeter,
By warbling forth your Praiſe.

SONG CCCLI.

HOW bleſt are Lovers in Diſguiſe!
Like Gods they ſee,
As I do thee,
Unſeen by human Eyes:
Expos'd to View,
I'm hid from you;
I'm alter'd, yet the ſame;
The Dark conceals me,
Love reveals me,
Love, which lights me by its Flame.

Were you not falſe, you me wou'd know;
For tho' your Eyes
Cou'd not deviſe,
Your Heart had told you ſo:

Your Heart wou'd beat
With eager Heat,
And me by Sympathy wou'd find:
True Love might ſee
One chang'd like me;
Falſe Love is only blind.

SONG CCCLII.

YE beauteous Ladies of this Land,
Who are ſo wond'rous charming fair,
That Foreigners do underſtand
You ſomething more than Mortals are,
I mean now to lay before ye
All the Tale of a Soldier's Glory,
Th' attacking, and hacking, and backing,
And thwacking of *Monſieur*,
And make him prove a vain Bouncer;
All this will a Soldier do for Love.

A beauteous Miſtreſs is the Word
That makes a Soldier draw his Sword;
The worſt of Dangers he will prove,
To be endear'd with Nights of Love:
What did we our Blades unſheathe for,
And ſo often venture Death for,
In *Brabant*, at *Bruges*, at *Bruſſels*, or *Ghent*,
Oſtend, *Ramilly*, at *Liſle*, at *Tournay*, at *Blenheim*,
At *Doway*, *Bethune*, St. *Vinsent*, and *Air*,
And many more Towns I want Breath for?
All this will a Soldier do for Love.

The valiant Soldier only dies
When wounded by the fair one's Eyes;
In War he may his Safety boaſt,
But there's no Armour 'gainſt a Toaſt.
When ſhot by ſome dear Deceiver,
Falling down into a Fever,

His Heart like a Drum,
Beats come, come, come,
Come to my Arms,
I'm murder'd by your Charms;
All this will a Soldier do for Love.

But glorious *Anne*, compleating all
The Balance of this mighty Ball,
Has doubly honour'd a Soldier's Life,
By being a noble Soldier's Wife:
Fair Ladies, it can't be new t'ye,
That your Beauty ſpurs us to Duty;
Admiring, deſiring, Love firing,
Inſpiring the Brave too,
Makes us defy a Grave too,
For ſuch a Reward hath a Soldier's Life.

SONG CCCLIII.

THE Spring's a coming,
All Nature is blooming,
Each amorous Lover
Does Vigour recover,
The Birds are ſinging,
And Flowers are ſpringing;
Here's Toys to be raffled for,
Who makes one?

Bliſs paſt Compariſons
At Mr. *Harriſon's*,
Dices are ratt'ling,
Beaus are pratt'ling,
Ladies walking
And wittily talking;
Madam, the *Medley* is juſt begun.

SONG CCCLIII.

He. LOVE's an idle childiſh Paſſion,
Only fit for Girls and Boys;
Marriage is a curſed Faſhion,
Women are but fooliſh Toys.

Spight of all the tempting Evils,
Still thy Liberty maintain;
Tell 'em, tell the pretty Devils,
Man alone was made to reign.

She. Empty Boaſter! know thy Duty,
Thou who dar'ſt my Pow'r defy;
Feel the Force of Love and Beauty,
Tremble at my Feet and die.
Wherefore does thy Colour leave thee?
Why theſe Cares upon thy Brow?
Did the Rebel, Pride, deceive thee?
Ask him, who's the Monarch now!

SONG CCCLV.

POOR ſighing *Damon* courts in vain
The blooming *Sylvia*'s Love;
To ev'ry Stream he tells his Pain,
His Care to ev'ry Grove.

Whilſt tender *Sylvia*'s panting Breaſt
For ſcornful *Acron* burns,
Proud *Acron* ſlights her fond Requeſt,
And all her Favour ſcorns.

Let ev'ry Nymph that ſlights her Swain,
Still meet with *Sylvia*'s Fate;
And, when ſhe feels her Lover's Pain,
Her own Example hate.

SONG CCCLVI.

ONCE I lov'd a charming Creature,
But the Flame with which I burn
Is not for each tender Feature,
Nor for her Wit and ſprightly Turn,
But for her *Down, derry, down derry,*
But for her *Down, derry, down derry.*

On the Graſs I ſaw her lying,
Strait I ſeiz'd her tender Waiſt,
On her Back ſhe lay complying,
With her lovely Body plac'd
Under my *Down*, &c.

But the Nymph being young and tender,
Cou'd not bear the dreadful Smart,
Still unwilling to ſurrender,
Call'd Mamma to take the Part
Of her *Down*, &c.

Out of Breath, Mamma came running,
To prevent poor *Nancy*'s Fate;
But the Girl, now grown more cunning,
Cry'd *Mamma, you're come too late,*
For I am *Down*, &c.

SONG CCCLVII.

GEntle Air, thou Breath of Lovers,
Vapour from a ſecret Fire,
Which by thee itſelf diſcovers,
Ere yet daring to aſpire.

Softeſt Note of whiſper'd Anguiſh,
Harmony's refined Part,
Striking, while thou ſeem'ſt to languiſh,
Full upon the Liſtner's Heart.

Safeſt Meſſenger of Paſſion,
Stealing thro' a Croud of Spies,
Who conſtrain the outward Faſhion,
Cloſe the Lips, and guard the Eyes.

Shapeleſs Sigh, we ne'er can ſhow thee,
Form'd but to aſſault the Ear;
Yet, ere to their Coſt they know thee,
Ev'ry Nymph may read thee——here.

SONG CCCLVIII.

FROM fifteen Years fair *Chloe* wiſh'd,
She dreamt and ſigh'd in vain;
And hardly knew her Virgin Thoughts
Were hankering after Man.

'Twas long before the harmleſs Maid
Gueſs'd whence her Paſſion grew,
But when ſhe had herſelf ſurvey'd,
The ſecret Cauſe ſhe knew.

To *Jove* ſhe thus herſelf addreſs'd,
And humbly begg'd his Aid;
He kindly lent a liſt'ning Ear,
While thus the Proſtrate ſaid:

Grant me, great *Jove*, a Husband, rich,
Gay, vig'rous, kind and young,
A Churchman hot, a *Tory* true,
And to his Party ſtrong.

No Grudge the God bore to the Maid,
He therefore thus did grant;
Be match'd, for Life, to an old *Whigg*
Of Merit and of Want.

Enrag'd, the Nymph to *Venus* fled,
Who eas'd the Devotee,
And yoak'd her to a jolly Swain,
From Want and Party free.

SONG CCCLIX.

OLD MAN.

WHY ſo cold? and why ſo coy?
What I want in Youth and Fire,
I have in Love and in Deſire:
To my Arms, my Love, my Joy;
Why ſo cold; and why ſo coy?

WOMAN.

'Tis Sympathy, perhaps, with you;
You are cold, and I'm ſo too,

OLD-MAN.

My Years alone have froze my Blood;
Youthful Heat in Female Charms,
Glowing in my aged Arms,
Wou'd melt it down once more into a Flood.

WOMAN.

Women, alas! like Flints, ne'er burn alone;
To make a Virgin know
There's Fire within the Stone,
Some manly Steel muſt boldly ſtrike the Blow.

OLD-MAN.

Aſſiſt me only with your Charms,
You'll find I'm Man, and ſtill am bold;
You'll find I ſtill can ſtrike, tho' old:
I only want your Aid to raiſe my Arms.

YOUTH.

Who talks of Charms? who talks of Aid?
I bring an Arm
That wants no Charm;
To rouze the Fire that's in a flinty Maid.
Retire old Age,
——Winter be gone:
Behold! the Youthful Springs come gaily on.
Here, here's a Torch to light a Virgin's Fire:
To my Arms, my Love, my Joy;
When Women have what they deſire,
They're neither cold nor coy.

SONG CCCLX.

NOT an Angel dwells above
Half ſo fair as her I love;
Heaven knows how ſhe'll receive me:
If ſhe ſmiles, I'm bleſt indeed;
If ſhe frowns, I'm quickly freed;
Heav'n knows ſhe ne'er can grieve me.

None can love her more than I,
Yet ſhe ne'er ſhall make me die.
If my Flame can never warm her,
Laſting Beauty I'll adore,
I ſhall never love her more,
Cruelty will ſoon deform her.

SONG CCCLXI.

TELL me, *Aurelia*, tell me, pray,
How long muſt *Damon* ſue?
Prefix the Time, and I'll obey,
With Patience wait the happy Day
That makes me ſure of you.

The Sails of Time my Sighs ſhall blow,
And make the Minutes glide;
My Tears ſhall make the Current flow,
And ſwell the haſting Tide.

The Wings of Love ſhall fly ſo faſt,
My Hopes mount ſo ſublime,
The Wings of Love ſhall make more haſte
Than the ſwift Wings of Time.

SONG CCCLXII.

THE Minute's paſt appointed by the Fair,
The Minute's fled,
And leaves me dead
With Anguiſh and Deſpair.

My flatter'd Hopes their Flight did make
With the appointed Hour;
None can the Minutes paſt o'ertake,
And nought my Hopes reſtore.

Ceaſe your Plaints, and make no Moan,
Thou ſad repining Swain;
Altho' the fleeting Hour be gone,
The Place does ſtill remain.

The Place remains, and she may make
Amends for all your Pain;
Her Presence can past Time o'ertake,
Her Love your Hope regain.

SONG CCCLXIII.

SINCE, *Celia*, 'tis not in our Pow'r
To tell how long our Lives may last,
Begin to love this very Hour,
You've lost too much in what is past.

For since the Pow'r we all obey
Has in your Breast my Heart confin'd,
Let me my Body to it lay;
In vain you part what Nature join'd.

SONG CCCLXIV.

PRinces that rule, and Empire sway,
How transitory is their State!
Sorrows the Glories do allay,
And richest Crowns have greatest Weight.

The mighty Monarch Treason fears,
Ambitious Thoughts within him rave;
His Life all Discontents and Cares;
And he at best is but a Slave.

Vainly we think with fond Delight
To cease the Burden of our Cares;
Each Grief a second does invite,
And Sorrows are each others Heirs.

For me, my Honour I'll maintain,
Be gallant, generous, and brave;
And when I Quietude would gain,
At least, I find it in the Grave.

SONG CCCLXV.

PHœbus, now short'ning ev'ry Shade,
Up to the Northern Tropick came,
And thence beheld a lovely Maid
Attending on a Royal Dame.

The God laid down his feeble Rays,
Then lighted from his glitt'ring Coach,
But fenc'd his Head with his own Bays,
Before he could the Nymph approach.

Under thoſe ſacred Leaves ſecure
From common Light'ning of the Skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The Flaſhes of *Ardelia*'s Eyes.

The Nymph who oft had read in Books,
Of that bright God whom Bards invoke,
Soon knew *Apollo* by his Looks,
And gueſs'd his Bus'neſs ere he ſpoke.

He, in the old celeſtial Cant,
Confeſs'd his Flame, and ſwore by *Styx*,
Whate'er ſhe would deſire to grant;
But wiſe *Ardelia* knew his Tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
Of ſtrolling Gods, whoſe uſual Trade is,
Under Pretence of taking Air,
To pick up Sublunary Ladies.

Howe'er, ſhe gave no flat Denial,
As having Malice in her Heart;
And was reſolv'd upon a Trial
To cheat the God in his own Art.

Hear my Requeſt, the Virgin ſaid,
Let which I pleaſe of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their Aid,
Obey my Call, and only mine.

By Vow oblig'd, by Paſſion led,
The God could not refuſe her Pray'r;
He wav'd his Wreath thrice o'er her Head,
Thrice mutter'd ſomething to the Air.

And now he thought to ſeize his Due,
But ſhe the Charm already try'd;

Thalia heard the Call, and flew
To wait at bright *Ardelia*'s Side.

On Sight of this celeſtial Prude,
Apollo thought it vain to ſtay,
Nor in her Preſence durſt be rude,
But made his Leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find ſome lucky Hour,
When on their Queen the Muſes wait;
But *Pallas* owns *Ardelia*'s Pow'r,
For Vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then full of Rage *Apollo* ſpoke,
Deceitful Nymph, I ſee thy Art;
And tho' I can't my Gift revoke,
I'll diſappoint its noble Part.

Let ſtubborn Pride poſſeſs thee long,
And be thou negligent of Fame;
With ev'ry Muſe to grace thy Song,
May'ſt thou deſpiſe a Poet's Name.

Of Modeſt Poets be thou firſt,
To ſilent Shades repeat thy Verſe,
Till *Fame* and *Echo* almoſt burſt,
Yet hardly dare one Line rehearſe.

And laſt, my Vengeance to compleat,
May you deſcend to take Renown,
Prevail'd on by the Thing you hate,
A *Whig*, and one that wears a Gown.

SONG CCCLXVI.

AWAY, away,
We've crown'd the Day;
The Hounds are waiting for their Prey:
The Huntſman's Call
Invites you all;
Come in, Boys, while you may.

The jolly Horn,
The roſie Morn,
Wirh Harmony of deep-mouth'd Hounds,
These, theſe, my Boys,
Are heav'nly Joys,
A Sportſman's Pleaſure knows no Bounds.

The Horn ſhall be
The Husband's Fee,
And let him take it not in Scorn;
The brave, the Sage,
In ev'ry Age,
Have not diſdain'd to wear the Horn.

SONG CCCLXVII.

CÆLIA, hoard thy Charms no more,
Beauty's like the Miſer's Treaſure,
Still the vain Poſſeſſor's poor,
What are Riches without Pleaſure?
Endleſs Pains the Miſer takes
To encreaſe his Heaps of Money;
Lab'ring Bees his Pattern makes,
Yet he fears to taſte his Honey.

Views, with aching Eyes, his Store,
Trembling, leſt he chance to loſe it,
Pining ſtill for want of more,
Tho' the Wretch wants Pow'r to uſe it.
Celia thus, with endleſs Arts,
Spends her Days, her Charms improving,
Lab'ring ſtill to conquer Hearts,
Yet ne'er taſtes the Sweets of Loving:

Views, with Pride, her Shape, her Face,
Fancying ſtill ſhe's under Twenty;
Age brings Wrinkles on a-pace,
While ſhe ſtarves with all her Plenty.

Soon or late they both will find,
Time their Idol from them ſever;
He muſt leave his Gold behind,
Lock'd within his Grave for ever.

Cælia's Fate will ſtill be worſe,
When her fading Charms deceive her,
Vain Deſire will be her Curſe,
When no Mortal will relieve her.
Cælia, hoard thy Charms no more,
Beauty's like the Miſer's Treaſure:
Taſte a little of thy Store;
What is Beauty without Pleaſure?

SONG CCCLXVIII.

FOR many unſucceſsful Years
At *Cynthia*'s Feet I lay,
Bathing them often with my Tears;
I ſigh'd, but durſt not pray.
No proſtrate Wretch, before the Shrine
Of ſome lov'd Saint above
E'er thought his Goddeſs more divine,
Or paid more awful Love.

Still the diſdainful Nymph look'd down,
With coy inſulting Pride,
Receiv'd my Paſſion with a Frown,
Or turn'd her Head aſide.
Then *Cupid* whiſper'd in my Ear,
Uſe more prevailing Charms,
You modeſt whining Fool, draw near,
And claſp her in your Arms.

With eager Kiſſes tempt the Maid,
From *Cynthia*'s Feet depart,
The Lips he briskly muſt invade,
That wou'd poſſeſs the Heart.
With that, I ſhook off all the Slave,
My better Fortunes try'd,
When *Cynthia* in a Moment gave
What ſhe for Years deny'd.

SONG CCCLXIX.

KIND *Ariadne* drown'd in Tears,
Upbraids the faithleſs *Grecian* Chief,
'Till *Bacchus*, jolly God, appears,
And heals her Woe, and lulls her Grief.

The Moral of this Tale implies,
When Woman yields her Virgin Store.
Away the ſated Lover flies,
New Mines of Pleaſure to explore.

A while ſhe tries each Female Snare,
The loud Reproach, the ſullen Grief;
But tir'd at length with fruitleſs Care,
Flies to the Bottle for Relief.

SONG CCCLXX.

HOW bleſs'd he appears
That revels and loves out his happy Years,
That fiercely ſpurs on till he finiſh his Race,
And, knowing Life's ſhort, chuſes living a-pace!
To Cares we were born, 'twere a Folly to doubt it;
Then love and rejoice, there's no living without it.

Each Day we grow older,
But as Fate approaches, the Brave ſtill are bolder;
The Joys of Love with our Youth ſlide away,
But yet there are Pleaſures that never decay:
When Beauty grows dull, and our Paſſions grow cold,
Wine ſtill keeps its Charms, and we drink when we're old.

SONG CCCLXXI.

THO' envious Old Age ſeems in part to impair me,
And makes me the Sport of the wanton and gay,

Brisk Wine ſhall recruit, as Life's Winter ſhall wear me,
And I ſtill have a Heart to do what I may.

Then, *Venus*, beſtow me ſome Damſel of Beauty,
As *Bacchus* ſhall lend me a cheriſhing Glaſs;
To *Selana* the Great they ſhall both pay their Duty;
We'll firſt claſp the Bottle, and then claſp the Laſs;
The Bottle, the Laſs,
The Laſs and the Bottle,
We'll firſt claſp the Bottle, and then claſp the Laſs.

SONG CCCLXXII.

SAD *Mucidora*, all in Woe,
A ſilent Grotto ſeeks;
No more her ſelf on Plains does ſhow,
But mourning, thus ſhe ſpeaks:
Why was I born of high Degree?
An humble Shepherdeſs
Had been far happier for me,
Than all this gaudy Dreſs.

A ſumptuous Palace full of Joy,
To me a Dungeon is;
And all That Mirth does me annoy,
Who know no Thought of Bliſs:
Then, wrapt in Grief, the lovely Maid
Retir'd from all the Throng,
And on a Bank reclin'd her Head,
While Tears ran trickling, trickling down.

SONG CCCLXXIII.

A Lovely Laſs to a Fryar came,
To confeſs in a Morning early.
In what, my Dear, are you to blame?
Now tell to me ſincerely.

I have done, Sir what I dare not name,
With a Man that loves me dearly.

The greateſt Fault in my ſelf I know,
Is what I now diſcover.
You for that Crime to *Rome* muſt go,
And Diſcipline muſt ſuffer.
Lack-a-day, Sir, if it muſt be ſo,
Pray ſend with me my Lover.

No, no, my dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double Dealing;
But if with me you'll repeat the ſame,
I'll pardon your paſt Failing.
I muſt own, Sir (but I bluſh for Shame)
That your Penance is prevailing.

SONG CCCLXXIV.

AS *Sparabella* penſive lay
In dreary Shade along,
With woful Mood, the Love-lorn Maid
Thus wail'd in plaining Song.
The Tears forth ſtreaming from her Eyes,
Adown her Cheeks faſt flow;
Her Eyes, which now no longer ſhine,
Her Cheeks no longer glow.

Ah, well-a-day! Does *Collin* then
Make Mock of all my Smart?
Has he ſo ſoon forgot his Vows,
Which won my Maiden Heart?
Ah, witleſs Damſel! why did I
So ſoon myſelf reſign?
Ah! why did'ſt thou, falſe Shepherd, ſay
Thy Heart ſhou'd ſtill be mine?

Oh! *Collin*, *Collin*, call to mind
What you to me did ſay,

As we in yonder Field were laid
Beneath the cocking Hay;
Whilſt tenderly I ſtroak'd thy Cheeks,
My Apron o'er thee ſpread,
Snatch'd haſty Kiſſes from thy Lips,
And lull'd thy leaning Head.

Did you not ſwear, that Hounds ſhou'd firſt
With tim'rous Hares unite;
The Fox with Geeſe, with Lambs, the Dog;
And with the Hen, the Kite:
The Moon (that roves like thee) ſhou'd fail;
The Stars, benighted prove;
The Sun (that burns like me) ſhou'd ceaſe
To ſhine, ere thou to love?

Oh! then let wide Confuſion reign,
The Hound with Hares unite;
The Fox with Geeſe; with Lambs, the Dog;
And with the Hen, the Kite:
Thou Sun, no more with Glory ſhine;
Ye Stars, extinguiſh'd be;
Drop down, thou Moon, and fall to Earth,
For *Collin*'s falſe to me!

The Damſel thus, with Eyes brimful,
Rehears'd her piteous Woes;
When ſhe perceiv'd her fading Life
Draw near, alas! its Cloſe.
But firſt, forewarn'd by me, poor Maid!
Ah! Maid no more, ſhe cry'd,
Ye Laſſes all, ſhun flatt'ring Swains;
Then clos'd her Eyes and dy'd.

SONG CCCLXXV.

AH! the Shepherd's mournful Fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languiſh,

To bear the ſcornful Fair one's Hate,
Nor dare diſcloſe his Anguiſh.

Yet eager Looks, and dying Sighs
My ſecret Soul diſcover,
While Rapture trembling thro' mine Eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.

The tender Glance, the red'ning Cheek,
O'erſpread with riſing Bluſhes,
A thouſand various Ways they ſpeak
A thouſand various Wiſhes.

For oh! that Form ſo heav'nly fair,
Thoſe languid Eyes ſo ſweetly ſmiling
That artleſs Bluſh, and modeſt Air,
So fatally beguiling.

Thy ev'ry Look, and ev'ry Grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;
Till Death o'ertake me in the Chaſe,
Still will my Hopes purſue thee.

Then when my tedious Hours are paſt,
Be this laſt Bleſſing given,
Low at thy Feet to breathe my laſt,
And die in ſight of Heaven.

SONG CCCLXXVI.

CHloris farewel! I now muſt go:
For if with thee I longer ſtay,
Thy Eyes prevail upon me ſo,
I ſhall prove blind, and loſe my way.

Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth,
Among the reſt me hither brought:
Finding this Fame fall ſhort of Truth,
Made me ſtay longer than I thought.

For I'm engag'd by Word and Oath,
A Servant to another's Will:
Yet, for her Love, I'd forfeit both,
Could I be ſure to keep it ſtill.

But what Aſſurance can I take?
When thou, foreknowing this Abuſe,
For ſome more worthy Lover's ſake,
May'ſt leave me with ſo juſt Excuſe.

For thou may'ſt ſay, 'twas not thy Fault,
That thou didſt thus inconſtant prove;
Being by my Example taught
To break thy Oath, to mend thy Love.

No, *Chloris*, no: I will return,
And raiſe thy Story to that height,
That Strangers ſhall at Diſtance burn;
And ſhe diſtruſt me reprobate.

SONG CCCLXXVII.

SAY, lovely Dream! where coud'ſt thou find
Shades to counterfeit that Face?
Colours of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortal Place.

In Heav'n it ſelf thou ſure wer't dreſt
With that Angel-like diſguiſe:
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my Joy with cloſed Eyes.

But ah! this Image is too kind
To be other than a Dream:
Cruel *Sxchariſſa*'s Mind
Ne'er put on that ſweet Extreme!

Fair Dream! if thou intend'ſt me Grace,
Change that heav'nly Face of thine,
Paint deſpis'd Love in thy Face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
With a Pity-moving Shape;
Such as wander by the Brook
Of *Lethe*, or from Graves eſcape.

Then to that matchleſs Nymph appear,
In whoſe Shape thou ſhineſt ſo;
Softly in her ſleeping Ear
With humble Words expreſs my Woe.

Perhaps from Greatneſs, State, and Pride,
Thus ſurpriſed ſhe may fall:
Sleep does Diſproportion hide,
And, Death reſembling, equals all.

SONG CCCLXXVIII.

STAY, *Phœbus*, ſtay!
The World to which you fly ſo faſt,
Conveying Day
From us to them, can pay your haſte
With no ſuch Object, nor ſalute your Riſe
With no ſuch Wonder, as *de Mornay*'s Eyes.

Well does this prove
The Tenor of thoſe antique Books,
Which made you move
About the World: Her charming Looks
Would fix your Beams, and make it ever Day,
Did not the rowling Earth ſnatch her away.

SONG CCCLXXIX.

Chloris, 'twill be for either's Reſt,
Truly to know each other's Breaſt:
I'll make th' obſcureſt Part of mine
Tranſparent as I would have thine,
If you will deal but ſo with me,
We ſoon ſhall part, or ſoon agree.

Know then, tho' you were twice as fair,
If it could be, as now you are;
And tho' the Graces of your Mind
With reſembling Luſtre ſhin'd:
Yet if you love me not, you'll ſee
I'll value thoſe as you do me.

Tho' I a thouſand Times had ſworn
My Paſſion ſhould tranſcend your Scorn,
And that your bright triumphant Eyes
Create a Flame that never dies;
Yet if to me you prove untrue,
Thoſe Oaths ſhould turn as falſe to you.

If I vow'd to pay Love for Hate,
'Twas I confeſs, a meer Deceit;
Or that my Flame ſhould deathleſs prove,
'Twas but to render ſo your Love:
I bragg'd as Cowards uſe to do
Of Dangers they'll ne'er run into.

And now my Tenets I have ſhow'd,
If you think them too great a Load;
T' attempt your Change, were but in vain,
The Conqueſt not being worth the Pain.
With them I'll other Nymphs ſubdue;
'Tis too much to loſe Time and you.

SONG CCCLXXX.

IMpatient with Deſire, at laſt
I ventur'd to lay Forms aſide,
'Twas I was Modeſt, not ſhe Chaſt,
The Nymph, as ſoon as ask'd, comply'd.

With am'rous Awe a ſilent Fool,
I gaz'd upon her Eyes with Fear:
Speak, Love, how came your Slave ſo dull,
To read no better there?

Thus to our ſelves the greateſt Foes,
Altho' the Fair be well inclin'd;
For want of Courage to propoſe,
By our own Folly, ſhe's unkind.

SONG CCCLXXXI.

THO' I'm a Man in ev'ry Part,
And much inclin'd to Change;
Yet I muſt ſtop my wand'ring Heart,
When it deſires to range.

I muſt indeed my *Celia* love,
Altho' I have enjoy'd;
And make that Bliſs ſtill pleaſant prove,
With which I have been cloy'd.

I muſt that Fair one Juſtice do,
I muſt ſtill conſtant be:
For 'twere unkind to be untrue,
While ſhe is true to me.

Then, *Cupid*, I muſt teach you how
To make me ſtill her Slave:
That Food to make me reliſh now,
Which once a Surfeit gave.

You muſt, to play this Game at firſt,
Some Jealouſy contrive;
That ſhe may vow I am the worſt,
And falſeſt Man alive.

Let her in Anger perſevere,
Be Jealous as before;
'Till I begin to huff, and ſwear
I'll never ſee her more.

Then let her uſe a little Art,
And lay aſide her Frown;
Let her ſome am'rous Glances dart,
To bring my Paſſion down.

Thus whilſt I am again on Fire,
Make me renew my Pain:
Make her conſent to my Deſire,
And me ſtill hug my Chain.

SONG CCCLXXXII.

I Sigh'd and I writ,
And employ'd all my Wit,
And ſtill pretty *Sylvia* deny'd;
'Twas Virtue I thought,
And became ſuch a Sot,
I ador'd her the more for her Pride.

'Till mask'd in the Pit,
My coy *Lucrece* I met,
A Croud of gay Fops held her Play,
So brisk and ſo free,
With her ſmart Repartee,
I was cur'd, and went bluſhing away.

Poor Lovers miſtake
The Addreſſes they make
With Vows to be Conſtant and True,
Tho' all the Nymphs hold
For the Sport that is old,
Yet their Play-mates muſt ever be new.

Each pretty new Toy
They would die to enjoy,
And then for a Newer they pine;
But when they perceive
Others like what they leave,
They will cry for their Bauble again.

SONG CCCLXXXIII.

A Maiden of late,
Whoſe Name was ſweet *Kate*,
She dwelt in *London* near *Alderſgate*;
Now liſt to my Ditty, declare it I can,
She wou'd have a *Child* without help of a Man.

To a Doctor ſhe came,
A Man of great Fame,
Whoſe deep Skill in Phyſick Report did proclaim:
Quoth ſhe, Mr. Doctor, ſhew me if you can,
How I may Conceive without help of a Man.

Then liſten, quoth he,
Since ſo it muſt be,
This wondrous ſtrange Med'cine I'll ſhew preſently.
Take nine Pound of Thunder, ſix Legs of a Swan,
And you ſhall Conceive without help of a Man.

The Wood of a Frog,
The Juice of a Log,
Well parboil'd together in the Skin of a Hog,
With the Egg of a Moon-Calf, if get it you can,
And you ſhall Conceive without help of a Man.

The Love of falſe Harlots,
The Faith of falſe Varlets,
With the Truth of Decoys that walk in their Scarlets,
With Feathers of Lobſter well fry'd in a Pan,
And you ſhall Conceive without help of a Man.

Nine Drops of Rain
Brought hither from *Spain*,
With the Blaſt of a Bellows quite over the Main,
With eight Quarts of Brimſtone brew'd in a Beer Can,
And you ſhall Conceive without help of a Man.

Six Pottles of Lard
Squeez'd from a Rock hard,
With nine Turkey-Eggs, each as long as a Yard,
With a Pudding of Hail-ſtones well bak'd in a Pan,
And you ſhall Conceive without help of a Man.

These Med'cines are good,
And approved have ſtood,
Well temper'd together with Pottle of Blood
Squeez'd from a Graſhopper and the Nail of a Swan,
To make Maids Conceive without help of a Man.

SONG CCCLXXXIV.

IN *Lancaſhire*, where I was born,
And many a Cuckold bred;
I had not been marry'd a Quarter of a Year,
But the Horns grew on my Head.
With hei the Toe bent, and hei the Toe bent;
Sir Piercy *is under the Line;*
God ſave the Earl of Shrewsbury,
For he's a good Friend of mine.

Doncaſter Mayor, he ſits in a Chair,
His Mills they merrily go,
His Noſe it doth ſhine, with drinking of Wine,
The Gout is in his great Toe.

But he that will fiſh for a *Lancaſter* Laſs,
At any Time or Tide,
Muſt bait his Hook with a good Egg Pie,
And an Apple with a red ſide.

He that Gallops his Horſe on *Blackſtone-edge*,
By chance may catch a Fall;
My Lord *Mounteagle's* Bears be dead,
His Jack-an-Apes and all.

At *Shipton* in *Craven* there's never a Haven,
Yet many a time foul Weather;
He that will not lye a fair Woman by,
I wiſh he were hang'd in a Leather.

My Lady has loſt her left Leg Hoſe,
So has ſhe done both her Shoon:

She'll earn her Breakfaſt before ſhe riſe,
She'll lye elſe a Bed till Noon.

Joan Maltone's Croſs is of no force,
Though many a Cuckold go by;
Let many a Man do all that he can,
Yet a Cuckold he ſhall die.

The good Wife of the *Swan* has a Leg like a Man,
Full well it becomes her Hoſe;
She jets it a-pace with a very good Grace,
But falls back at the firſt Cloſe.

The Prior of *Cour-tree* made a great *Pudding-pie*,
His Monks cry'd Meat for a King;
If the Abbot of *Cheſter* do die before *Eaſter*,
Then *Banbury* Bells muſt ring.

He that will a *Welchman* catch,
Muſt watch when the Wind's i'th' South,
And put in a Net a good Piece of roaſt Cheeſe,
And hang it cloſe to his Mouth.

And *Lancaſhire*, if thou be true,
As ever thou haſt been;
Go ſell thy old Whittle, and buy a new Fiddle,
And cry God ſave the Queen.

SONG CCCLXXXV.

OF *Anna*'s Charms let others tell,
Or bright *Eliza*'s Beauty:
My Song ſhall be of *Blouzibel*,
To ſing of her's my Duty:
The Fair, who arm'd with *Cupid*'s Darts,
His Flames, and other Matters,
Is all around behung with Hearts,
As Beggars are with Tatters:

To laviſh Nature much ſhe owes,
And much to Education:

The Girls and Boys, and Belles and Beaux,
Are ſtruck with Admiration;
For, blended in her Cheek, there lies
The Carrot and the Turnip,
And who beholds her blazing Eyes,
His very Heart they burn up.

Her dainty Hands are red and blue,
Her Teeth all black yellow!
Her curling Hair of Saffron Hue!
Her Lips like any Tallow:
Her Voice ſo loud, and eke ſo ſhrill;
Far off it is admir'd!
Her Tongue! —— which never yet lay ſtill,
And yet was never tir'd!

Ten Thouſand Wonders riſe to view
All o'er the lovely Creature!
The pearly Sweat, like Morning Dew,
Gilds ev'ry ſhining Feature!
As *Iſaac* of his *Eſau* ſaid,
She like a Foreſt ſavours;
Thrice happy Man for whom the Maid
Reſerves her hidden Favours.

O *Blonzibel!* for Thee we pant,
To thee our Hopes aſpire;
For Thou haſt all that Lovers want
To quench their raging Fire.
Then kindly take us to thine Arms,
And in Compaſſion ſave us
From *Anna*'s and *Eliza*'s Charms,
Which cruelly enſlave us.

SONG CCCLXXXVI.

YE little Loves, that hourly wait,
To bring from *Celia*'s Eyes my Fate,
Tell her my Pain in ſofteſt Sighs,
And gently whiſper, *Strephon* dies.

But if ſhe won't her Pity move,
And the coy Nymph diſdains to Love,
Tell her again 'tis all a Lye,
And haughty *Strephon* ſcorns to die.

SONG CCCLXXXVII.

AH *Phillis!* why are you leſs *tendre*,
To my deſpairing *Amore!*
Your Heart you have promis'd to *rendre*,
Do not deny the *Retour:*
My Paſſion I cannot *defendre*,
No, no, Torments encreaſe *tous les Jours.*

To forget your Kind Slave is *cruelle*,
Can you expect my *Devoir!*
Since *Phillis* is grown *infidelle*,
And wounds me at ev'ry *Revoir!*
Thoſe Eyes which were once *agreable*,
Now, now, are Fountains of black *Deſeſpoire.*

Adieu to my falſe *Eſperance*,
Adieu *les Plaiſirs des beaux Jours*;
My *Phillis* appears at *diſtance*,
And ſlights my unfeigned *Efforts:*
To return to her Vows *impoſſible*,
No, no, adieu to the Cheats of *Amours.*

SONG CCCLXXXVIII.

AH! *Celia*, that I were but ſure
Thy Love, like mine, cou'd ſtill endure;
That Time and Abſence, which deſtroy
The Cares of Lovers, and their Joy,
Cou'd never rob me of that part
Which you have given me of your Heart:

Others unenvy'd might poſſeſs
Whole Hearts, and boaſt that Happineſs:
'Twas noble Fortune to divide
The *Roman* Empire in her Pride,

Then on ſome low and barb'rous Throne,
Obſcurely plac'd, to rule alone.

Love only from thy Heart exacts
The ſeveral Debts thy Face contracts,
And by that new and juſter way
Secures thy Empire and his Sway:
Fav'ring but one, he might compel
The hopeleſs Lover to rebel.

But ſhou'd he other Hearts thus ſhare,
That in the whole ſo worthieſs are;
Shou'd into ſeveral Squadrons draw
That Strength, which kept entire wou'd awe;
Men would his ſcatter'd Pow'r deride,
And conqu'ring him, thoſe Spoils divide.

SONG CCCLXXXIX.

Cecilia when with artful Note
You charm th' attentive Ear;
And warble from your tuneful Throat
What Seraphims might hear.

My Soul in Raptures feels the Song,
And dwells upon the Sound:
So *Syrens* draw the liſt'ning Throng,
And pleaſe them while they wound.

SONG CCCXC.

WHAT! put off with one Denial?
And not make a ſecond Trial!
You might ſee my Eyes conſenting,
All about me was relenting:
Women, oblig'd to dwell in Forms,
Forgive the Youth who boldly ſtorms.

Lovers, when you ſigh and languiſh,
When you tell us of your Anguiſh;

To the Nymph you'll be more pleaſing,
When thoſe Sorrows you are eaſing:
We love to try how far Men dare,
And never wiſh the Foe ſhould ſpare.

SONG CCCXCI.

IN good King *Charles*'s Golden Days,
When Loyalty had no harm in't,
A Zealous *High-Church* Man I was,
And ſo I got Preferment:
To teach my Flock I never miſt,
Kings are by God Appointed;
And thoſe are damn'd that do reſiſt,
And touch the Lord's Anointed.
And this is Law I will maintain,
Until my dying Day, Sir,
That whatſoever King ſhall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, *Sir.*

When Royal *James* obtain'd the Throne,
And *Pop'ry* came in Faſhion,
The *Penal Laws* I hooted down,
And read the *Declaration:*
The Church of *Rome* I found would fit
Full well my Conſtitution;
And had become a *Jeſuit*,
But for the *Revolution.*
And this is Law, &c.

When *William* was our King declar'd,
To eaſe the Nation's Grievance;
With this new Wind about I ſteer'd,
And ſwore to him Allegiance:
Old Principles I did revoke,
Set Conſcience at a Diſtance,
Paſſive-Obedience was a Joke,
And Piſh was *Non-reſiſtance.*
And this is Law, &c.

When Gracious *Anne* aſcends the Throne,
The Church of *England*'s Glory;
Another Face of things was ſeen,
And I became a *Tory*:
Occaſional-Conformiſts baſe,
I damn'd their *Moderation*,
And thought the Church in Danger was,
By ſuch Prevarication.
And this is Law, &c.

When *George* in Pudding-time came o'er,
And *Moderate-Men* look'd big, Sir,
I turned a Cat-in-Pan once more,
And then became a *Whigg*, Sir;
And ſo Preferment I procur'd
By Our new Faith's Defender;
And always every Day abjur'd
The *Pope* and the *Pretender*.
And this is Law, &c.

Th' Illuſtrious Houſe of *Hanover*,
And *Proteſtant Succeſſion*,
To theſe I do Allegiance ſwear,
While they can keep Poſſeſſion;
For by my Faith and Loyalty
I never more will faulter,
And *George* my lawful King ſhall be,
Until the Times ſhall alter.

And this is Law I will maintain,
Until my dying Day, Sir,
That whatſoever King ſhall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, *Sir.*

SONG CCCXCII.

FAIR and ſoft, and gay, and young,
All Charms, ſhe play'd, ſhe danc'd, ſhe ſung,
There was no way to 'ſcape the Dart,
No Care cou'd guard a Lover's Heart.

Ah why cry'd I, and dropt a Tear,
Adoring yet deſpairing e'er
To have her to my ſelf alone,
Was ſo much Sweetneſs made for one?

But growing bolder, in her Ear
I in ſoft Numbers told my Care;
She heard, and rais'd me from her Feet,
And ſeem'd to glow with equal Heat.
Like Heav'n's, too mighty to expreſs,
My Joys could be but known by gueſs;
Ah Fool, ſaid I, what have I done,
To wiſh her made for more than one?

But long I had not been in view,
Before her Eyes their Beams withdrew;
E'er I had reckon'd half her Charms,
She ſunk into another's Arms.
But ſhe that once cou'd faithleſs be,
Will favour him no more than me;
He too will find himſelf undone,
And that ſhe was not made for one.

SONG CCCXCIII.

Phill. TELL me, gentle *Strephon*, why
You from my Embraces fly,
Does my Love thy Love deſtroy?
Tell me, I will yet be coy.

Stay, O ſtay! and I will feign
(Tho' I break my Heart) Diſdain;
But leſt I too unkind appear,
For ev'ry Frown I'll ſhed a Tear.

And if in vain I court thy Love,
Let mine, at leaſt, thy Pity move:
And while I ſcorn, vouchſafe to woce,
Methinks you may diſſemble too.

Streph. Ah! *Phillis*, that you wou'd contrive
A way to keep my Love alive;
But all your other Charms muſt fail,
When Kindneſs ceaſes to prevail.

Alas! no leſs than you I grieve,
My dying Flame has no Reprieve;
For I can never hope to find,
Shou'd all the Nymphs I court be kind.

One Beauty's able to renew
Thoſe Pleaſures I enjoy in you,
When Love and Youth did both conſpire
To fill our Breaſts and Veins with Fire.

'Tis true, ſome other Nymph may gain
That Heart which merits your Diſdain;
But ſecond Love has ſtill Allay,
The Joys grow aged, and decay.

Then blame me not for loſing more
Than Love and Beauty can reſtore;
And let this Truth thy Comfort prove,
I would, but can no longer love.

SONG CCCXCIV.

THE Collier has a Daughter,
And, Oh! ſhe's woud'rous bonny,
A Laird he was that ſought her,
Baith rich in Land and Money.
The Tutors watch'd the Motion
Of this young honeſt Lover;
But Love is like the Ocean:
Who can its Depth diſcover?

He had the Art to pleaſe ye,
And was by a' reſpected;
His Airs ſat round him eaſy,
Genteel, but unaffected.

The Collier's bonny Laſſie,
Fair as the new-born Lily,
Ay ſweet and never ſaucy,
Secur'd the Heart of *Willy*.

He lov'd beyond Expreſſion
The Charms that were about her,
And panted for Poſſeſſion,
His Life was dull without her.
After mature reſolving,
Cloſe to his Breaſt he held her.
In ſofteſt Flames diſſolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her:

My bonny Collier's Daughter,
Let nathing diſcompoſe ye,
'Tis no your ſcanty Tocher
Shall ever gar me loſe ye:
For I have Gear in Plenty,
And Love ſays, 'tis my Duty,
To ware what Heaven has lent me
Upon your Wit and Beauty.

SONG CCCXCV.

O *Bell*, thy Looks have pierc'd my Heart,
I paſs the Day in Pain,
When Night returns I feel the Smart,
And wiſh for thee in vain.

I'm ſtarving cold, while thou art warm,
Have Pity and incline,
And grant me for that Hap, that charming Petticoat of thine.

My raviſh'd Fancy in Amaze
Still wanders o'er thy Charms,
Deluſive Dreams ten thouſand ways
Preſent thee to my Arms.

But, waking, think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Thoſe Pleaſures that can only cure
This panting Breaſt of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Becauſe you ſtill deny
The juſt Reward that's due to Love,
And let true Paſſion die.
Oh! turn, and let Compaſſion ſeize
That lovely Breaſt of thine;
Thy Petticoat cou'd give me Eaſe,
If Thou and it were mine.

Sure Heav'n has ſitted for Delight
That beauteous Form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its Laws to ſlight,
By hind'ring the Deſign.
May all the Pow'rs of Love agree,
At length to make thee mine,
Or looſe my Chains, and ſet me free
From ev'ry Charm of thine.

SONG CCCXCVI.

HEAR me, ye Nymphs, and ev'ry Swain,
I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me;
Tho' thus I languiſh, thus complain,
Alas! ſhe ne'er believes me.
My Vows and Sighs, like ſilent Air,
Unheeded never move her;
At the bonny Buſh aboon *Traquair*,
'Twas there I firſt did love her.

That Day ſhe ſmil'd, and made me glad,
No Maid ſeem'd ever kinder;
I thought my ſelf the luckieſt Lad,
So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſooth my am'rous Flame,
In Words that I thought tender;

If more there paſs'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flees the Plain,
The Fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, ſhe ſhews Diſdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny Buſh bloom'd fair in *May*,
Its Sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her Frowns make it decay,
It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural Pow'rs, who hear my Strains,
Why thus ſhould *Peggy* grieve me?
Oh! make her Partner in my Pains,
Then let her Smiles relieve me.
If not, my Love will turn Deſpair,
My Paſſion no more tender,
I'll leave the Buſh aboon *Traquair*,
To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

SONG CCCXCVII.

YE Gales that gently wave the Sea,
And pleaſe the canny Boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny *Scot*-man:
In haly Bands
We join'd our Hands,
Yet may not this diſcover,
While Parents rate
A large Eſtate
Before a faithfu' Lover.

But I loor chuſe in Highland Glens
To herd the Kid, and Goat——Man,
E'er I cou'd for ſic little Ends
Refuſe my bonny *Scot*—Man.
Wae worth the Man
Wha firſt began

The baſe, ungenerous Faſhion,
Frae greedy Views
Love's Art to uſe,
While Strangers to its Paſſion.

Frae foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,
Haſte to thy longing Laſſie,
Wha pants to preſs thy bawmy Mouth,
And in her Boſom hawſe thee.
Love gives the Word,
Then haſte on Board,
Fair Winds and tenty Boat-man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er
Frae yonder Shore,
My blyth, my bonny *Scot*——Man.

SONG CCCXCVIII.

O *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
They were twa bonny Laſſes,
They bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn Brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' Raſhes.
Fair *Beſſy Bell* I loo'd yeſtreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter;
But *Mary Gray*'s twa pawky Een
They gar my Fancy falter.

Now *Beſſy*'s Hair's like a Lint tap;
She ſmiles like a *May* Morning;
When *Phœbus* ſtarts frae *Thetis* Lap;
The Hills with Rays adorning:
White is her Neck, ſaft is her Hand,
Her Waiſt and Feet's ſu' genty;
With ilka Grace ſhe can command;
Her Lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And *Mary*'s Locks are like a Craw,
Her Eyes like Di'monds glances;
She's ay ſae clean redd up and braw,
She kills whene'er ſhe dances:

Blyth as a Kid, with Wit at Will,
She blooming, tight and tall is;
And guides her Airs ſae gracefu' ſtill,
O *Jove!* ſhe's like thy *Pallas.*

Dear *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Cray,*
Ye unco ſair oppreſs us;
Our Fancies jee between ye twa,
Ye are ſic bonny Laſſes:
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by Law we're ſtented;
Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
And be with ane contented.

SONG CCCXCIX.

BLYTH *Jockey* young and gay
Is all my Heart's Delight;
He's all my Talk by Day,
And all my Dreams by Night.
If from the Lad I be,
'Tis Winter then with me;
But when he tarries here,
'Tis Summer all the Year.

When I and *Jockey* met
First on the flow'ry Dale,
Right ſweetly he me tret,
And Love was all his Tale.
You are the Laſs, ſaid he,
That ſtaw my Heart frae me?
O eaſe me of my Pain,
And never ſhaw Diſdain.

Well can my *Jockey* kyth
His Love and Courteſie,
He made my Heart full blyth
When he firſt ſpake to me.

His Suit I ill deny'd,
He kiſs'd, and I comply'd:
Sae *Jockey* promiſs'd me,
That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when *Jockey* comes,
Sad when he gangs away;
'Tis Night when *Jockey* glooms,
But when he ſmiles 'tis Day.
When our Eyes meet, I pant,
I colour ſigh, and faint;
What Laſs that wad be kind,
Can better tell her Mind?

SONG CCCC.

AS walking forth to view the Plain,
Upon a Morning early,
While *May*'s ſweet Scent did chear my Brain,
From Flowers which grew ſo rarely;
I chanc'd to meet a pretty Maid,
She ſhin'd, tho' it was fogie;
I ask'd her Name; Sweet Sir, ſhe ſaid,
My Name is *Katharine Ogie.*

I ſtood a while, and did admire
To ſee a Nymph ſo ſtately;
So brisk an Air there did appear
In a Country-maid ſo neatly:
Such natural Sweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
Like a Lily in a Bogie:
Diana's ſelf was ne'er array'd
Like this ſame *Katharine Ogie.*

Thou Flow'r of Females, Beauty's Queen,
Who ſees thee, ſure muſt prize thee:
Tho' thou art dreſs'd in Robes but mean,
Yet thoſe cannot diſguiſe thee:
Thy handſome Air, and graceful Look,
Far excels any clowniſh Roguie,
Thou'rt Match for Laird, or Lord, or Duke,
My charming *Katharine Ogie.*

O were I but ſome Shepherd-Swain!
To feed my Flock beſide thee,
At Boughting time to leave the Plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myſelf a happier Man,
With *Kate*, my Club and Dogie,
Than he that hugs his Thouſands ten,
Had I but *Katharine Ogie*.

Then I'd deſpiſe th' Imperial Throne,
And Stateſmens dangerous Stations:
I'd be no King, I'd wear no Crown,
I'd ſmile at conquering Nations:
Might I careſs, and ſtill poſſeſs
The Laſs of whom I'm vogie;
For theſe are Toys, and ſtill look leſs,
Compar'd with *Katharine Ogie*.

But I fear the Gods have not decreed
For me ſo fine a Creature,
Whoſe Beauty rare makes her exceed
All other Works in Nature;
Clouds of Deſpair ſurround my Love,
That are both dark and fogie:
Pity my Caſe, ye Pow'rs above,
Elſe I die for *Katharine Ogie*.

SONG CCCCI.

THE laſt Time I came o'er the Moor,
I left my Love behind me;
Ye Pow'rs! what Pain do I endure,
When ſoft Ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy Morn diſplay'd
The beaming Day enſuing,
I met, betimes, my lovely Maid,
In fit Retreats for Wooing.

Beneath the cooling Shade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtly ſporting;

We kiſs'd and promis'd Time away,
Till Night ſpread her black Curtain.
I pitied all beneath the Skies,
Ev'n Kings, when ſhe was nigh me;
In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where Cannons roar,
Where mortal Steel may wound me;
Or caſt upon ſome foreign Shore,
Where Dangers may ſurround me:
Yet Hopes again to ſee my Love,
To feaſt on glowing Kiſſes,
Shall make my Cares at Diſtance move,
In Proſpect of ſuch Bliſſes.

In all my Soul there's not one Place,
To let a Rival enter:
Since ſhe excels in ev'ry Grace,
In her my Love ſhall center.
Sooner the Seas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their Waves the *Alps* ſhall cover.
On *Greenland* Ice ſhall Roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next Time I go o'er the Moor,
She ſhall a Lover find me;
And that my Faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then *Hymen*'s ſacred Bonds ſhall chain
My Heart to her fair Boſom,
There, while my Being does remain,
My Love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

SONG CCCCII.

THE Laſs of *Peaty*'s Mill,
So bonny, blyth and gay,
In ſpite of all my Skill,
Hath ſtole my Heart away.

When tedding of the Hay
Bare-headed on the Green,
Love 'midſt her Locks did play,
And wanton'd in her Een.

Her Arms, white, round and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their Dawn,
To Age it would give Youth,
To preſs 'em with his Hand.
Thro' all my my Spirits ran
An Extaſy of Bliſs,
When I ſuch Sweetneſs fand
Wrapt in a balmy Kiſs.

Without the Help of Art,
Like Flow'rs which grace the Wild,
She did her Sweets impart,
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her Looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected Pride,
She me to Love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my Bride.

O had I all that Wealth
Hoptoun's high Mountains fill,
Inſur'd long Life and Health,
And Pleaſures at my Will;
I'd promiſe and fulfil,
That none but bonny ſhe,
The Laſs of *Peaty*'s Mill
Shou'd ſhare the ſame wi' me.

SONG CCCCIII.

THO' Beauty, like the Roſe
That ſmiles on *Polwarth* Green
In various Colours ſhows,
As 'tis by Fancy ſeen:

Yet all its different Glories lye
United in thy Face,
And Virtue, like the Sun on high,
Gives Rays to ev'ry Grace.

So charming is her Air,
So ſmooth, ſo calm her Mind,
That to ſome Angel's Care
Each Motion ſeems aſſign'd:
But yet ſo chearful, ſprightly gay,
The joyful Moments fly,
As if for Wings they ſtole the Ray
She darteth from her Eye.

Kind am'rous *Cupids*, while
With Tuneful Voice ſhe ſings,
Perfume her Breath and Smile,
And wave their Balmy Wings:
But as the tender Bluſhes riſe,
Soft Innocence doth warm,
The Soul in bliſsful Extaſies
Diſſolveth in the Charm.

SONG CCCCIV.

IN *April*, when Primroſes paint the ſweet Plain,
And Summer approaching rejoiceth the Swain;
The *Yellow-hair'd Laddie* would oftentimes go
To Wilds and deep Glens, where the Hawthorn Trees grow.

There, under the Shade of an old ſacred Thorn,
With Freedom he ſung his Loves Ev'ning and Morn:
He ſang with ſo ſaft and inchanting a Sound,
That *Sylvans* and *Fairies* unſeen danc'd around.

The Shepherd thus ſung, tho' young *Maja* be fair,
Her Beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornfu' proud Air;

But *Suſie* was handſome, and ſweetly could ſing,
Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring.

That *Madie* in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,
Like the Moon was unconſtant, and never ſpoke Truth:
But *Suſie* was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the Goddeſs who ſprung from the Sea.

That Mamma's fine Daughter, with all her great Dow'r:
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently ſowr:
Then ſighing, he wiſhed, would Parents agree,
The witty ſweet *Suſie* his Miſtreſs might be.

SONG CCCCV.

FAIR, ſweet and young, receive a Prize
Reſerv'd for your Victorious Eyes:
From Crowds, whom at your Feet you ſee,
O pity, and diſtinguiſh me;
As I from thouſand Beauties more
Diſtinguiſh you, and only you adore.

Your Fate for Conqueſt was deſign'd,
Your ev'ry Motion charms my Mind;
Angels, when you your Silence break,
Forget their Hymns, to hear you ſpeak;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loath to mount, and long to ſtay with you.

No Graces can you Form improve,
But all are loſt unleſs you love;
While that ſweet Paſſion you diſdain,
Your Veil and Beauty are in vain.
In pity then prevent my Fate,
For after dying all Reprieve's too late.

SONG CCCCVI.

Phillis, the Faireſt of Love's Foes,
Though fiercer than a Dragon,
Phillis, that ſcorn'd the Powder'd Beaus,
What ſhe has now to brag on?
So long ſhe kept her Legs ſo cloſe,
'Till they had ſcarce a Rag on.

Compell'd thro' Want, this wretched Maid
Did ſad Complaints begin;
Which ſurly *Strephon* hearing, ſaid,
It was both Shame and Sin,
To pity ſuch a Lazy Jade,
As will neither Kiſs nor Spin.

SONG CCCCVII.

Damon, if you will believe me,
'Tis not ſighing round the Plain,
Song nor Sonnet can't relieve ye;
Faint Attempts in Love are vain.

Urge but home the fair Occaſion,
And be Maſter of the Field;
To a pow'rful kind Invaſion
'Twere a Madneſs not to yield.

Tho' ſhe vows ſhe'll ne'er permit ye,
Cries you're rude, and much to blame;
And with Tears implores your Pity;
Be not merciful to Shame.

When the fierce Aſſault is over,
Chloris time enough will find
This her cruel furious Lover
Much more gentle, not ſo kind.

SONG CCCCVIII.

Diſtracted with Care
For *Phillis* the Fair;
Since nothing cou'd move her,
Poor *Damon* her Lover,

Reſolves in Deſpair
No longer to languiſh;
Nor bear ſo much Anguiſh;
But, mad with his Love,
To a Precipice goes;
Where a Leap from above
Wou'd ſoon finiſh his Woes.

When in Rage he came there,
Beholding how ſteep
The Sides did appear,
And the Bottom how deep;
His Torments projecting,
And ſadly reflecting,
That a Lover forſaken
A new Love may get;
But a Neck when once broken,
Can never be ſet:

And, that he cou'd die
Whenever he wou'd;
But, that he cou'd live
But as long as he cou'd:
How grievous ſoever
The Torment might grow,
He ſcorn'd to endeavour
To finiſh it ſo.
But Bold, Unconcern'd
At Thoughts of the Pain,
He calmy return'd
To his Cottage again.

SONG CCCCIX.

WHAT Beauties does *Flora* diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her Smiles upon *Tweed*?
Yet *Mary*'s ſtill ſweeter than thoſe;
Both Nature and Fancy exceed.

Nor Daiſie, nor ſweet bluſhing Roſe,
Nor all the gay Flowers of the Field;
Nor *Tweed* gliding gently thro' thoſe,
Such Beauty and Pleaſure does yield.

The Warblers are heard in the Grove,
The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thruſh,
The Black-bird, and ſweet cooing Dove,
With Muſick enchant ev'ry Buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the Mead,
Let us ſee how the Primroſes ſpring;
We'll lodge in ſome Village on *Tweed*,
And love where the feather'd Folks ſing.

How does my Love paſs the long Day;
Does *Mary* not tend a few Sheep;
Do they never careleſly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's Murmurs ſhould lull her to Reſt;
Kind Nature indulging my Bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft Pains of my Breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial Kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the Virgins excel,
No Beauty with her can compare;
Love's Graces around her do dwell,
She's faireſt, where Thouſands are fair.
Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at Noon where they feed;
Shall I ſeek them at ſweet-winding *Tay*,
Or the pleaſanter Banks of the *Tweed*.

SONG CCCCX.

LOVE's Goddeſs in a Myrtle Grove,
Said, *Cupid*, bend thy Bow with Speed,
Nor let the Shaft at random rove,
For *Jeany*'s haughty Heart muſt bleed.

The ſmilling Boy, with divine Art,
From *Paphos* ſhot an Arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the Heart,
And kill'd the Pride of *Jean*.

No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,
Refuſes *Willy*'s kind Addreſs;
Her yielding Bluſhes ſhew no Care,
But too much Fondneſs to ſuppreſs.

No more the Youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the Green,
Whilſt ev'ry Day he ſpies ſome new
Surpriſing Charms in bony *Jean*.

A thouſand Tranſports crowd his Breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting Wind,
His former Sorrows ſeem a Jeſt,
Now when his *Jeany* is turn'd kind.

Riches he looks on with Diſdain,
The glorious Fields of War look mean;
The chearful Hounds and Horn give Pain,
If abſent from his bony *Jean*.

The Day he ſpends in am'rous Gaze,
Which even in Summer ſhorten'd ſeems:
When ſunk in Down, with glad Amaze,
He wonders at her in his Dreams.

All Charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than *Troy*'s Prize, the *Spartan* Queen,
With breaking Day he lifts his Sight,
And pants to be with bony *Jean*.

SONG CCCCXI.

NOW God alone that made all things,
Heaven and Earth and all therein;
The Ships that in the Sea do ſwim
To keep our Foes from coming in.

Then every one does what he can
All for the good Uſe of Man.
And I wiſh in Heaven his Soul may dwell
That firſt invented the Leather Bottel.

Now what d'ye ſay of Cans of Wood?
Faith they are naught, they cannot be good;
For when a Man for Beer doth ſend,
To have them full he doth intend;
The Bearer ſtumbles by the way,
And on the Ground the Beer doth lay;
Then doth the Man begin to ban,
And ſwears 'twas long o' th' Wooden Can:
But had it been a Leather Bottel,
It had not been ſo, for all had been well,
And ſafe therein the Drink would remain,
Until the Man got up again.
Then I wiſh, &c.

What do you ſay to Glaſſes fine;
Faith they ſhall have no Praiſe of mine;
For when a Man's at Table ſet,
And by him ſeveral ſorts of Meat,
The one loves Fleſh, the other Fiſh;
Then with your Hand remove a Diſh,
Touch but the Glaſs upon the brim,
The Glaſs is broke and naught left in.
The Table Cloath, tho' ne'er ſo fine,
Is ſully'd with Beer, or Ale, or Wine,
And doubtleſs for ſo ſmall Abuſe
A Servant may his Maſter loſe.
Then I wiſh, &c.

What ſay you to the handled Pot?
No Praiſe of mine ſhall be his Lot,
For when a Man and Wife's at Strife,
(As many have been in their Life)
They lay their Hands upon it both,
And break the ſame, although they're loth.

But woe to them ſhall bear the Guilt,
Between them both the Liquor's ſpilt;
For which they ſhall anſwer another Day;
For caſting their Liquor ſo vainly away;
But if it had been Leather-bottell'd,
One might have tugg'd, the other have held,
Both might have tugg'd, till their Hearts ſhould break,
No Harm the *Leather Bottel* could take.
Then I wiſh, &c.

What ſay you to Flagons of Silver fine?
Why faith, they ſhall have no Praiſe of mine;
For when a Lord for Sack doth ſend,
To have them fill'd he doth intend;
The Man with the Flagon runs away,
And never is ſeen after that Day;
The Lord then begins to Swear and Ban,
For having loſt both Flagon and Man;
But had it been either Page or Groom,
With a *Leather Bottel*, it had come home.
And I wiſh, &c.

And when this Bottel is grown old,
And that it will no longer hold,
Out of the Side you may cut a Clout
To mend your Shoes when they're worn out;
Then hang the reſt upon a Pin,
'Twill ſerve to put odd Trifles in;
As Candles-ends, and Awls and Rings,
For young Beginners need ſuch things.
Then I wiſh his Soul in Heaven may dwell,
That firſt devis'd the Leather-Bottel.

SONG CCCCXII.

WITH an old Song made by an old ancient Pate
Of an old worſhipful Gentleman, that had a great Eſtate,

Which kept an old Houſe at a bountiful Rate,
And an old Porter to relieve the Poor at his Gate;
Like an old Courtier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old Courtier.

With an old Lady whoſe Anger a good Word aſſwages,
Who every Quarter pays her old Servants their Wages,
Who never knew what belong'd to Coachmen, Footmen nor Pages;
But kept twenty old Fellows with blue Coats and Badges.
Like an old, &c.

With an old Study fill'd full of Learned old Books,
With an old reverend Parſon, who you may judge by his Looks,
With an old Buttery Hatch worn quite off the Hooks,
And an old Kitchen, that maintains half a Dozen of Cooks,
Like an old, &c.

With an old Hall hung about with Guns, Pikes and Bows,
With old Swords and Bucklers that have borne many ſhrewd Blows,
And an old Frize Coat to cover his Worſhip's trunk Hoſe,
And a Cup of old Sherry to comfort his Copper Noſe.
Like an old, &c.

With an old Faſhion, when *Chriſtmas* is come,
To call in his Neighbours with Bagpipe and Drum;

And good Chear enough to furniſh every old Room,
And old Liquor able to make a Cat ſpeak and a Man dumb:
Like an old, &c.

With an old Huntſman, a Falconer and a Kennel of Hounds,
Which never hunted nor hawked but in his own Grounds;
Who like an old wiſe Man kept himſelf within his Bounds:
And when he dy'd, gave every Child a thouſand old Pounds.
Like an old, &c.

But to his eldeſt Son, his Houſe and Land too he aſſign'd;
Charging him in his Will to keep the old bountiful Mind;
To love his good old Servants, and to his Neighbours be kind;
But in the enſuing Ditty you ſhall hear how he was inclin'd.
Like a young Courtier, &c.

Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land,
That keeps a Brace of Whores at his Command,
And takes up a thouſand Pound upon his own Land;
And lies drunk in a new Tavern, 'till he can neither go nor ſtand;
Like a young, &c.

With a neat Lady that is brisk and fair,
That never knew what belong'd to good Houſe-keeping or Care;

But buies ſeveral Fans to play with the wanton Air;
And ſeventeen or eighteen Dreſſings of other Men's Hair;
Like a young, &c.

With a new Hall built where the old one ſtood,
Wherein is burned neither Coal nor Wood;
And a Shovel-board Table ſmooth and red as Blood,
Hung round with Pictures that do the Poor no good.
Like a young, &c.

With a new Study ſtuft with Pamphlets and Plays;
With a new Chaplain that ſwears faſter than he prays:
With a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in four or five Days,
With a new *French* Cook to make Kickſhaws and Toys.
Like a young, &c.

With a new Faſhion when *Chriſtmas* is come,
With a new Journey up to *London* we muſt be gone,
And leave no body at Home but our new Porter *John*,
Who relieves the Poor with a Thump on the Back with a Stone.
Like a young, &c.

With a Gentleman-Uſher whoſe Carriage is compleat;
With a Footman, Coachman, and Page to carry Meat;

With a Waiting Gentlewoman whoſe Dreſſing is very neat;
Who when the Maſter has din'd, lets the Servants not eat.
Like a young, &c.

With a new Honour bought with the old Gold;
That many of his Father's old Manors had ſold;
And this is the Occaſion that moſt Men do hold
That good Houſe-keeping is now grown ſo cold.
Like a young Courtier of the King's,
Or the King's young Courtier.

SONG CCCCXIII.

ALL the Materials are the ſame,
Of Beauty and Deſire;
In a fair Woman's goodly Frame,
No Brightneſs is without a Flame,
No Flame without a Fire.
Then tell me what thoſe Creatures are,
Who wou'd be thought both chaſte and fair.

If on her Neck her Hair be ſpread,
With many a curious Ring;
That Heat which ſerves to curl her Head,
Will make her mad to be a-bed,
And do another Thing.
Then tell me, &c.

If Modeſty itſelf appears
With Bluſhes in her Face;
Think you the Blood that dances there,
Can revel it no other where,
Or warm no other Place?
Then tell me, &c.

Ask but of her Philoſophy,
What gives her Lips the Balm,

What makes her Breaſt to heave ſo high,
What Spir'ts give Motion to her Eye,
And Moiſture to her Palm?
Then tell me, &c.

Then, *Cælia*, be not coy, for that
Betrays thy Self and thee:
There's not a Beauty nor a Grace,
Bedecks thy Body or thy Face,
But plead within for me.
Then tell me what thoſe Women are,
Who won'd be thought both chaſte and fair.

SONG CCCCXIV.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
Let this be my Fate in a Country Town:
May I have a warm Houſe, with a Stone at my Gate,
And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate.
May I govern my Paſſion with an abſolute Sway,
And grow wiſer and better as my Strength wears away,
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

In a Country Town by a murmuring Brook,
With the Ocean at diſtance on which I may look;
With a ſpacious Plain without Hedge or Stile,
And an eaſy Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.
May I govern, &c.

With *Horace* and *Petrarch*, and one or two more
Of the beſt Wits that liv'd in the Ages before;
With a Diſh of Roaſt-Mutton, not Ven'ſon nor Teal,
And clean, tho' coarſe Linnen, at every Meal,
May I govern, &c.

With a Pudding on *Sunday*, and ſtout humming Liquor,
And a Remnant of *Latin* to puzzle the Vicar;
With a hidden Reſerve of *Burgundy* Wine,
To drink the King's Health as oft as we dine.
May I govern, &c.

With a Courage undaunted may I face my laſt Day;
And when I am dead may the better ſort ſay,
In the Morning when ſober, in the Ev'ning when mellow,
He is gone, and han't left behind him his Fellow.
For he govern'd his Paſſion with an abſolute Sway,
And grew wiſer and better as his Strength wore away,
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

SONG CCCCXV.

HArken and I will tell you how,
Young Muirland *Willie* came here to woo,
Tho' he could neither ſay nor do;
The Truth I tell to you.
But ay he cries, Whate'er betide,
Maggy, I'ſe ha'e her to be my Bride,
With a fal dal, &c.

On his Gray Yad as he did ride,
With Durk and Piſtol by his Side,
He prick'd her on wi' mickle Pride,
Wi' mickle Mirth and Glee.
Out o'er yon Moſs, out o'er yon Muir,
Till he came to her Daddie's Door,
With a fal, &c.

Goodman quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,

I care no for making meikle Din;
What Anſwer gi' ye me?
Now, Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'll gie ye my Dogbter's Love to win,
With a fal, &c.

Now, Woer, ſin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what Town?
I think my Dogbter winna gloom
On ſick a Lad as ye.
The Woer he ſtepp'd up the Houſe,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouſe?
With a fal, &c.

I have three Owſen in a Plough,
'Twa good ga'en Yads, and Gear enough,
The Place they ca' it *Cadeneough*;
I ſcorn to tell a Lie:
Beſides, I had frae the great Laird
A Peat-pat and a Lang Kail Yard,
With a fal, &c.

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
She was the braweſt in a' the Town;
I wat on him ſhe did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The Lover he ſtended up in Haſte,
And gript her hard about the Waiſt,
With a fal, &c.

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' Gear;
And for myſelf ye need nae fear,
Troth try me whan ye like.
He took aff his Bonnet, and ſpat in his Chew,
He dighted his Gab, and pri'd her Mou',
With a fal, &c.

The Maiden bluſht, and bing'd fu law,
She had nae Will to ſay him na,

But to her Dadie ſhe left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.
The Lover he ga'e her the tither Kiſs,
Syne ran to her Daddie, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, &c.

Your Doghter wad no ſay me na,
But to your ſell ſhe has left it a',
As we cou'd agree between us twa;
Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her?
Now, Woer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikle,
But ſick's I ha'e ye's get a Pickle,
With a fal, &c.

A Kinſu' of Corn I'll gie to thee,
Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,
Ye's ha'e the Wadding Dinner free;
Troth, I dow do na mair.
Content quoth he, a Bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, mak haſte, let's do't,
With a fal, &c.

The Bridal Day it came to paſs,
Wi' mony a blythſome Lad and Laſs;
But ſicken a Day there never was,
Sic Mirth was never ſeen.
This winſome Couple ſtraked Hands,
Meſs *John* ty'd up the Marriage Bands,
With a fal, &c.

And our Bride's Maidens were na few,
Wi' Tap-knots, Lug-knots, a' in blue,
Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,
And blinkit bonnilie.
Their Toys and Mutches were ſae clean,
They glanced in our Ladſes Een,
With a fal, &c.

Sic Hirdum Dirdum, and ſic Din,
Wi' he o'er her, and ſhe o'er him;

The Minſtrels they did never blin,
Wi' mickle Mirth and Glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
And ay their Wames together met,
With a fal, &c.

SONG CCCCXVI.

SYLVIA the Fair, in the Bloom of Fifteen,
Felt an innocent Warmth, as ſhe lay on the Green,
She had heard of a Pleaſure, and ſomething ſhe gueſt,
By the towzing and tumbling and touching her Breaſt;
She ſaw the Men eager, but was at a Loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe;
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

Ah! ſhe cry'd; ah! for a languiſhing Maid
In a Country of Chriſtians to die without Aid:
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at leaſt,
Or a Proteſtant Parſon, or Catholick Prieſt,
To inſtruct a young Virgin, that is at a Loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe;
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

Cupid in Shape of a Swain did appear,
He ſaw the ſad Wound, and in Pity drew near?
Then ſhew'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the Pain was no more than a Maiden may bear;
When the Balm was infus'd ſhe was not at a Loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe;
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

SONG CCCCXVII.

IN a dark ſilent ſhady Grove,
Fit for the Delights of Love,
As on *Corinna*'s Breaſt I panting lay,
My right Hand playing with &c. *cætera.*

A thouſand Words and amorous Kiſſes,
Prepar'd us both for more ſubſtantial Bliſſes;
And thus the haſty Moments ſlipt away,
Loſt in the Tranſports of &c. *cætera.*

She bluſh'd to ſee her Innocence betray'd,
And the ſmall Oppoſition that ſhe made,
Yet hugg'd me cloſe, and with a Sigh did ſay,
Once more, my Dear, once more &c. *cætera.*

But O the Pow'r to pleaſe this Nymph was paſt?
Too violent a Flame can never laſt;
So we remitted to another Day
The Proſecution of &c. *cætera.*

SONG CCCCXVIII.

BEauty and Love once fell at odds,
And thus revil'd each other:
Quoth Love, I am one of the Gods,
And thou wait'ſt on my Mother:
Thou hadſt no Power on Man at all,
But what I gave to thee;
Nor are you longer Sweet or Fair,
Than Men acknowledge me.

Away, fond Boy, then Beauty cry'd,
We know that thou art blind:
And Men of noble Parts they can
Our Graces better find:
'Twas I begot the mortal Snow,
And kindled Mens Deſires,
I made thy Quiver and thy Bow,
And Wings to fan thy Fires.

Cupid in Anger flung away,
And thus to *Vulcan* pray'd,
That he would tip his Shaft with Scorn,
To puniſh this proud Maid;
So ever ſince Beauty has been
But courted for an Hour,
To love a Day is held a Sin
'Gainſt *Cupid* and his Power.

SONG CCCCXIX.

IF Wealth a Man cou'd keep alive,
I'd ſtudy only how to thrive:
That having got a mighty Maſs,
I might bribe the Fates to let me paſs.
But ſince we can't prolong our Years,
Why ſpend we Time in needleſs Sighs and Tears;

For ſince Deſtiny
Has decreed us to die,
And all muſt paſs o'er the old Ferry,
Hang Riches and Cares,
Since we han't many Years,
We'll have a ſhort Life and a merry.

Time keeps its Round, and Deſtiny
Regards not whether we laugh or cry;
And Fortune never does beſtow
A Look on what we do below.
But Men with equal Swiftneſs run
To play on others, or be play'd upon.
Since we can take no Courſe
For the better or the worſe;
Let none be a melancholy Thinker;
Let the Times the Round go,
So the Cups do ſo too,
Ne'er bluſh at the Name of a Drinker.

SONG CCCCXX.

A Silly Shepherd wou'd, but wiſt not
How he might his Miſtreſs' Favour gain,
On a time they met, but kiſt not,
Ever after that he ſu'd in vain:
Blame her not, alas! tho' ſhe ſaid nay
To him that might, but fled away.

Time perpetually is changing,
Every Moment Alteration brings,
Love and Beauty ſtill eſtranging,
Women are, alas! but wanton things.
He that will his Miſtreſs' Favour gain,
Muſt take her in a merry Vein.

A Woman's Fancy's like a Fever,
Or an Ague that doth come by Fits,
Hot and cold, but conſtant never,
Even as the pleaſant Humour hits:

Sick, and well again, and well and ſick,
In Love it is a Woman's Trick.

Now ſhe will, and then ſhe will not,
Put her to the Trial if once ſhe ſmile:
Silly Youth thy Fortune ſpill not,
Lingring Labours oft themſelves beguile,
He that knocks, and can't get in,
His Pick-lock is not worth a Pin.

A Woman's Nay is no Denial,
Silly Youths of Love are ſerved ſo;
Put her to a further Trial,
Haply ſhe'll take it, and ſay no;
For it is a Trick which Women uſe,
What they love they will refuſe.

Silly Youth, why doſt thou dally?
Having got Time and Seaſon fit,
Then never ſtand, Sweet, ſhall I? ſhall I?
Nor too much commend an After-wit;
For he that will not when he may,
When he will, he ſhall have nay.

SONG CCCCXXI.

WHENCE comes it, Neighbour *Dick*,
That you, with Youth uncommon,
Have ſerv'd the Girls this Trick,
And wedded an old Woman,
Happy Dick!

Each *Belle* condemns the Choice
Of a Youth ſo gay and ſprightly;
But we your Friends rejoice,
That you have judg'd ſo rightly:
Happy Dick!

Tho' odd to ſome it ſounds,
That on Threeſcore you ventur'd;
Yet in Ten Thouſand Pounds
Ten Thouſands Charms are center'd:
Happy Dick!

Beauty, we know, will fade,
As doth the ſhort-liv'd Flower;
Nor can the faireſt Maid
Inſure her Bloom an Hour:
Happy Dick

Then wiſely you reſign,
For Sixty, Charms ſo tranſient;
As the Curious value Coin
The more for being Ancient:
Happy Dick

With Joy your Spouſe ſhall ſee
The fading Beauties round her,
And ſhe her-ſelf ſtill be
The ſame that firſt you found her:
Happy Dick!

Oft is the Married State
With Jealouſies attended;
And hence, thro' foul Debate,
Are Nuptial Joys ſuſpended:
Happy Dick!

But you, with ſuch a Wife,
No jealous Fears are under;
She's yours alone, for Life,
Or much we all ſhall wonder:
Happy Dick!

Her Death wou'd grieve you ſore,
But let not that torment you;
My Life! ſhe'll ſee Fourſcore,
If that will but content you:
Happy Dick!

On this you may relie,
For the Pains you took to win her,
She'll ne'er in Child-bed die,
Unleſs the D——l's in her:
Happy Dick!

Some have the Name of *Hell*
To Matrimony given;
How falſely, you can tell,
Who find it ſuch a *Heaven:*
Happy Dick!

With you, each Day and Night
Is crown'd with Joy and Gladneſs;
While envious Virgins bite
The hated Sheets for Madneſs;
Happy Dick!

With Spouſe, long ſhare the Bliſs
Y'had miſs'd in any other;
And when you've bury'd this,
May you have ſuch another:
Happy Dick!

Obſerving hence, by you,
In Marriage ſuch *Decorum*,
Our wiſer Youth ſhall do,
As you have done before 'em:
Happy Dick

SONG CCCCXXII.

OFT on the troubled Ocean's Face
Loud ſtormy Winds ariſe:
The murm'ring Surges ſwell apace,
And Clouds obſcure the Skies:
But when the Tempeſt's Rage is o'er,
Soft Breezes ſmooth the Main;
The Billows ceaſe to laſh the Shore,
And all is calm again.

Not ſo, in fond and am'rous Souls,
If Tyrant Love once reigns,
There one eternal Tempeſt rouls,
And yields unceaſing Pains:

Ah! cruel God! our Peace reſtore,
Or wound us with thy Shafts no more.
Ah! cruel God! &c.

SONG CCCCXXIII.

AS muſing I rang'd in the *Meads* all alone,
A beautiful Creature was making her Moan,
Oh! the Tears they did trickle full faſt from her Eyes,
And ſhe pierc'd both the Air and my Heart with her Cries.
Oh! the Tears they did trickle full faſt from her Eyes,
And ſhe pierc'd both the Air and my Heart, with her Cries.

I gently requeſted the Cauſe of her Moan,
She told me her ſweet *Seneſino* was flown,
And in that ſad Poſture ſhe'd ever remain,
Unleſs the dear *Charmer* would come back again.
Oh! the Tears, &c.

Why, who is this *Mortal*, ſo cruel, ſaid I,
That draws ſuch a Stream from ſo lovely an Eye,
To Beauty ſo blooming what *Man* can be blind,
To Paſſion ſo tender what *Monſter* unkind?
Oh! the Tears, &c.

'Tis neither for *Man* nor for *Woman*, ſaid ſhe,
That thus in lamenting I water the Lee;
My Warb'ler *Celeſtial* ſweet Darling of Fame,
Is a Shadow of ſomething, a *Sex* without Name.
Oh! the Tears, &c.

Perhaps 'tis ſome *Linnet*, ſome *Blackbird* ſaid I,
Perhaps 'tis your *Lark* that has ſoar'd to the Skie.
Come dry up your Tears, and abandon your Grief,
I'll bring you another to give you Relief.
Oh! the Tears, &c.

No *Linnet*, no *Blackbird*, no *Sky-lark*, ſaid ſhe,
But one much more tuneful by far than all Three:
My ſweet *Seneſino*, for whom I thus cry,
Is ſweeter than all the wing'd *Songſters* that fly.
Oh! the Tears, &c.

Adieu *Farinello*, *Cuzzoni* likewiſe,
Whom *Stars* and whom *Garters* extol to the *Skies*:
Adieu to the *Op'ra*, adieu to the *Ball*,
My *Darling* is gone, and a *Fig* for them all.
Oh! the Tears, &c.

SONG CCCCXXIV.

ONE Ev'ning having loſt my Way,
By chance I came into a Wood,
Sol had been very hot that Day,
I under a Covert ſtood:
Long time I had not tarry'd there,
Before I heard a ruſſling nigh,
A Female Voice ſaid, ſtay my Dear,
The Man cry'd, Zoons, not I.
Don't offer to hold me, but let go my Hand,
Thou'ſt tore off a Button, and rumpl'd my Band,
Don't ſqueeze me, let me goo, for I wonna be fool'd by thee.

Theſe Words, I own, did make me ſtare,
No Perſon being to be ſeen;
When thro' the Leaves a Damſel fair
I ſpy'd lying on the Green.
A luſty Clown did by her ſtand,
Endeavouring for to get away;
The Laſs as ſtrongly held his Hand,
And thus to him did ſay.
My deareſt ſweet *Dickie*, why wilt thou be
So croſs and, ſo cruel unto me,
When thou know'ſt I love, I languiſh, I ſigh, I die for thee.

And then the Tears did trickle down
From her bright Eyes exceeding faſt:
The Sight of which ſo mov'd the Clown,
He ſtood like one aghaſt.
Why wilt thou *Joan* tempt me ſoo,
Mayhaps we may a young one get,
Then I muſt for a Soldier goo,
And thou know'ſt I hate to fight.
My deareſt, my *Dickie*, be ruled by me,
They n'either ſhall preſs thee by Land nor by Sea,
But love me, deareſt *Dickie*, and I'll ſave thee from the Wars.

At this the Clown began to grin,
And learingly on her did look,
And after having wip'd his Chin
From her a Kiſs he took.
And wilt thou then, my deareſt *Joan*,
Secure me that I ſhan't be preſt,
If ſo, I wiſh we two were one;
Ah *Dickie!* then I am bleſt.
She pull'd him down by her, ſaying, be not afraid.
Gods! who cou'd deny ſo charming a Maid?

Such Breaſts, ſuch Lips, ſuch Eyes, wou'd charm
a modern Saint.

Had you but ſeen with how much Art
She manag'd him in Love's Conteſt,
And how well *Dickie* plaid his part,
You'd ſwear that each lov'd beſt.
Now both agree to reſt a while,
Being tired with extream Delight;
She ſoon reviv'd him with a Smile,
And *Dickie* renew'd the Fight.

She hugg'd him, ſhe kiſs'd him from Head to
Heel,
Such Joy and ſuch Tranſport the Clown did
ne'er feel,
My Dear, my *Joan*, he cry'd, I never can from
thee part.
They toy'd while they cou'd, and they both
conſent,
To meet the next Ev'ning, ſo home they went,
Dick Fears no preſſing now, and *Joan* has her
Longing ſav'd.

SONG CCCCXXV.

ONE Night when all the Village ſlept,
Myrtillo's ſad Deſpair
The wand'ring Shepherd waking kept,
To tell the Woods his Care.
Be gone, ſaid he, fond Thought be gone;
Eyes, give your Sorrows o'er:
Why ſhou'd you waſte your Tears for one
That thinks on you no more?

Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Pow'rs,
That dwell within the Grove,
Can tell how many tender Hours
We here have paſs'd in Love.

You Stars above (my cruel Foes)
Have heard how ſhe has ſworn
A thouſand Times, that like to thoſe
Her Flame ſhou'd ever burn.
But ſince ſhe's loſt, Oh! let me have
My Wiſh, and quickly die:
In this cold Bank I'll make a Grave,
And there for ever lie.
Sad Nightingales the Watch ſhall keep,
And kindly here complain:
Then down the Shepherd lay to ſleep,
But never wak'd again.

SONG CCCCXXVI.

SAW you the Nymph whom I adore,
Saw you the Goddeſs of my Heart?
And can you bid me love no more,
Or can you think I feel no Smart?
So many Charms around her ſhine,
Who can the dear Temptation fly!
'Spite of her Scorn ſhe's ſo divine,
That I muſt love her, tho' I die.

SONG CCCCXXVII.

Cupid! Inſtruct an am'rous Swain,
Some Way to tell the Nymph his Pain,
To common Youths unknown:
To talk of Sighs, of Flames, of Darts;
Of bleeding Wounds and burning Hearts;
Are Methods vulgar grown.
What need'ſt thou tell? (the God reply'd)
That Love the Shepherd cannot hide
The Nymph will quickly find:
When *Phœbus* does his Beams diſplay,
To tell Men bravely that 'tis Day,
Is to ſuppoſe 'em blind.

SONG CCCCXXVIII.

LET *Jug* in Smiles be ever ſeen,
And kind as when our Loves begun,
And be my Paſtures ever green,
And new Crops ſpring when Harveſt's done:
My Cattle thrive, and ſtill be fat,
And I my Wiſh ſhall find in that.

O let my Table furniſh'd be
With good fat Beef and Bacon too,
And nappy Ale be ever free
To Strangers that do come and go.
My Yards with Poultry and with Swine
Well ſtor'd, and eke my Ponds with Fiſh,
My Barns well cramm'd with Hay and Grain,
And I ſhall have my Wiſh in this.

Let me in Peace and Quiet live,
Free from all Diſcontent and Strife;
And know from what I all receive,
And lead a homely harmleſs Life.
Be neat in home-ſpun Cloathing clad;
And ſtill to add to all my Bliſs,
My Children train i'th' fear of God:
And this is all on Earth I wiſh.

SONG CCCCXXIX.

YOUNG *Roger* came tapping at *Dolly*'s Window, *Thumpaty, thumpaty thump*;
He begg'd for Admittance, ſhe anſwer'd him no, *Glumpaty glumpaty, glump*.
My *Dolly*, my Dear, your true Love is here, *Dumpaty, dumpaty, dump*.
No, no, *Roger*, no, as you come you may go, *Stumpaty, ſtumpaty, ſtump*.

Oh! what is the Reaſon, dear *Dolly*, he cry'd,
Humpaty, &c.
That thus I'm caſt off, and unkindly deny'd.
Trumpaty, &c.
Some Rival more dear, I gueſs has been here,
Crumpaty, &c.
Suppoſe there's been two Sir, pray what's that to you, *Numpaty*, &c.
Oh! then with a Sigh, his ſad Farewel he took,
Humpaty, &c.
And all in Deſpair, he leap'd into the Brook,
Plumpaty, &c.
His Courage he cool'd, he found himſelf fool'd,
Mumpaty, &c.
He ſwam to the Shore, and ſaw *Dolly* no more,
Dumpaty, &c.
Oh! then ſhe recall'd, and recall'd him again,
Numpaty, &c.
Whilſt he, like a Mad-Man, ran over the Plain,
Stumpaty, &c.
Determin'd to find a Dam'ſel more kind,
Plumpaty, &c.
While *Dolly*'s afraid, ſhe muſt die an old Maid.
Mumpaty, &c.

SONG CCCCXXX.

REmember, *Damon*, you did tell,
In Chaſtity you lov'd me well;
But now, alas! I am undone,
And here am left to make my Moan.
Ho, ho, rah, in Amburah,
Ho, and ho, derry
Hi, and hi, derry,
Ho, —— *derry, derry, derry, derry, Amburah.*
To doleful Shades I will remove,
Since I'm deſpis'd by him I love,

Where poor forſaken Nymphs are ſeen,
In lonely Walks of Willow green.
Ho, ho, rah, &c.

Upon my Dear's deluding Tongue
Such ſoft perſuaſive Language hung,
That when his Words had Silence broke,
You wou'd have thought an Angel ſpoke.
Ho, ho, rah, &c.

Too happy Nymph, whoe'er ſhe be,
That now enjoys my charming He;
For, oh! I fear it to my Coſt,
Sh'as found the Heart that I have loſt.
Ho, ho, rah, &c.

Beneath the faireſt Flow'r on Earth,
A Snake may hide, or take its Birth;
So his falſe Breaſt conceal it did,
His Heart, the Snake that there lay hid.
Ho, ho, rah, &c.

'Tis falſe, who ſays we happy are,
Since Men delight our Hearts t'enſnare:
In Man no Woman can be bleſt,
Their Vows are Wind, their Love's a Jeſt.
Ho, ho, rah, &c.

Ye Gods, in Pity to my Grief,
Send me my *Damon*, or Relief;
Return that wild delicious Boy,
Whom once I thought my Spring of Joy.
Ho, ho, rah, &c.

But, whilſt I'm begging of this Bliſs,
Methinks I hear you anſwer this;
Whom *Damon* has enjoy'd, he flies,
Who ſees him, loves, who loves him, dies.
Ho, ho, rah, &c.

There's not a Bird that haunts this Grove,
But is a Witneſs of my Love;
Echo repeats my plaintive Moans,
The Waters imitate my Groans;
The Trees their bending Boughs recline,
And droop their Heads, as I do mine.
Ho, ho, rah, &c.

SONG CCCCXXXI.

YE Fools, come all hither, both aged and young,
And lend your Attention to my merry Song;
You ſhall a Free-Maſon be, ere it be long.
Which nobody can deny.

We make for Five Guineas, the Price is but ſmall,
And then Lords and Dukes you your Brothers may call;
Have Gloves, a white Apron, get drunk, and that's all.
Which nobody, &c.

A Secret we have, which you ne'er muſt reveal,
Leſt you ſhou'd hereafter be puniſh'd in Hell;
A Fate which has never Free-Maſon befel.
Which nobody, &c.

Now this as a Matter of Weight pray ſuppoſe,
You ſwear, as a Maſon, you'll never diſcloſe
That Secret which you and no Mortal Man knows.
Which nobody, &c.

You ſwear you for ever aſſiſtant will be,
To make your Acquaintance as great Fools as we,
So welcome, Dear Brother, to our Company.
Which nobody, &c.

SONG CCCCXXXII.

THERE was a certain Uſurer,
He had a pretty Niece;
Was courted by a Barriſter,
Who was her doating Piece.
Her Uncle to prevent the ſame,
Did all that in him lay,
For which he's very much to blame,
As all good People ſay.

A Country 'Squire was to wed
This fair and dainty Dame;
But ſuch Contraries in a Bed,
Won'd be a monſt'rous Shame:
To ſee a Lady bright and gay,
Of Fortune, and of Charms,
So ſhamefully be thrown away,
Into a Looby's Arms.

The Lovers, thus diſtracted,
It ſet 'em on a Plot;
Which lately has been acted,
And —— ſhall I tell you what?
The Gentleman diſguis'd himſelf
Like to the Country 'Squire,
Deceiv'd the old miſchievous Elf,
And got his Heart's Deſire.

301
X
375

406
364
357

236 d 36

AN

ACCIDENCE

TO THE

Engliſh Tongue, &c.